Worlds Collide by beautiful_blue

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Summary:

Will Byers and Richie Tozier become dorm mates, and slowly they work towards making each other's lives better. This story is extremely sexual in nature, if that bothers you please do not open this fic, because you WILL be exposed. This is a second part to the fic called When Will Byers Met Richie Tozier, so please look for that one first.

1. Dorm Mates

Author's Note:

- For Shadowhunter4.

  Thank you for joining us on this journey! I hope you enjoy it and please leave me a review and let me know what you thought!

Will Byers had been bursting with excitement ever since he found out Richie Tozier was confirmed to be his roommate. They had spoken on the phone the night before Will was to travel to campus. Richie had just gotten a decent running truck for cheap, and Will was pretty excited to see it.

The entire way to Maine, Will felt like he was floating on air. He missed Richie's eyes, his lips, his hands, and those big thick glasses. Will missed hugging Richie, and kissing Richie so deeply they could drown. Will missed those dirty jokes, and the devious grin the raven haired boy possessed.

Will had no idea before he met Richie that his heart would emit such a radiant light every time he thought about his boyfriend. It felt so beautiful, and he could float in that light forever, if Richie would let him.

Will was determined to get to the dorm room the moment he arrived on campus. He wasn't nervous like some of the students attending. He wasn't worried about school, but he had every reason to be full of excitement. Calling it 'excitement' was an understatement. It was a need. He needed to get there, and see Richie.

His back was loaded with the largest gym bag he could find, both of his arms were carrying two other large duffle bags with the rest of his belongings. Looking up at the doors as he walked down the hall, he counted down how many doors he had to pass before he was at his dorm room. The door was open a crack, and he shouldered inside to see a mass of black hair, and dark glasses looking up at him. "Will!"

"Richie!" Will smiled brightly, dropping his bags in his arms as Richie approached him to plant a soft kiss on his lips; It was the recharge Will needed.

In seconds, Richie was helping him take off the bag on his back. "Damn, you're like a pack mule. One that'd actually consider riding at that." Richie joked before kicking the door closed. "Welcome home, babe."

Will wrapped his arms around Richie's torso, and the taller man wrapped him in his long arms, holding him warmly. "Fuck, I missed you."

Closing his eyes, Will pressed his head into Richie's chest, "I missed you too, so much."

The familiar scent of Richie's cologne caught in Will's nostrils, and he felt relaxation flow through him. "You smell so good..." Will closed his eyes.

Richie pressed his mouth to the crown of Will's head. "God, so do you..." It seemed like they couldn't get enough of each other, and it had only been a month apart.

Lifting Will's chin up, Richie pressed their lips together again. This time, he was kissing Will deeper. Their tongues mingled, and Will was cupping Richie's face lovingly. "You taste like apples." Richie smiled once they pulled apart.

"I had one before I came here." Will laughed.

"Mmm..." Richie kissed him again, "I don't think I want to bother with classes, I just want to stay in this dorm room, and kiss you all fucking year."

"Well I for one am excited for classes, but your lips would be hard to pass up on." Will's smile was radiant, and Richie compared it to the sun in his head.

"So, how do you like the dorm room?" Richie looked back at it, giving Will a moment to take in the surroundings.

The room was about average size for a dorm room. They had a big window in the center of the room, and two beds on either side of the window. There were two dressers, and two small desks in the room along with a mini fridge, a sink, and a counter. On a stand next to the door, there was a small TV.

"I was thinking we could push the beds together..." Richie grinned.

Will nodded, "Let's put them against the left wall." Richie was amazed that Will was agreeing to the idea so eagerly.

The two got to work pulling one of the desks aside so it could fit the second single bed next to the other. It took about twenty minutes for them to get their furniture arranged in a way they both liked. "Perfect." Will smiled, and Richie looked over their handy work.

"Let's get these bags unpacked, and get some dinner. I want to take you out somewhere nice." Richie kissed Will's cheek.

"You're sweet... you don't have to take me out though. I have money of my own." Will tried to tell him.

"Nope, second date. Tonight. After we get our stuff unpacked." Richie said heading over to his bags.

Will noted that Richie had more belongings, but it likely had to do with Richie bringing everything he owned from his parents house. Will was only bringing things he needed and really liked. He had bought new clothes before coming to Maine, and he left anything he wasn't going to wear often at home. The rest of his things were display items, books or comics he wanted to read, and hygienic supplies. Will had about four different kinds of shoes: Running shoes, dress shoes, sandals, and winter boots. Richie seemed to only have two pairs of converse shoes.

Hanging up posters around the room, they managed to fill up plenty of wall space. Their styles, and interests didn't seem all that odd combined. Richie had some movie posters, and Will had some comic book wall art that went well together. They each filled up the wall above their beds with pictures of their friends and family. They combined their pictures together, feeling it just made more sense that

way.

By the time the two were done getting the room ready, it was starting to get dark out. Will and Richie finished making their beds, and looked around. "Fuck, this is going to be awesome! I can't believe I get to live with the cutest fucking boy ever for a whole year." Richie pressed his lips to Will's lovingly.

Will kissed him back, "I never thought I'd be living with someone so beautiful."

"Aww shucks." Richie winked, "You ready to go explore the city for food?"

Will nodded and took Richie's hand; they left their dorm room locking it behind them with the key Richie obtained prior to Will's arrival. "What kind of food are you in the mood for?" Richie asked.

"I guess that depends on what's around." Will laced their fingers as they walked down the hallway; all the other students wandering the halls seemed lost in their own world, not worried about two gay men holding hands. It was a nice taste of freedom, and Will hoped it would continue that way all year.

Heading outside the building, Richie led them down to his truck. It was black, and it looked a little beat up, but it was better than nothing. Will got into the passengers seat, and put on his seat belt first thing. "I passed a steakhouse and an Italian food place when I was coming into town."

"Pasta sounds really good." Will said thinking about it.

"Italian food it is. Can we order spaghetti to share, and make out every time we get conjoining noodles? I'd fucking try that any day you wanted to." Richie grinned.

Will laughed, "I don't know, we might end up choking. I don't know if I'd be any good at the Heimlich manoeuvre."

Richie laughed, "Just throw me over the back of a chair, and hope for the best."

Will found Richie to be quite funny. He said the silliest things, it was hard not to laugh at the jokes. They pulled up to the small restaurant, and parked outside of it. Will got out and headed inside with Richie. They got a booth near the back of the restaurant by a window. Under the table, Richie's feet kept stroking Will's leg, and the blonde placed both of his ankles on either side of Richie's feet, attempting to hold them.

"The month of August I had a job down at the record store in Derry. It's a chain so, I actually got a transfer to the one here in Orono. It's fucking awesome being able to transfer." Richie said as Will looked over the menu slowly.

"That's really cool." Will smiled at him, "I should look for something here... that way I'm not putting pressure on my mom to keep sending me money. I'm just not sure where I want to apply yet." Will admitted.

Richie looked over his menu for a moment, listening to Will as he spoke, "I think you'd make a cute french maid."

Will laughed, "I don't think the outfit would do me justice."

"It fucking would too. You could make cleaning me be your first job. I'm a dirty boy." Richie winked sending tingles through Will.

"I think I'm going to try for something a little less sexual." Will smiled putting his menu down once he'd found what he wanted.

"Damn." Richie grinned at him, "Well I'll still let you clean me."

"Oh, of course. I wouldn't consider that a job though." Will laughed.

When the waiter came by, Will ordered a chicken pesto penne dish, while Richie went with a three cheese capaletti. The very dated Italian music played in the restaurant; the sounds of dishes clinking lightly, and glasses being filled up set a feeling in the building. It felt authentic, like a real date. It was a real date. Still, it was hard for Will to believe he was on a real date for a second time.

"Hey, do you still have my shirt?" Richie asked curiously.

"I do." Will smiled, "Did you want it back?"

"Maybe at some point, but you're always welcome to trade it out for another one of my stylish trend setting shirts instead." Richie smiled, "You're welcome to any of my shit. I trust you."

"Thanks, I trust you with my things too." Will really did too.

The Hawaiian shirt Richie had left with Will had gotten a lot of use. Will refused to wash it until the day before he left for Maine. He didn't want to get rid of any remaining scent of Richie until he knew he was going to see him soon. "Did you picture me wearing it and jerk off?" Richie grinned deviously.

"Maybe. That or maybe I just wrapped it around my self every night before bed." Will smiled sweetly.

"That's fucking cute." Richie rubbed his shoe up the outside of Will's leg gently.

Their food was brought to them, and no one seemed to notice their intertwined feet under the table. "This looks good." Will said picking up his fork.

"Have you ever had Italian food at a restaurant before?" Richie asked curiously as he forked a ravioli onto his long fork.

"A long time ago. I was really young though. My dad took our family out to a restaurant, but it was sort of a last ditch effort to make it up to my mom for being such a crappy father." Will didn't mean to get onto a sad subject, but he couldn't help it.

"A shitty father, huh? I get that. I've got one too." Richie said sympathetically, "Both of my parents aren't great, but my dad is by far the worst one of the two."

Will nodded, "I'm lucky for my mom, but my dad doesn't care about me, and he made that clear a long time ago."

"Well he's missing out. You're a fucking amazing person, and most parents would kill for a son like you." Richie spoke from the heart.

"Thanks Richie." Will smiled gently at him.

"Hey, if you need someone to call 'daddy' I volunteer." Richie then watched as Will nearly choked on his penne. "Shit! I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that as you were eating.

Will smiled, his eyes watering a bit as he reached for his water, taking a drink. "I wasn't expecting you to say that..."

Richie laughed a bit, "I definitely didn't plan to kill my boyfriend on our second date together. Looks like I'll have be the one bending you over the back of a chair... That sounded dirty too."

Will laughed out loud, and covered his mouth, not wanting to disturb anyone else in the restaurant. "I've missed you." Will smiled.

"I've missed you too. You and those fucking beautiful eyes." Richie grinned watching Will blush a little bit.

"I'm telling you, your eyes are more beautiful. They're so dark." Will smiled pointing his fork at Richie.

"Shucks, You're sweet, but by far yours are more beautiful." Richie smiled at him.

The two continued to argue about which one of them had more beautiful eyes. Eventually they finished eating, and Richie grabbed up the bill before Will could even take a peak at it. He pulled out some money, and set it inside the folder for the waiter before getting out of the booth with Will.

"Want anything for dessert?" Richie asked curiously as they headed out to his truck.

"I feel like if I eat anything else, I'll explode." Will admitted.

"Well we can't have that." Richie got into the drivers seat, "Want to go anywhere else, or do you just want to go home?"

"Home." Will smiled; he'd only been there for a day, but it was home to him already.

"I'm so excited to get into bed... and ravage you." Richie winked.

"Don't ravage me too much though, we have classes tomorrow." Will reminded his eager boyfriend.

"Ok, I'll fucking lightly ravage you then." Richie assured him as they pulled back into the campus.

They parked and made their way back inside of the dorm room. Closing the door behind them, Richie grabbed Will's face, and began kissing him gently. Tugging off Richie's Hawaiian shirt, Will slid his hands up the front of Richie's t-shirt, feeling his toned abdomen. God, he loved that body of Richie's.

Richie noted that Will was much less nervous about undressing as Richie undid Will's pants, letting them slide off. "God, it's been too fucking long..." Richie groaned as he pulled Will's shirt off, so he was left in his boxers.

"Way too long." Will agreed, tugging off Richie's pants while Richie removed his own shirt so they were just as clothed as the other.

Pulling Will on top of him, Richie let himself lie back on the bed. Will straddled his hips, kissing him zealously. "Richie, take off your boxers..." Will breathed, and Richie's penis twitched beneath him.

"Uh, yeah of course." Richie pulled them off once Will moved off him a little.

Will's mouth was trailing down Richie's neck, and chest. He didn't feel nervous about what they were doing; it was something comfortable, and familiar. He gently sucked on the skin of Richie's hip, enticing Richie a little more before he moved down to wrap his mouth around Richie's hard erection.

"Fuck! God! That mouth!" Richie gasped.

Will moved his tongue in a rapid circular motion around the head of Richie's cock, enjoying the aroused twitching Richie did beneath him. "God damn it!"

Will took the swearing as a good sign; the more Richie swore, the

happier he felt by what Will was doing. Bobbing his head quickly, he put a lot of focus on ensuring his cock went in as deeply into his mouth as possible. It touched the back of his throat, but he held it open as best as he could. "Fuck! Oh holy shit! You're taking me in deeper..."

Taking it as a compliment, Will pulled off and licked up the side of his erection. It was hard to tell how much longer Richie was going to last; Will had been doing a little research and experimentation since Richie last saw him. Will had made it a point to read up on as much as he could in an attempt to please Richie, as well as train his gag reflex.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! You're a fucking incredible! Oh God!" Richie could barely handle what Will was doing to him, and it made Will want to do it even more.

"Mmmmm...." Will hummed around him, and without warning, Richie came suddenly into his mouth.

Will swallowed the seed down, and pulled off with a grin, "You couldn't handle it this time."

Richie panted heavily, and grabbed Will, flipping them both so Will was under him this time. "I'll show you how much you can fucking handle it..."

Will lifted up as Richie pulled down his boxers. They barely hit the floor before Richie's mouth was wrapped around his hard erection. Will's eyelids fluttered as his eyes rolled back. "Oh..." He let out a loud moan.

Richie made his mouth as watery as possible, and bobbed his head quickly. He kept his cheeks hollowed the entire time, and Will was struggling to hang on. "Richie! Please! You're going to make me come too soon!" Will begged.

Pulling off after a moment, Richie grinned at him, "I do love it when you beg."

Will watched as he slid his long tongue up the side of Will's cock. The

tip of his tongue toyed with his sensitive slit before engulfing Will back inside his warmth once again. Will felt Richie slowing his motions, allowing Will to last a lot longer, but pleasurably so.

Raking his fingers through Richie's hair, Will watched as Richie held his eyes closed, focusing his mouth to move just the right way around the blonde. "Mmm. Richie, you're so beautiful." Will spoke softly.

Richie moved a little faster now, and used his tongue a little more intensely on the bottom side of Will's erection. "Richie..." He gasped, "I'm really close..."

Will felt embarrassed, but he knew he shouldn't. Richie didn't last very long at all. It was a combination of not being together for so long, and getting each other worked up too fast. He knew Richie would taking getting him off so fast as a compliment to his abilities, so Will decided to let himself go when the moment came.

"Richie, I'm gonna come..." He warned softly as he felt his back arching.

Gripping Will's hips, Richie pressed his head down as far as he could go as Will began to climax, swallowing around the head of his cock. Will whimpered with pleasure as his sensitive head was massaged by Richie's tight throat.

Pulling off slowly, Richie kissed the head of his penis gently, "Feel better?"

"So much better..." Will nodded, panting heavily.

Richie climbed up next to him, and wrapped his arms around Will. They kissed gently, neither one disgusted by the state of their mouths. "Mm. Richie I've been thinking..." Will started out after a few minutes, "I want to try doing more with you."

Looking his face over, Richie examined him, "You're sure?"

"Yeah, I'm positive. I just don't really know what I'm doing, and I'd need your help." Will admitted easily.

Richie held Will in his arms, and looked into his eyes as they laid on

their sides comfortably. "Well, how do you feel about me using my fingers on you?"

Will nodded a little, "I'd be alright with that."

Richie looked at him, a devious grin forming on his lips, and Will looked at him questioningly, "What?

"How would you feel about sex toys?" Richie asked curiously.

"I um..." Will shrugged, "I guess I never really thought about those, but I'd be open to that idea."

"Alright, so this next weekend, when I get paid, we go to the sex shop in town and get some things for you?" Richie suggested.

"Oh I... I don't know if I can go in one of those places." Will blushed darkly.

Richie kissed his forehead gently, and it seemed to sooth Will. "It's ok, I understand if you can't, but I promise you they aren't as scary as you think. I'd go alone, but I wouldn't know what you want to try out."

He had a good point, so Will nodded his head, "Alright. I guess it isn't like anyone knows us here anyway. In Hawkins everyone would be talking about me the moment I set foot inside a sex shop."

Nodding, Richie sighed, "Derry is really no better for that."

Will pressed his lips to Richie's slowly kissing him some more. Richie slipped his tongue inside Will's mouth, and kissed him a little deeper. When they finally pulled apart, they looked into each others eyes, "You know, my mom asked about you all the time after you left. She was really excited about our relationship." Will smiled a little as he thought about Joyce.

"She probably was just grilling you because she wanted me to herself. I'm pretty good looking, so I don't blame her." Richie smirked.

"My mom was pretty honest with me about how much she is attracted to you, but I told her I'd never talk to her again if you have

an affair on me with her. She backed off pretty quick after that." Will said with a straight face.

"I get it. I'm glad she came to that decision, because I like sucking your dick more than I'd probably like sucking your mom's." Richie replied amused.

"It means a lot to hear you say that." Will broke his serious face, and started to laugh which led Richie to join in as they held onto one another.

"What am I going to do with you, Mr. Byers? You're so fucking awesome." Richie kissed his lips again, "Oh yeah, I'm gonna sexually please you until we both die."

"I like that answer." Will kissed him gently. "I know it's pretty early, but I'm really tired. Did you want to call it a day?"

Richie looked at the clock to see it was only nine o'clock. "Well, I think sleep seems like a good fucking idea, so let's do that."

"Alright, I'm going to brush my teeth first." Will nodded before getting up with Richie who followed him to the sink.

They stood side by side, brushing their teeth completely naked. It felt surreal, but Will knew it was exactly how he wanted to spend every day going forward; as naked as possible with Richie Tozier.

2. New Toys

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie finally make their way to the sex shop together to pick some things out... and try them.

Chapter 2

The first week of school had gone by fairly easily. Will was enjoying his bio-chemistry and art classes, and already he was feeling like he fit in better than he had in Hawkins. He made a new friend in class, a brown eyed brunette named Dylan. He found it a bit ironic consider the last Dylan he knew couldn't handle the fact he was gay. They were both really into comics, and they were both majoring in art together and minoring in science. They had started talking on the first day when Will noticed Dylan's sketch book open to one of his monster drawings.

Richie had talked a lot about his radio broadcasting classes, and he seemed very excited. Will was eager to hear about his day, and the things he was learning in class; Richie was very smart, and he was picking up everything the professors were laying down with ease. It helped that Richie was charismatic and perfect for being a radio show host one day.

Will was relieved to come home on the Friday after his classes were over. Richie was sitting on his bed, playing his guitar rather impressively as Will walked inside. "Hey." Will smiled at Richie, closing the door behind him.

Richie looked up and smiled, "Hey. How was class?"

"It was great, I'm definitely improving on my shading already. Dylan taught me a new technique with drawing scales and reptile textures." Will put his books on his desk.

"Dylan better keep his scaly fucking hands to himself. I don't want to have to break his face for trying to get with my man." Richie joked.

"I don't know, those reptile drawings are a real turn on." Will joked back as Richie put his guitar away.

"Fuck, I knew it!" Richie wrapped his arms around Will, "I'm going to have to make love to you right here and now to ensure he doesn't have a shot with you." Richie immediately put his mouth to Will's neck, blowing raspberries against his skin to make Will laugh loudly.

"Stop it! It's so slimy!" Will struggled a bit before Richie smiled and pressed his mouth to Will's.

"You ready to head out tonight?" Richie asked curiously.

"Head out where?" Will had forgotten already what Richie was talking about.

Richie waggled his brows, and Will blushed a bit, "Oh... the sex store?"

"Bingo." Richie replied.

"I suppose so." Will nodded, "I'm still nervous."

"I know. I won't do anything embarrassing I promise. I like you too much for that." Richie grinned.

"Well that's a relief." Will smiled as Richie let go of him.

The two headed out to Richie's truck immediately. Will stared out the window as they drove, Richie's music blasting on the stereo. He liked Richie's taste in music, it sort of reminded him of a heavier version of what Jonathan listened to.

The truck pulled up to a small strip of stores in a mini plaza towards the east end. "This is it. You comfortable enough to go in?" Richie asked, wanting to make sure Will was genuinely ok with it.

Will nodded, "Yeah, I'll be ok." The blonde smiled, and they got out of the truck together.

Walking inside, Richie walked a little bit ahead of Will. The lady at the cash desk smiled at them, but quickly averted her eyes, looking

down at what ever she was reading. Richie seemed completely comfortable, and it eased Will a little more. Richie picked up a small basket deciding they might need one.

They stopped before each display wall, looking over everything curiously. Will picked up something, and looked at it curiously. It was a long thing vibrator that was about the width of his finger. It didn't seem like a bad idea to start with something less thick; he never thought he'd be shopping for things that would eventually end up inside of him. Blushing a bit, he looked at Richie, and put it back, moving onto the next wall.

Richie picked up the vibrator, and put it in the basket. Will was oddly relieved by this action; he didn't have to voice anything, Richie was just reacting to Will's actions. Richie pulled something else off the wall, but Will didn't see what it was before Richie stowed it away in the basket.

Will felt odd as he lingered in front of the display wall specifically for anal sex toys. His cheeks were turning a light shade of pink, he could feel it. Picking up a few different things, he put them back quickly, and moved onto the next wall. Richie didn't say a word, he just picked up the items, stowing them away into the basket.

They continued around the store this way until they got to the lubricant wall. Richie finally spoke to him, "Do you want flavoured or just plain?" He spoke quietly, respecting the fact that Will was still uneasy about being there.

"Um... I could go either way." Will shrugged, and Richie picked up one of each, deciding there was nothing wrong with the idea. "Could I go to the truck and wait? I don't want to face the cashier." Will admitted quietly.

Richie nodded, "Of course." Richie handed Will the keys.

Will smiled at him thankful, and headed out the door. He started the truck from his place in the passenger's seat. He waited for a few minutes before Richie arrived at the driver's seat, and placed a bag between them. Will considered for a moment how awful it would be to get into a fatal car accident with a bag of sex toys in the vehicle;

how would his mom react to something like that?

Will looked over at Richie, and they made eye contact for a moment before Richie reached over, and took his hand, "You alright?"

"Yeah, I'm feeling a lot better now." Will nodded, squeezing his hand a little.

"I gotta say, you picked some interesting things. Stuff I was thinking about picking up as well." Richie grinned.

"I'm glad we're on the same page then." Will smiled, and watched as he passed a few sets of lights before entering campus grounds.

The two got out of the vehicle, and carried their toys in the blank plastic bag provided. When they got into their room, Will made sure to close and lock the door as Richie dumped the contents of the bag on the mattress he slept on most. "We have quite the haul." Will commented as he realized just how much stuff they bought. At least two hundred dollars worth.

"Hey, it just means we don't have to go back to that store anytime soon, if ever." Richie shrugged.

"Yeah, that's true." Will looked over everything. "Should we start with something...?" He didn't know how to feel yet.

"We don't have to do anything tonight if you aren't up for it. This is about you being comfortable, because believe me, I'm sure as fuck ready any time, and all the time." Richie assured his boyfriend.

Will nodded, "Maybe if I feel up to it later we can try. For now though, I kind of just want to get something to eat, and relax."

Richie nodded, "Sounds like a plan. Want to go to the cafeteria?"

Will nodded, and they headed out of their dorm room together, leaving the sex toys on the bed. They sat down at an empty table together once they picked up their dinner selection. It was fish and chips night, but there were other things to eat as well.

They talked a bit about Will's art class, and what Will wanted to do in

the future. He explained that he wanted to make a comic book series, and publish it. Will showed a lot of potential as an artist, according to Richie who had seen his sketchbook. Richie was very positive Will would become famous one day for his works.

Will and Richie sat with the soles of their shoes pressing together. It was unlikely anyone else was paying attention to how they sat, but Will loved to have the physical connection with Richie as often as possible.

On their way back to their dorm, Richie unlocked their door, and they headed back inside. "Oh yeah..." Richie spotted the toys laid out before them, "I guess I should put those away."

Will watched as Richie began picking up everything that was lying on the bed. "Maybe just, leave out this, and a bottle of lube..." Will decided holding up the long slender vibrator.

Richie looked quite intrigued, "Aye aye, captain! You get naked, and I'll get these put away."

Will watched Richie stuff the items into a small bin they could tuck under the bed. He pulled off his clothing carefully, and got onto the bed. Richie checked the vibrator noting that it had three speeds for vibration. "I think the thickness might not be bad to start with for you."

Looking up at Richie, he nodded, "Yeah, I'm not used to more than a finger yet."

Richie pulled off his clothing, "Just so you aren't naked alone." Richie assured Will as he got onto the bed next to Will.

"Do you want me to do it, or do you want to put it inside?" Richie asked as he looked over his boyfriend.

"Could you?" Will asked, lifting his knees so Richie had access to him.

Richie nodded, and began using the generic lubricant on the toy. "I would fucking love to!"

Lining it up with Will's entrance, he carefully slid the tip inside.

"Doesn't hurt does it?" Richie asked as Will bit his lip a bit.

"No. It just feels odd." Will commented before Richie carefully worked more inside.

Will groaned as the toy hit against his prostate on the way inside. "That felt good."

Once it was all inside, Richie pressed the switch, and turned on the vibrations. Will moaned softly, and his head lolled back against the pillows. "Oh my God... why does that feel so good?"

"That's your prostate it's vibrating on. I can already tell I'm going to enjoy using this on you." Richie grinned as he began slowly pushing it in and out.

Will's body responded to it well, and he began moaning a little more, "Faster... as fast as you would go..." Will blushed as he gave the command.

Richie moved his wrist a little faster, and watched as Will arched his back more, his fists curling into the bedding, "Oh God! Richie!"

"Yep, I'm loving this thing." Richie grinned as he watched Will starting to wreath beneath him with each thrust of his hand. "Let me try something..."

Will watched as Richie hovered over him, and wrapped his mouth around Will's straining erection. The sounds coming out of Will were more intense, and much more arousing as he failed to keep silent with Richie using the toy and his mouth at the same time.

"Richie! God, I'm gonna come soon!" Will's desperate voice only made Richie move his head faster in time with the toy.

Will felt like his body was set on fire, he was sweating, and unable to stop moving around. His entire body twitched, and jolted with pure pleasure. It never felt anything even remotely close to that when he was alone in the shower. Richie was working him up to a breaking point that was going to burst soon enough.

Gripping the sheets, Will released a loud orgasmic sound that even

caught Richie off guard before Will filled his mouth with much more come that he was used to. "Oh God.... Oh Richie..." He panted heavily, his skin glistening with sweat.

Pulling off, Richie looked up at Will after he had swallowed. "Are you alright, babe? That must have been your first backdoor orgasm, am I right?"

"You're absolutely right... Wow.... just... wow..." Will was limp below Richie.

Pulling out the toy, Richie held it up, and turned it off, "I'll go wash this thing. You stay there, and rest for a bit." Will nodded and watched Richie head over to their sink, using a bottle of cleaner from the shop to disinfect it.

Will wasn't sure if he was going to like being on the receiving end, but after that experience, he was sure it would be good. Richie returned to him fairly quickly, and wrapped his arms around Will. "You want to try anything else tonight?"

"I don't know if I should... won't I be over stimulated if I do too much?" Will asked as he clung to Richie.

"Well if we do more immediately after yes, but if we just give you time to rest it'll be ok." Richie stroked his hair gently.

Will looked at him, allowing himself to get lost in the obsidian ocean. "You know a lot about sex... I barely know anything..."

Richie chuckled a bit, "Well, I think you seem pretty well versed with what you do know, but I'm just a fucking pervert so I've uncovered things over time."

Will smiled a little, "I don't think that makes you a pervert for being so interested in sex. You just have more of a libido than most people."

Richie kissed Will's forehead, "That I do my dear. I'm also addicted to you, and your fucking beautiful body."

Will blushed a bit, and smiled, "You make me feel really beautiful, and I'm still not used to that."

"If you've always been this cute, then you are missing out on knowing about it your whole life." Richie kissed Will's lips.

Looking down at Richie's semi-erection, Will looked back up into his eyes, "Did you want me to do anything?"

Richie followed his eyes for a moment before looking at Will and shaking his head, "No, it's ok. I don't want you to feel like you have to blow me every time I have an erection."

"I don't mind blowing you every day." Will was surprised he heard himself say that for a moment.

Richie looked a bit intrigued, "Damn, I like when you talk dirty." He grinned, "I'm ok though. I want to keep playing with your body. That last orgasm you had was fucking hot as fuck."

"Kind of like you." Will smiled sweetly, kissing his lips.

"You're definitely good at wooing me tonight." Richie grinned, his cheeks going slightly pink though he tried to hide it. "I think I might keep you around."

"Good, because I'm homeless otherwise." Will laughed.

Richie held onto him warmly, "So, are you ever going to show me those comics you've been working on all week?"

"Well, I've only got half of the first comic in the series inked out in black ink. I have to add colour to them as well. Once I finish adding colour, I promise you can read them." Will smiled gently, "I just don't know if you'll like them."

"I think I'll like them. You and I like the same shows, movies and comics already." Richie reasoned with him.

Will looked a little distant for a moment, and it caused Richie to cup his face, and bring Will's attention back to him, "Hey, are you ok? I mean... I don't have to read them if it's going to bother you."

Shaking his head with a smile that seemed almost forced, Will spoke, "No, it's not that. I just... it's a way of coping with some things... it's

not important." It was important, and Richie could sense it, but he didn't want to pry.

"Alright, well I won't pester you, but just know that I am your biggest fan, and I want to cheer you through your comic art as much as fucking possible. Hell, I'll even get myself a cheerleader uniform and do a routine every time you put ink to paper if it helps." Richie smiled, making Will laugh.

"That's not necessary, but if I do need that, I'll let you know." Will kissed him softly.

Richie leaned in, kissing Will's lips before trailing down his jaw towards Will's neck. Melting into it, Will tilted his head to the side, allowing Richie more access. "I'd try something else... if you're still up for it." Will decided.

Pulling back with a look of interest, Richie raised his brows, "What would you like to try first?"

"Maybe the silicone one... that's a little bigger around." Will suggested, "I just..." He looked away

Richie looked at him, "Yeah?"

Will looked back at him, "Can you kiss me, and just be really gentle?"

"Of course. I want you to enjoy it." Richie nodded, kissing his lips gently. "I'll grab it out."

Will watched Richie get off the bed, and dig in the drawer under the bed. He climbed onto the bed onto his side, and Will moved up closer to him. Richie gently slung Will's leg over his hip, and will was a bit surprised by the intimate position. "You ok?"

Will nodded, "Yeah, I'm alright." He watched as Richie lubricated the silicone vibrator.

It was about two fingers in width, so he expected it to be a little difficult to get inside. His raven haired boyfriend was gentle as he

carefully worked just the tip of the toy inside. Will looked a little uncomfortable, his eyes closed as Richie got the first little bit inside. Richie kissed his lips gently, "Is this ok?"

"Yeah... it just hurts a little..." Will swallowed a bit.

Richie held it still, assessing Will's face, "I'm not in any rush. I can either stop or just sit here until you're ready."

Will nodded, and they looked into each others eyes for a moment, "Alright... put a little more in..."

Richie carefully switched on the vibrator on, and immediately Will gasped, and melted into Richie, his forehead pressing into Richie's gently. Kissing Will's plush lips, Richie smiled as he could feel Will's body loosening enough to let more inside. "Richie..." Will moaned softly.

"It's alright, babe. I've got you." Richie assured him as he pressed the toy the rest of the way inside with ease. "There. All inside."

Richie moved his one arm so Will was resting his head on it gently. Will's eyes were gentle, and held heavy emotion in them. Richie thought they were breath taking. His arm under Will's head curled around him so he could gently stroke Will's spine and shoulder blades. Their lips pressed together, and Richie kept all of his movements slow.

The heaviness in the room was not an uncomfortable one, but rather a romantic heaviness. The leg Will had slung over Richie hugged his hip gently. Richie's tongue made its way inside Will's mouth, and they moved together gently. "Mm..." Will softly moaned, his fingers in Richie's black mane of hair.

Richie tilted the toy, and pressed it into Will's prostate more, listening to the blonde gasp as his lips quivered against Richie's. Will reached down with one hand, and gripped Richie's erection carefully. A soft groan escaped Richie, and he licked his lips as Will stroked him at a soft, steady pace. "You're so beautiful..." Richie whispered before pressing their lips together again.

"You are too." Will replied in a hushed tone before their lips met again.

What was happening between them felt different than the previous sexual encounters, and Will felt even more certain that Richie was right for him. There wasn't a doubt before, but now, he felt like there was even less doubt.

Richie's fingers were sending chills up and down his spine, and Will loved every second of it. Their wasn't a ridiculous amount of moaning, or anything going on between them. Just enough to know they were doing a good job. Richie was pleased to see the heat reflecting in Will's eyes; he could look into them forever.

Will's fingers worked at the head of Richie's shaft a little more intensely. He was building up thanks to the vibrator Richie was moving inside of him, and he needed Richie to be as worked up as he was. Richie bit his lip, and shivered; his cute beaver teeth catching his bottom lip gently.

Kissing him more intently, Will found himself breathing a little heavier, "I'm close." Will informed him.

Richie nodded, "Fuck, me too."

Their lips crashed together more heatedly, and Richie bucked his hips into Will's hand as the toy was moved a little faster against Will's prostate. "Richie... oh God..." Will breathed, his body gaining a round of goose bumps.

"I love it when you say my name..." Richie smiled, and let his tongue slide up Will's neck slowly.

"Richie! Move faster, please." Will begged.

"Fuck... Will, you're so hot..." Richie moaned as the build up intensified.

Richie moved his wrist much faster, and Will was a moaning, squirming mess. "Richie! Richie! Oh my God!" Will released, coating Richie's erection with his seed.

Upon feeling and hearing Will's orgasm, Richie released, their erections coated in their pleasure. "Fuck... we're gonna have to shower now..." Richie groaned, not too upset about the prospect.

Pulling the toy out of Will carefully, Richie switched the vibrator off. He was about to get up, but Will pressed their lips together, "Not yet. Kiss me." Will pleaded.

Richie held him close, and kissed him slowly. Their mouths were intertwined for several minutes. Both of their tongues were hard at work, sliding together lovingly. Richie could tell Will was just as emotionally affected by everything as he was. When they did pull apart they looked into each others eyes, "You're going to kill me with those lips." Richie tugged at Will's lower lip with his teeth gently.

Will smiled a little, "Let's go shower... together."

Richie nodded, "Fuck yes. I can't wait to soap you up." Richie grinned, and kissed him gently before getting up.

Cleaning the vibrator thoroughly, Richie looked back at Will, "Grab a towel slow poke. It should be pretty quiet in there by now. Maybe we'll have it to ourselves." Richie grinned.

Will smiled sweetly, and got up. "Alright, I'm coming." Will wasn't sure at that point he could ever live without Richie.

Notes for the Chapter:

> What did you think of this chapter? Please leave a review and let me know!

3. Virgin

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie discuss Halloween costumes, and take things a step further in the bedroom.

Chapter 3

"Are you sure you aren't going insane yet? I don't know how someone spends half an hour with Richie, let alone live with him." Mike Wheeler asked on the other end of the receiver.

"You really don't give him enough credit. He's really easy to get along with, you just have a short fuse." Will pointed out as he sketched a rough draft of a demigorgon.

"I do not." Mike tried to argue.

"You get mad when you have to wait in line too long for coffee." Will reminded his best friend.

"I'm not going to acknowledge if you're right or not about that, but I will say that it's a little irritating to wait for morning coffee when you rely on it to put you in a good mood." Mike replied making Will laugh a bit.

"How's MIT?" Will asked.

"I like it here. So far my course isn't too hard. I've made some new friends, but they're nothing like the party. I still miss seeing you guys. I'm just glad Eleven came with me or I don't think I could do this." Mike admitted.

"My mom has been suffering empty nest syndrome since Eleven and I moved out. It's been about a month, but I've heard from her probably every other day if not every day. She keeps trying to send me care packages. I think it's nice, but I don't want to put my mom in debt." Will laughed a little as he shaded the drawing lazily.

"She's doing the same with Eleven. I don't think I'll have to buy eggos

for the rest of the semester at this rate." Will could practically hear Mike rolling his eyes.

"How is living with Eleven anyway? Have you clashed at all yet?" Will asked curiously.

"No, not yet. She's been trying to get herself a job so she's been out most days, either handing out résumé's or wandering the city. When we are home together, it's usually well spent." Mike told him.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it's going well. I hardly ever saw her at home. She spent a lot of time out or in her room reading, and watching TV." Will shrugged.

"How's the gay agenda going?" Mike teased.

"It's pretty gay." Will said making them both laugh, "Richie and I have been getting closer... I won't traumatize you with details."

"Well, I can see how you'd be attracted to him. He does look a lot like me." Mike joked.

"Oh shut it." Will laughed, "He's such a sweetheart. He really cares about me. I'm not used to that, aside from my friends and family of course."

"He wouldn't be right for you if he didn't care about you. You're a good person, and you deserve to be happy. That's why you're my best friend." Mike spoke proudly.

Richie entered the dorm room, his guitar slung over his back. "Hey babe."

Will smiled, "Hey Richie. I'm just talking to Mike."

Richie ran over immediately, "Mikey! Mikey! I miss you!"

"God, kill it with fire." Mike said on the other end of the line to Will.

"Mike says he really misses you too." Will smiled as Mike cursed on the other end of the line. "I'll talk to you later, Mike."

"See you, Will." Mike said before hanging up.

"Aww, you didn't have to get off the phone on my account." Richie told him as Will hung up.

"Oh, we had been talking for a while anyhow. I wanted to see you anyway." Will got up and wrapped his arms around Richie.

Richie held onto Will's hips, and kissed him gently. "Wanna go out for lunch? I'm feeling like a cheese burger."

Will looked at him, "Well you look like a human, so maybe you should see a doctor." He kept a straight face.

Richie gave him an exasperated look. "You are so fucking funny I forgot to laugh." Will giggled a bit, and pressed their foreheads together.

"Fine, I'll get my shoes on, and we can go." Will said as Richie let him go.

Dropping his guitar on the mattress, Richie looked out the window, "You might want to bring a coat, the fall air is getting more and more chilly. Me being hot as fuck won't keep you warm unfortunately."

"Damn, I was counting on that." Will smiled as he put on his brown leather coat that used to belong to Jonathan.

They headed out into the hallway of the dorm, their hands clasped together as people bypassed them without a care, or even as much as a disgusted glance. The diner about a block away was so close, they didn't bother getting into the truck to travel there.

Will entered the diner with Richie, and the two sat down together. "So I was talking to Zack in my class today. He invited us to a Halloween party. You wanna go?"

"Sure, but what should we go as?" Will asked curiously.

"Good fucking question, and the moment I have an idea I'll get back to you." Richie smiled a little as they picked up the menus.

"I've never done a couples costume before... should we do that or no?" Will asked, not wanting to be too cheesey, but he still wanted to do the couples costume.

"I wouldn't be against it." Richie smiled.

The two looked over the menu when suddenly Richie looked up, staring at Will with a nearly maniacal expression. "Oh shit! You could be Luke Skywalker, and I'll be Han Solo... but you can call me 'Hung so low' instead." Richie waggled his eyebrows.

Will was thrown into a fit of laughter, he hunched over covering his mouth as he tried to calm himself.

"Wanna see my wookie?" Richie asked as he continued to abuse his boyfriend's lungs.

"Richie!" Will complained with a smile.

"I just can't wait to stroke your light saber." Richie grinned.

"You're a genius, but you're also awful." Will said between laughter.

Richie laughed a little, "See, this couples costume could go really well."

Will composed himself and smiled, his face hurting from so much laughter, "No one makes me laugh like you do."

"That's why you keep me around, isn't it?" Richie grinned, "That and my tight body."

"Definitely the latter." Will laughed as the waitress approached them.

Will struggled to keep it together long enough to order, but the waitress seemed to find it just as amusing as Richie did.

When the orders were taken, and the waitress headed off, Richie leaned closer to Will over the table, "You might not be my princess, but I'll lay ya."

"Stop!" Will held his cheeks to keep them from their agonizing pain.

"You can't stop me. You have to live with all this." Richie grinned.

Will rubbed his sore face, "I'm going to stuff you under the bed tonight."

"At least I'll have all our sex toys to keep me company." Richie laughed as he wrapped his feet around Will's.

"Those are off limits until you can stop with the Star Wars jokes." Will looked over at him amused.

They didn't have to wait long for their food to arrive. "So... I finished the first issue of my comic series." Will informed him.

"Really? Can I read it?" Richie asked curiously.

Will nodded with a smile, "Yes. When we get home, I'll give it to you."

"Better give it to me good." Richie winked,

Will laughed, "I really hope you like it."

"If you made it, I know I will." Richie nodded his head.

Will picked at his fries as Richie ate his cheese burger with a content expression on his face. "These are so good... better than in Derry..."

"Do you think your friends would like me?" Will asked curiously.

"Of course. If I like you, they definitely fucking will." Richie nodded.

Will smiled, "I can't wait to meet them."

"If you want to come home with me for spring break, you could meet them, and see Derry. It's kind of a shit hole, but you'd get to see where I grew up." Richie explained.

"That's alright. Hawkins isn't any better I'm sure." Will shrugged a little, "Would you introduce me to your parents or are we skipping that? I know you aren't close to them anyway."

Richie shrugged, "I could introduce you to mom, but she's pretty

drunk usually."

"I'd like to see as much as I can of your life. I just know some of it might be too hard. I definitely don't want to pressure you into anything uncomfortable." Will tried to make it clear what he wanted.

Richie nodded, "Yeah, of course."

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Richie had spent most of the evening gushing to Will about how cool his comic was. "I've never fucking read anything with that good of a plot before! Not unless it was made by like fucking Stan Lee or some shit. Will! Babe! You're so fucking talented! I love that comic!" Richie spooned Will as they watched TV together.

"It's not that good..." Will's modesty was driving Richie insane.

"Um hello! A band of unlikely heroes, fighting against another dimension of fucked up monsters. A zombie boy! A telepathic girl! It's fucking epic! I can't wait to see the next issue!" Richie kissed Will's neck repeatedly, "When will it be done? I need it immediately."

Will laughed, and looked over his shoulder at Richie, "I haven't started on it yet. Give me some time, babe."

"No time! The only way to make this up to me is through rigorous sexual activity!" Richie joked.

"Speaking of that..." Will started, and Richie perked up immediately.

"Yeah? You wanna do stuff?" Richie questioned.

"I do." Will smiled at him, a devious glint in his eyes.

"Alright, what toy today?" Richie asked curiously, as they had gone through nearly all of them at least once.

Will turned over, "Well, I was thinking maybe..." Will grabbed between Richie's legs, "...this one?"

Richie's eyes widened a little, "Y-You're sure?"

Will nodded with a small smile. "Yeah. I think I'm ready for it. Are you?"

Richie nodded vigorously, "Oh yes. I'm very ready for it."

Will smiled, "Just be gentle. I know you will, though."

Richie swallowed, and carefully climbed off the bed before kneeling on the ground to go into the bin beneath their bed. "You're sure?" Richie looked at him as if Will was pulling his leg.

Will laughed a bit, "Yes. Calm down. I can take it."

Richie nodded, and pulled out the lubricant. "Alright. Do you want me to do anything first? Like, give you a blowjob or anything?"

"I want you to take your clothes off." Will didn't seem very nervous about it, and it only seemed to increase Richie's nervousness.

Richie dropped the lubricant on the bed, and pulled off his sweater, and then his t-shirt. Will crawled over to the end of the bed, and undid Richie's pants, allowing them to fall with his boxer's to the floor. Richie watched as Will took his penis into his mouth. "Fuck..." Richie tilted his head back a bit, feeling the warm wetness engulf him.

Will was focused on getting Richie hard, which wasn't going to take much that evening. Once he was satisfied that Richie was ready, Will pulled off and took his shirt off, tossing it aside. His pants and boxers were next. Richie looked him over, "You're the most fucking beautiful person I've ever seen..."

Lying on his back, with his head against the pillows, Will looked up at Richie, "I'd beg to differ. You're extremely beautiful."

Richie climbed onto the bed, kneeling between Will's legs. "Are you really sure about this?" Will shot him a look, "Sorry, sorry... I'm just... fucking nervous." Richie smiled at him a little with a sigh.

"If you're not ready, it's ok. I can wait." Will tried to calm him down.

"No, no... I'm ready." Richie nodded, and began putting lubricant on

his erection as Will lifted his knees up.

Taking the remaining lubricant, he carefully pressed his fingers into Will who had become a lot more used to taking things inside of himself. Richie noted Will was still extremely tight, but it would work out as long as he remained patient. He gently probed at Will's prostate, and soaked in the soft moans escaping him. "Alright, I'm going in..." Richie warned him before he removed his fingers and lined himself up with Will's entrance.

Richie carefully slid just the head inside, and watched Will's eyes light up a little, "It's in?" He asked.

"Just the head. You think you can handle more?" Richie asked, surprised how well he was taking it already.

"Yeah, I can take more." Will placed his hands on Richie's shoulders, eager to get more inside of him.

Richie pressed in deeper. Will wrapped his legs around Richie's waist, and pressed the rest of him in to the hilt. Richie gasped at the shock of it. "Oh shit! Will... I'm all in..." He looked into Will's eyes.

The two smiled at each other for a moment, excited to be conjoined finally. "I told you I could take it."

"Welcome to no longer being a virgin." Richie teased him.

"Kiss me." Will smiled pulling Richie's face down lower.

Their mouths connected, and Richie didn't hesitate to kiss him deeply. The adrenaline was running through their bodies making them both shake a little. Moving his hips slowly, and smoothly, Richie groaned softly. Will moaned, his insides clenching tightly around Richie. "Fuck, you're so tight..."

"Not used to that?" Will asked in a breathy voice.

"I've never had a virgin before... fuck this is amazing..." Richie thrust his hips a little faster.

"I'm all yours." Will smiled, pressing his lips to Richie's. "I like this...

keep going at that speed." Will encouraged, looking extremely pleased with what they were doing so far.

Richie pressed his face into Will's neck, kissing and suckling at the skin gently. "Can I mark you?" Richie asked as he continued to move.

"Please." Will breathed, enjoying the surge of pleasure that Richie provided.

Moving faster, Richie began sucking on Will's neck, leaving a large hickey in it's wake. "Oh God! Richie!"

"Will, you're going to kill me..." Richie groaned as he heard his name being moaned loudly.

"Harder. I want it harder." Will encouraged, his fingers in Richie's hair, tugging a bit.

Richie gritted his teeth at the feeling of his hair being pulled, "Fuck, Will if you keep pulling my hair I might hurt you..." Will grinned, and tugged his hair more, challengingly.

Richie bucked his hips faster, moving a lot deeper, and utterly pounding into Will's prostate with force. "Richie! Oh God! Yes!"

The raven haired man didn't know if he could stop himself now, he was so worked up, and aroused by the blonde below him. "Will! Fuck!"

Will's legs were lifted up to Richie's shoulders, and Will moaned louder as Richie pounded into him deeper. "Richie! Richie! Richie!"

"I'm going to fucking come soon!" Richie warned, desperation in his voice.

"Not yet! I'm not quite there yet!" Will cried out, his insides gripping around Richie, driving him nuts.

"Oh fuck..." Richie gritted his teeth, attempting to hold out for as long as he could.

Richie angled his hips, pounding at the right angle with each thrust.

"Come on, babe. Come for me." Richie panted heavily, a thin layer of sweat gracing his skin.

"Oh yes! Yes! Richie! Fuck me, Richie!" Will cried out desperately, nearly making Richie lose it right then and there.

"Shit! Come on, baby..." Richie groaned as he felt his legs going numb from such intense movement.

Will arched his back, "Yes! Richie! You're a fucking God!" Will released with a moaning cry as his vision blurred intensely.

Richie lost it, and released hard inside of Will. The two of them going limp the moment they released. Richie pressed his face in Will's chest, lying over him utterly exhausted. "Fuck... holy fuck... fucking hell..." Richie muttered, mind blown beyond belief.

Will regain his sight again, and stared up at the ceiling, panting heavily. "Oh my God... I've never felt anything like that before..." He wiped the sweat from his face.

"Me neither." Richie admitted, his voice muffled by Will's chest.

Will stroked Richie's hair, "Can we do that again?"

Richie lifted his head, his face splotched with redness, "You're gonna have to give me like an hour." Will giggled a bit.

Pulling out, Richie let himself lie beside Will. "You're so perfect." Richie cradled Will in his arms, kissing his shoulder. "You called me a God." Richie grinned as he replayed the events in his head.

"I was a little convinced considering all I felt was pleasure running through me." Will laughed a little, holding Richie's arms.

Richie nuzzled Will's forehead gently, "Hands down, the best lay ever."

"Oh, I'm just a lay?" Will looked at him, amusement in his eyes.

"Yeah, I'm sorry I had to tell you this way. My boyfriend might be pissed if he finds out I'm fucking you. Just don't tell him." Richie

joked.

"Whose your boyfriend?" Will asked running his fingers over Richie's arm.

"His name is Will Byers. He's pretty hot, and he makes comics that are fucking mind blowing. He also gives the BEST head." Richie grinned.

"Oh, maybe you could put in a good word for me. He sounds like a catch." Will winked.

"He is a catch. He's the best fucking thing that ever happened to me." Richie pressed his lips to Will's lovingly.

They kissed deeply for several minutes. Will broke the kiss, and looked into Richie's eyes seriously, "You're the best thing that ever happened to me too."

Richie ran his fingers through Will's hair, "I love you."

Will felt his heart skip a beat, "I love you too, Richie."

Richie's eyes grew a little watery, and he pressed his face into Will's neck to hide them. Will felt the emotions welling up in his chest, his eyes becoming misty as he ran his fingers through Richie's hair silently.

They didn't move for quite some time. It felt like hours had passed before Richie lifted his head, and Will met his gaze with a small smile, "Thank you for... all of that." Will smiled as Richie stuck out his hand and shook Will's as if it was a business transaction.

"It was a pleasure doing business with you." Richie said making them both laugh out loud.

"No seriously... you made me feel really good. You're really considerate." Will tried to better explain himself.

"Yeah well, I guess that must mean I like you." Richie smiled and sat up a little. "I feel like I could run a marathon right now... like fuck I feel good."

"Me too. Once the feeling in my legs comes back anyhow." Will giggled.

"You're so cute." Richie smiled at him, "You're also badass. I don't know how you did that on your first time. You took it like a champ."

"Well, I have been taking toys for about a month now, so I'm not totally surprised." Will explained, "Had I just started with your penis, I couldn't have taken it."

"I'm so excited that I can fuck you now." Richie grinned at him.

"Yeah. Now we can really destroy this dorm room." Will joked.

"I plan to fuck you against all four walls, both desks, over the counter, and on the floor." Richie nodded approvingly after he said it.

Will looked around, "Yeah we could do that. You just have to be able to get it back up again." Will teased.

Richie pointed at him, "Don't give me sass, you siphoned that load out of me with your evil incubus powers."

Will laughed, "You caught me."

"One of these days... I'd like to see you in that collar I bought you." Richie grinned.

"You like bondage don't you?" Will could only suspect as he also got them handcuffs.

"BDSM more specifically." Richie scratched the back of his head, "I've never been able to play it out though. I never trusted anyone enough."

Will smiled, "I'm glad you trust me. I trust you too."

Richie kissed Will tenderly, "We've also got to fuck in Mike's basement..." Richie whispered.

"What?" Will looked at him surprised, but amused.

"Yeah. Mike's bed too." Richie said before Will gently pushed his face away.

"Mike would kill us." Will laughed loudly.

"Nah, I could take him." Richie winked.

Will smiled, "You're my hero." Will joked, and Richie laughed.

"Well they do call me Hung So Low for a reason." Richie retorted.

"No one calls you that!" Will laughed loudly.

"No, but you specifically call me God sometimes." Richie watched Will turn pink and shake his head. "Got you there."

Will rolled his eyes, "I'm going to shove you under the bed for the rest of the night if you keep this up."

Notes for the Chapter:

What did you think? Let me know!

4. Past Imperfect

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will go to a party together for Halloween. Everything is fine until Richie see's a killer clown costume.

Chapter 4

Richie and Will had gotten dressed up in their costumes together. Will was thoroughly enjoying the Han Solo costume as he'd always had a small crush on Han Solo growing up.

Mike had told Will that he and Richie were going to ruin Star Wars. Will in turn told Mike that he and Eleven were going to ruin Batman and Catwoman. Will wasn't sure if Richie was rubbing off on him or not, but he made sure to tease Mike about the fact he was dressing his girlfriend up as a fictional character he wanted to sleep with.

Will and Richie held hands on their way to the party. It was on campus, but it was in one of the frat houses. "I'm just saying, if you want to live out your Han Solo fantasies, I'd be down for fucking Luke Skywalker." Richie grinned as they neared the house.

"Well, I'd never say no to Han Solo... no matter how outrageous the request." Will winked as they entered the house together.

"In that case. It's happening." Richie grinned as the loud music began blaring in their ears.

People were dancing around the main room, and it was definitely a weird new setting for Will. "Want anything to drink?" Richie yelled over the music.

Will looked at him and nodded, "Sure."

Richie led Will deeper inside the party. A guy with short blonde hair came over, and hugged Richie briefly. Will was fairly certain it was Zack, although he'd never seen him before. Will couldn't hear what they were saying, but Richie put a hand on Will's shoulder. Zack

came closer and reached out to shake his hand, "Hey, I'm Zack! Welcome to the party!"

Will smiled, "I'm Will. Thanks for the invite!" Will shouted over the music.

Richie said something else to Zack, and they were immediately led towards the bar area where a beautiful girl with light hair was tending to the drinks. "What do you want to drink?" Richie asked, unsure if Will had ever drank before.

"Anything." Will shrugged.

Richie grabbed two coolers of hard lemonade, and handed one to Will. Drinking it, Will was a bit relieved it didn't gross him out. Richie made a motion with one hand indicating he couldn't hear anything, so he pointed a thumb towards the kitchen, and Will nodded following him.

"Finally, I can talk without having to yell!" Richie smiled as he leaned against the island counter, facing the doorway. Will stood in front of him, and took a sip of his drink. "Is this your first alcoholic beverage, Mr. Byers?" Richie asked with a smirk.

"No. I don't drink much, but I've had drinks before with my friends. Dustin insisted on having a party night in which we drank while playing D&D. He made us do shots of vodka." Will told the story to Richie who looked amused.

"I should drink with Dustin sometime, I think we'd make great drinking buddies." Richie laughed taking a drink of his hard lemonade.

"I think he'd probably love that." Will smiled, "Mike and I could never keep up with him. He accidentally pissed in Karen's house plant that night.

"Poor Aunt Karen, I bet she wasn't happy." Richie laughed.

Glancing at the doorway behind Will, Richie's face fell immediately, and Will felt Richie grab Will, and throw him to the side. Will was stunned as his back hit the fridge, but what was even more shocking

was what Will saw next.

Richie punched a frat kid dressed up as a killer clown so hard in the face that the guy fell to the floor, out cold. "Richie!" Will's eyes were wide, and Will was unsure what had just happened.

Looking panicked, Richie looked over at Will. There was a familiar look in his eyes, and they mirrored something Will wasn't expecting to find in Richie. "I-I'm sorry. I have to go!" Richie suddenly ran through the party room, and towards the front door.

Will chased after him, making it outside quickly. "Richie wait!" Will desperately called after him.

Richie didn't turn back, he just kept speed walking. Will noticed he was hugging his arms, almost as if he was in the state of shock. Did something happen to Richie once upon a time?

"Richie please! Wait!" Will caught up to him, and grabbed his arm.

The dark eyes he was used to looking in were lacking a certain spark. He looked lost, and bewildered. Grabbing his face, Will stared up at him, "I'm not mad at you, I just need to know what's going on."

Richie looked at him, a sadness in his eyes, "You wouldn't understand."

Will looked at him seriously, "Try me."

Richie looked over his face, "Not here... let's go home." Will nodded and followed him.

Will nodded, and wrapped his arm around Richie's middle, attempting to keep him close as they walked. They remained silent, and even once inside their dorm room, Richie looked reluctant to speak.

"I..." Richie paced back and forth as Will sat on his desk chair, watching Richie with sad, concerned eyes.

"It's ok, Richie. Take your time." Will spoke gently.

Richie's eyes were downcast, "I love you, and I'm so scared you're going to want to break up after this..."

Will furrowed his brows, "Did you kill someone?"

Richie shook his head, "No."

"Did you rape, or torture someone?" Will questioned.

"No! Of course not!" Richie shot back.

"Then, I'm not going to break up with you." Will tried to assure him, "I promise. I'm not going to think any less of you, I just need to know what's going on."

Richie sighed, "Look... this story isn't believable, and I know you're going to think I'm nuts. I swear to you, this is the truth, whether you believe it or not."

Will nodded, looking Richie in the eyes, "Alright."

Richie hugged his arms, still pacing as he tried to think about how to start what he was about to tell Will. "Where I grew up, something weird happened every twenty seven years. A bunch of kids would disappear, and no one would find more than missing items, or even fucking random limbs half chewed up. It was really fucked up, and adults in Derry never really acted normal either. They'd just post up missing person's ads, but no one was ever found." Richie started.

"My best friend, Bill Denbrough, his little brother Georgie went missing one day by a sewer drain. No one found him, and Bill had us try and find him. Me, Stanley, Eddie, and Bill started this big search in the sewers by the barrens. We found a shoe that belonged to another missing person, but no Georgie. We had this shit head bully in town named Henry Bowers that picked on all of us, and at first we thought maybe he was killing kids. We met another kid that was being tortured by Henry. We eventually met two other kids who were outcasts like us, and we formed the Loser's club." Richie sighed, pausing for a bit.

Will waited for a moment, but Richie didn't seem willing to continue. "What happened then?"

Richie looked up at him, "Our friend, Ben. He had studied into Derry when he moved there that year. He was the one who discovered all these freak incidents that would lead to all these deaths. He said the amount of kids who went missing in Derry was way off the charts in comparison to anywhere else in the country. Things didn't really start to make sense until we were invited to our friend Beverly's house after something strange happened in her bathroom. I never saw it myself, but my friends said her entire bathroom was just covered in blood, and she said it shot out of the drain." Richie rubbed his face, realizing Will was staring at him wide-eyed. "You think I'm fucking nuts don't you?"

"No. Not at all." Will looked at him for a moment, "You... questioned me on something this summer about Eleven..."

Richie looked at him confused as everything seemed to shift from his story to another topic. "...Yeah?"

"You asked if she could 'do things'. Why did you ask me that? Did you see something?" Will asked seriously.

Richie stared at Will for a moment, wondering what this had to do with anything Richie had just said, "She just... I don't know.. there was this one day when she tripped over one of Mike's shoes, and immediately the picture across from her flew off the wall. It wasn't normal."

Will nodded, "Yeah. Because it's not normal." Looking down with a sigh, Will looked back up at Richie, "I didn't have a normal childhood either. Hawkins... it had some secrets that I'm not even supposed to talk about. It sounds like Derry did too. So I believe you, because Mike's girlfriend has powers. She is telepathic." Will explained.

"Like the girl in your comics?" Richie furrowed his brows.

Will nodded, "I'm Zombie Boy." Richie stared at Will, it was like a veil had been lifted from his eyes, "Tell me what happened in Derry. I'll tell you everything that happened to me too, but you have to trust me." Will looked into his eyes.

Richie nodded, his arms dropping to his sides, "Alright. I will."

Will listened to the rest of Richie's story silently. He learned everything about a house on Neibolt Street, to the secret of the sewers, to a clown that took form of their worst fears. He listened to everything, and he didn't judge. He knew Richie was telling the truth.

"It's sleeping now, but It's not dead." Richie concluded, his eyes watering as he wrung his hands nervously.

"So, you and your friends are going back for it in the future?" Will asked sadly, "I'm so sorry you've had to live with this fear..."

"You don't think I'm crazy..." Richie suddenly was in tears, but they were tears of relief, "You believe me..."

"Yes." Will nodded as Richie covered his face; Will stood up and wrapped his arms around Richie's middle, "I believe everything you said."

"Thank fuck." Richie hugged Will tightly, like he was going to lose him if he let go. "I love you so much. I never wanted to tell you, because I thought you'd hate me, and think I'm a liar."

"No, never." Will shook his head, and stroked Richie's hair.

After Richie had calmed down, Will sat him on the edge of the bed before digging out a scrap book from his book shelf. He placed it in Richie's hands. Richie opened it slowly, and noticed several news clippings about Will. They all said he had gone missing. One even claimed he was dead, and his body had been found in the body of water nearby. His funeral date was listed even. On the next news clipping, Richie read an article about Will being found alive, and well.

"Oh my God... you really fucking are Zombie Boy." Richie looked up at Will shocked.

"Those are just the articles... what actually happened is even stranger." Will sighed. "When I was about twelve, I wound up falling into another dimension. We refer to it as 'The Upside Down' because it looks like our world, but it's dark, decaying, and barren. I was lost there for so long, and no one knew where I was." Will explained.

"How did that even happen?" Richie stared, his mind open to what was being said.

"A tear. You know that big lab in Hawkins? Well they were working on weaponry in there. They were trying to come up with something that they could use in a war against Russia, or anyone who opposed them. They started this program, and Eleven was born out of it. She was born with this ability to control things with her mind, and seek people out in her mind. She was an experiment, not a person to them. She escaped, and opened the tear, which released a monster, which is why I fell in. Mike and his friends found her while they were looking for me. She helped save me. Without her, I wouldn't be standing here with you." Will told Richie, a sad expression gracing his face.

"Remind me to thank her." Richie said looking a bit sad at the prospect.

"I came out of the tear, but things weren't alright... I spent a year vomiting up slugs, and experiencing visions of the Upside Down. I was hunted by a creature known as the mind flayer. I stood up to it, and it possessed me. It used me to spy on my friends who were trying to stop it. My mom, she was so brave, she had to force it out of me. I don't remember much of that, but I know it was hard on both her and Jonathan." Will looked down, "It doesn't end there, but I guess what I'm trying to say is, I've been through something weird too."

Richie put the scrap book aside, and hugged Will close. "I'm here for you. No matter what. I'm not going anywhere, I fucking promise." Richie held Will, pulling him onto his lap.

The two held one another, and the tears fell from their eyes. The relief of being able to tell each other the darkest secrets that plagued their minds, it was incomparable to anything. A deeper connection had been formed, and the two knew the bond was unbreakable.

Cupping Richie's face, Will looked into his eyes, "I love you."

Richie smiled, "I love you too, Will."

"I am pretty touched that you tried to save my life, but I think you might have bruised my back." Will made a face.

Richie made Will stand up, and he pulled up the back of Will's costume top. "Yeah... I did. I'm sorry, babe."

"It's ok. Better a bruised back than death." Will had to look at it from Richie's perspective.

"You're incredibly understanding about all of this. It's fucking with me." Richie smiled a little.

"Did you want to go back to the party?" Will asked.

Richie shook his head, "No. I'd much rather stay here with you, and carry out that Han Solo fantasy you have."

"Oh I see." Will smiled, "Are you sure you're in the mood?"

"I mean," Richie looked at his groin, "It wouldn't take much considering you're eye candy for me."

Will smiled, amusement in his eyes, "You're so sweet."

Richie grinned, "Hey, I'm kind of turned on by the fact that I've been screwing Zombie Boy, and I had no idea."

"I'm more exciting on paper than in real life." Will assured him.

"Nuh uh." Richie shook his head, and undid Will's costume carefully, "I think you're plenty exciting."

Will let Richie undress him. "Against the wall." Will said suddenly.

"Say what?" Richie looked confused.

Will blushed a little, "I want it against the wall."

Richie looked him over for a moment, and carefully reached down under the bed to pull out their lubricant. "Is that what the Han Solo fantasy entails?"

"Maybe." Will smiled, a glint in his eyes.

"I suppose I can indulge you." Richie was about to take off the costume but Will stopped him.

"Leave it on." Will grinned a little.

Will was entirely naked at that point, and Richie was fully clothed. Richie undid his pants with a smirk on his face. "May the force be with you... the force of my dick." Richie grinned making Will roll his eyes.

Richie backed Will against the wall of the bedroom, kissing him heatedly as he lifted Will up, and began lowering him onto his erection. Will slid down on it carefully, "Oh my God." Will moaned as he wrapped his legs around Richie's waist, and felt Richie thrust up into him.

"You like that, babe?" Richie smirked as Will pressed his face into Richie's neck, clinging to him eagerly as he kept the bruised part of his back off the wall.

"God yes! Richie-" Will moaned.

"Who the fuck is Richie? I'm Han Solo baby." Richie teased, nipping at Will's ear.

"I'm not calling you that." Will said between gasping breathes as Richie drilled up into him with the speed Will liked.

"Say it..." Richie panted, "I'll stop fucking you if you don't."

"You wouldn't." Will moaned as Richie was drilling against his prostate perfectly.

Richie stopped moving suddenly, and Will groaned, "Please Richie... don't stop." Will whined.

"I have no idea who this 'Richie' person is." Richie teased some more as Will kissed all over his face cutely.

"Richie, just fuck me already." Will finally gave in sounding less aroused, and more annoyed when Richie refused to move.

"You really going to be a party pooper?" Riche grinned, enjoying the torment a little too much.

"Fuck me now." Will urged him.

"Fine, but you're ruining your own fantasy." Richie grinned, and began thrusting hard up into Will.

The sounds Will was making were music to his ears. "Oh God! Harder! Please!" Will cried out.

Richie angled himself against Will's prostate, and began thrusting as hard as he could. The feeling of Will's fingernails digging into his back, and dragging downwards got Richie worked up even more.

"Oh God! Richie!" Will moaned out, thankful Richie didn't correct him again.

"You gonna come, baby?" Richie kissed along Will's neck, enjoying how heated he got his boyfriend.

"Yes! Richie! Yes!" Will arched his back, and released onto his own abdomen. "Oh my God!"

Richie gritted his teeth, and released into Will with a shallow groan. "Fuck!"

"Next time, don't torture me like that." Will panted heavily.

"I do what I want." Richie tugged Will's ear with his teeth.

"Don't make me take blowjobs off the table for a week." Will threatened.

"...I do what you want." Richie corrected, making Will laugh.

Notes for the Chapter:

What are your thoughts? SHARE!

5. Thanksgiving Weekend

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie came back to Hawkins for Thanksgiving at Joyce's place.

Chapter 5

Thanksgiving weekend was one of the times Richie didn't go home, but Will did. Joyce and Karen both insisted on Richie coming to Hawkins. All of the party members were going to be home, and Will asked Richie to come for the visit.

When they arrived in town, Jonathan and Nancy picked them up at the train station. Will wrapped his arms around his older brother the moment they came face to face. "It's good to see you, bro. How was the train?"

"Good, I think Richie and I slept through most of it." Will admitted.

Nancy hugged Richie with a smile; she was always fond of him. "My favourite cousin is back in town." Nancy smiled as she and Richie pulled apart.

"Aww, don't tell Mikey, but you're my favourite cousin too." Richie winked.

"So did you get any crazy tattoos or anything since you've been gone?" Jonathan teased.

"No. I think I'm good without them." Will laughed a bit.

"Come on man, you gotta live up the college life." Jonathan nudged him.

"Where's your tattoo?" Will asked pointedly.

"Mine's in a place I can't show you." Jonathan lied.

"Oh of course." Will rolled his eyes as they got into the car.

"Yeah, he's got a cupcake with wings on his left butt cheek." Nancy winked at Jonathan.

Jonathan placed a finger to his lips, "Shhh. Quit giving away my secrets."

Richie and Will burst into laughter at that. "How's the married life? You guys fully domesticated yet, or what?" Richie asked.

"Yeah, we moved into our house already. It's nice. You guys should come over and see it before you go back to Maine." Nancy looked back at them.

"I'd love to." Will smiled as Jonathan drove them to Joyce and Hopper's residence.

Joyce was already waiting by the door, and big smile on her face as the car pulled up to the porch. Coming outside, she ran over the moment Will got out of the back sat. Her arms wrapped around Will, "I can't believe my baby is home."

"I've been home this entire time." Jonathan rolled his eyes, "Geez mom."

"Oh shush." Joyce smiled at Jonathan as she let go of Will, "You didn't leave Hawkins, so I can't miss you the same."

Richie came around the car, and Joyce pulled him into a hug too. "Richie, Its so good to see you too! You're always welcome here, I hope you know that." Joyce informed him.

Hopper stood on the porch, leaning against one of the beams on the archway. Will waved at him. Hopper smiled and waved a hand in one smooth motion. "You're gonna regret giving me that invitation, Joyce." Richie grinned.

"Never, you're part of the family now." Joyce smiled gently stroking his cheek, "You're taking good care of my boy, so you'll always have a place here."

Richie smiled at her, he had a soft spot for people who acted motherly towards him. "I even brought him home in one piece."

Joyce laughed at that.

"Did everyone else make it back into town?" Will asked.

"Eleven and Mike are at the Wheeler's residence, but they stopped in to say hello." Hopper said from the porch.

"I should call Mike. I want to see the party." Will said thoughtfully.

"For now, come on inside. I made some lunch." Joyce told them.

"I'm in!" Richie looked excited by the idea of something home cooked.

"Richie is always in when it comes to food." Nancy laughed.

"I know what I like." Richie smiled, and out of instinct, laced his fingers with Will's.

Will smiled, and walked inside with his family. Joyce had made nearly an entire trey of sandwiches and some broccoli and cheddar soup that Will loved so much. "Ma, I'm not getting married twice, why did you make so much food?" Jonathan laughed as they saw the various types of sandwiches all cut in fours on a trey.

"Don't worry, I've got this. What ever is left over, I'll finish it." Richie grinned, knowing he probably could.

"That's why you're so ridiculously tall, you keep eating. Mike is the same way." Nancy laughed as she picked up a tuna sandwich slice, and a ham and swiss slice.

Joyce placed bowls of soup in front of them all. "She's been up for hours making everything. I told her not to feed any of you, but she doesn't listen." Hopper said dryly, a small smile playing on his lips.

"Oh stop. You're so grumpy." Joyce kissed his cheek before sitting down with her own bowl in front of her.

Richie tried some of Joyce's soup, and made a sound that Will usually only heard when they were having sex. "Fuck, that's so good..." Richie muttered.

"I'm happy you like it. I made an entire pot, so you can have as much as you want." Joyce smiled at him.

"Don't tell him that. He'll eat the entire pot." Will laughed.

"He's not kidding, I will." Richie said dipping his ham and swiss sandwich into the soup before eating it.

Joyce laughed a little. "Did you bring your first issue of your comic home with you? I was hoping to read it." Jonathan asked Will as he ate.

"I did, it's in my bag." Will nodded, "I'll get it to you after we eat."

"It's amazing. Will is such a talented artist. He's also an amazing story teller. I think he's going to sky rocket once he publishes that fucking comic." Richie was trying hard to keep his swearing to a minimum, but once he got passionate about something all bets were off.

Joyce seemed pleased to hear such warm compliments from Richie. "He's always loved to draw, ever since he was a little boy. I always told him he would get better with age. I wasn't wrong."

"Oh stop it... I'm not that good..." Will didn't think he was any better than the artists he admired.

"You are! We were so excited when you decided to pursue art in university. You have what it takes to make it big." Jonathan assured his brother.

"You guys give me too much credit." Will laughed a little, "Thank you, though."

After lunch, Jonathan and Will did the dishes for Joyce while everyone else watched TV and talked about their lives. Will glanced back at Richie fondly, and Jonathan caught it. "He's good for you, Will."

Will smiled a little as he washed a plate, "He is. He makes me really happy."

"You guys have already said the 'L' word haven't you?" Jonathan

nudged his arm with a smile.

Will smiled brighter, "Yeah. I love him a lot. He loves me too."

"I can tell. He looks at you like you're the only person in the room. You do the same." Jonathan replied drying the clean dish.

"You and Nancy look at each other like that, so I guess you would know best." Will teased.

"I do. I married Nancy." Jonathan reminded.

"Well... I don't foresee myself being legally able to marry anytime soon, so I guess I'll just have a boyfriend for a really long time." Will was a bit sad to note.

"Still, he'll be with you. I think he's here to stay." Jonathan smiled.

Will smiled, "I think so too."

"So..." Jonathan gave him a look, his voice even more hushed.

"...So?" Will furrowed his brows looking at his brother.

"Have you two...?" Jonathan asked.

Will blushed and rolled his eyes, "Stop that."

Jonathan nudged his arm, "Why?"

"You don't want to hear about two guys, one of them being your brother, having sex." Will whispered so absolutely no one else could hear him.

"I definitely don't need details, but I just wanted to see if my little brother was getting some." Jonathan laughed as Will splashed him a little, "I'll take that as a yes."

Will laughed, and nodded. "I am."

"Good for you. I never doubted you for a minute." Jonathan laughed as he dried the next dish Will handed to him.

***

Later in the evening, Will and Richie met up at Mike's house to see the rest of their friends. The basement became the hang out zone, and Dustin brought alcohol. Richie was the only one willing to drink competitively with him.

"At least he's distracted." Mike shrugged as Dustin, Lucas, Max and Richie engaged in a heated debate over what comic book hero was the impossible to defeat.

"How have you been since we last talked?" Will asked as he and Mike sat on the couch together, playing Nintendo together.

"Good, Eleven got a job walking people's dogs in the rich neighbourhood. She loves it." Mike smiled as Eleven cuddled into his shoulder.

"That's awesome!" Will smiled at Eleven.

"I like dogs. They're better than people." Eleven nodded.

"That's pretty true, actually." Will laughed.

"Babe!" Richie suddenly called over to Will.

"Yeah?" Will looked up at him.

"Next Halloween, can we go as Deadpool and Spiderman?" Richie asked, slightly drunk already.

Will laughed, "Alright, but I get to be Spiderman."

"We can make Spideypool porn in our dorm room." Richie winked.

Will laughed, and shook his head. "I can't believe Will sleeps with you." Mike scoffed.

"I can't believe that you don't!" Richie pointed to him.

Mike gave him an exasperated look, "I'm your cousin."

"Clearly you've never been down south." Richie retorted, earning a

round of laughs from everyone else as Mike shook his head.

"How was that Batman and Catwoman Halloween costume?" Richie asked waggling his brows.

"Shut it." Mike responded as he played his round of Mario.

Eleven smiled a little, and ran her fingers through Mike's hair. "He liked my costume." She spoke softly.

"Oh I fucking bet he did." Richie took another drink.

Mike looked at Eleven, "You're not helping."

"Lighten up, Mike. We all know you've had sex." Dustin rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, just like literally all of us." Lucas shrugged.

"He's just self conscious about his dick." Max enjoyed poking fun at Mike.

"I am not, Max." Mike glared before going back to his game. "So what if have had sex? Doesn't mean I'm going to discuss it with you." Mike shook his head.

"I sucked Will's dick right where you're fucking sitting." Richie blurted out. Mike grabbed the tissue box, and threw it into Richie's face. "Ow!"

***

Richie was allowed to share Will's bed once they made it back to Joyce's place. It was a single bed, but it didn't matter, Richie often spooned Will when they slept anyway. Richie was still a little drunk, and his hands kept wandering to Will's penis through the PJ pants.

"Richie, we're at my mom's. We can't." Will reminded Richie as he seemingly kept forgetting where they were.

"Oh yeah..." Richie pressed his face into the back of Will's neck. "You smell so good." He muttered.

Will smiled, and hugged Richie's arm so he wouldn't let it wander again; his head rested on Richie's other arm. They got to sleep fairly quickly, and in the morning, Will could smell eggs and bacon being cooked. Hopper and his mother were talking, but as per usual, Will couldn't make out what they were discussing.

Richie didn't seem to have a hang over as he woke up, and began massaging Will's shoulder gently, "Hey babe."

"Good morning." Will smiled looking back over his shoulder at the mass of black hair.

Richie smiled, and kissed Will's cheek, "I smell food."

Will laughed, "Yes, there's food. Want to go eat it?"

Richie nodded, "Yes please."

Getting out of bed, Will and Richie headed towards the kitchen, their hair sticking out every which way. "Good morning." Joyce smiled at them brightly as Hopper looked up from the paper at them.

"Morning." Richie smiled tiredly.

"I hope you didn't make as much food as you did for lunch yesterday." Will teased his mom.

"Of course not." Joyce laughed.

Hopper looked at Will and mouthed, 'she did' to Will's amusement. The two took a seat at the table. "Did you want help with Thanksgiving Dinner at all, mom?" Will asked.

"Oh, that's ok, sweetie. I can do it." Joyce said placing the scrambled eggs, and bacon on the table next to the freshly buttered toast.

Will poured himself a glass of orange juice. "I don't mind. It'd help me learn."

"I can help too." Richie volunteered.

"Well, if you both really want to, I suppose I could get some help."

Joyce was pleased to see Will and Richie wanting to help out.

After breakfast Richie got to work with Will. Joyce let the boys handle the turkey together. "How did I know I was going to end up with my hand up a turkey's ass?" Richie asked as he pulled out the innards while Will put together the stuffing.

Will laughed, "I feel like this is karma somehow."

"I've been doing it for years, I have no sympathy for you." Joyce said as she peeled the potatoes.

"Are we doing any desserts this year?" Will noted there didn't seem to be anything out.

"Actually, Karen's going to cover that." Joyce smiled, "She's bringing her family over, and we're going to do Thanksgiving together. Jonathan and Nancy are also coming. I thought I'd keep it a secret until today." Joyce smiled.

"That's awesome!" Will looked at her brightly, "This is going to be the best Thanksgiving so far."

"Yeah, but mostly because I'm here, right?" Richie winked.

"You caught me." Will smiled, and set the bowl of mixed stuffing next to Richie. "You want me to stuff it?"

"No, I can do this." Richie shrugged, grabbing a handful of stuffing, and pushing it inside of the turkey.

Will moved onto the carrots, and proceeded to chop them into rounds. "Did you guys have fun at the Wheeler's last night?" Joyce asked.

"Yeah, it was nice to see everyone again. I've talked to Mike and the others a lot on the phone, but its not the same as being together in person." Will told his mother.

"It'll be nice in the summer when you're able to be home for longer. Richie, you're more than welcome to stay over here as long as you want this summer." Joyce told him.

"Thank you." Richie smiled, feeling relieved he was being welcomed somewhere for once.

"I was thinking of visiting Derry this spring break." Will told Joyce.

"Ok, sweetie. Hopper and I could take that trip if you decide not to come home for that week." Joyce looked over to Hopper.

"Yeah, we could do that." Hopper agreed. "If I can get the assholes at work to actually do their jobs."

Will looked between them curiously, "We want to visit that lake on the mountain. It's supposed to be beautiful up there. It'd be nice to just get away for a bit." Joyce explained.

Will smiled, "That sounds nice. I was worried you'd be upset I wasn't coming home."

"I'll definitely miss you, but you're grown up now. I get that you have your own life." Joyce was incredibly understanding about everything.

"Now let's get some of this food in the oven. I've got some photo albums to show Richie." Joyce teased Will.

"Yes please!" Richie's eyes lit up, and Will groaned with embarrassment.

Notes for the Chapter:

> It was a short and sweet chapter, but I hope you all enjoyed it! Let me know what you think!

6. Premature

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie and Will decide to play out their Dom/Sub fantasies. Richie isn't expecting Will to be so good at it.

Chapter 6

There had been a lot of talking between Will and Richie in the following weeks about things they both wanted to try together. Will had known for a while that Richie wanted to play out a slave and master fantasy with Will; the blonde was rather intrigued to try it.

A week before Christmas, Richie and Will planned a date and a time to try things out. Will had picked a safe word 'Dart' in case things got out of hand. Will was getting home first that day as his lab finished half an hour earlier than Richie's class. Will was excited to try things out for the first time. It suited his interests as well as Richie's as they both seemed to like the idea of humiliation to a degree.

The raven haired Richie Tozier made his way down the hallway to their dorm. He was excited to enter the dorm room. The moment he was to enter, they were going to begin their game. He could only guess how shy and embarrassed Will was going to be about everything as Richie dominated him. It would be cute to see Will's cheeks turn red when something struck him as humiliating.

Unlocking the door, he spotted Will sitting on his knees on the bed, the black leather collar locked around his neck, and a stainless steel dog leash dangling from it. Richie shut the door behind him, locking it. "Welcome home master." Will said in a tone that set him on fire; how was it that Will was sexier than usual in just a collar?

Will got onto the floor, and crawled over to Richie, a look of desire in his eyes as he stared up at Richie with each move closer, "How can I serve you, master?" Richie felt his erection building so hard in his pants, it was becoming painful in just the seconds he stood in the room.

Richie was unable to speak as Will had managed to leave him breathless. Sensing he should fill in the gap in conversation, he knelt before Richie. Will reached up, and pulled Richie's hand to his face. Watching intently as Will put his finger in his mouth, Will began to suck on his index finger sensually. Richie watched, and was unable to control his body's reaction as he reached climax totally on accident. "Oh fuck!" Richie looked down in absolute horror.

Will let go of Richie's finger, spotting the wet spot in the front of his pants. "Oh... did you just...?"

Richie's face went ten shades of red, and he covered his face with one hand, his groin with the other, "Fucking hell... that's so fucking embarrassing."

Will smiled brightly, "I got you that worked up?"

"I'm sorry, fuck!" Richie looked down at him, noticing that Will looked pleased with himself. "You're not going to make fun of me?"

Will shook his head like Richie was crazy, "If anything, I'm proud of myself for getting you off without having to touch your penis."

Richie smiled at him, despite the embarrassment he still felt. "I um... I didn't expect you to get into character so well."

Taking off his pants, Richie decided to carefully clean himself up in the sink. "Did you want to try this again at another time?" Will asked taking a seat on the end of the bed.

"Yeah, that's probably a good idea." Richie nodded his head, and turned off the water as he dried himself off.

Pulling his remaining clothes off, Richie walked over to Will, and stood before him. Richie leaned down and pressed his lips to Will's. "I've never had shit like that happen before."

Will smiled up at him. "It's ok. I'm not judging you."

Richie gripped the chain leash, "That's why you make the perfect slave." Richie grinned.

"Did you still want to play?" Will asked watching Richie run his fingers over the chain attached to the collar.

"We could... I mean you still haven't gotten off yet." Richie looked at him with a glint in his eyes, "You've been such a good boy, I'd hate to see you get nothing out of your efforts."

Will knew immediately they were back in the game. "Thank you, master." Will kept his eyes on Richie.

"Did you have a shower like I asked you to?" Richie asked curiously as he ran his fingers through Will's soft hair.

"Yes master, I did." Will had managed one before Richie came home.

Richie gently groped his erection, "You didn't play with this while you were in there did you?"

"No master, that's yours." Will was really good at his role, and Richie was rather amazed by it.

"Good boy. Rest on the bed face down. I'll get some toys so I can play with you." Richie kissed Will's lips gently, and headed to the bin beneath the bed, pulling out a few things he wanted to try.

Richie pulled Will's arms behind his back, and clicked the handcuffs onto his wrists. It sent chills through him, and made him excited for what was next to come, "You want me to make you come, pet?"

"Yes master. Please play with me." Will pleaded, making Richie even more excited.

Will felt something against his opening, and he didn't immediately know what Richie was doing to him. Richie switched on the vibrations, and Will gasped as he felt the long silicone dildo being pushed inside of him. "Oh..." Will pressed is face into the pillow below him, his back arching up a little to give Richie better access.

"Do you like that? The feeling of something filling you up?" Richie asked as he moved the toy at a steady pace.

"I just wish it was your big cock master, I love it so much." Will knew

what compliments to give, and when.

"Such a good boy. You'll get my cock when I feel like fucking you." Richie teased.

Will moaned loudly as his body convulsed with each hard thrust that was made against his prostate. His erection was laid out between his legs, and Richie had full access to it. He gently grazed it with his fingers to hear Will gasp some more, "Your cock is so stiff. It looks like it wants to be touched." Richie ran his fingers over it a second time as Will's toes curled.

"Yes, please master, touch it." Will begged.

"You know that's just for decoration. You're only allowed to come this way." Richie pointedly pressed the vibrator into Will's prostate, allowing it to vibrate on the highest speed.

"Oh! Oh God!" Will cried out as the intensity of the vibrations got to him, making it impossible to lay still.

"Since you've been so good though, maybe I'll give it a few tugs. Lift your butt up so I can reach it." Richie's teasing was both agonizing and pleasurable; Will didn't expect to like what was happening nearly as much as he was.

Will curled his knees under him so he was propped up. Richie's hand wrapped around the hardened member, stroking it exactly three times while Will moaned in sheer joy that his penis was being touched at all.

"Thank you, master! Thank you!" Will's prostate was taking all the vibrations, and it was making him lose his mind as he was building up. "I need to come soon, master."

"You may not." Richie denied Will, and pulled the toy from his ass.

Will groaned, frustration and desperation mingling in his tone. "Master, please! I need to come." Will was fully absorbed in his role, his body desperate for a release.

"You've got fifteen seconds to turn around, and start warming up my

cock with your mouth. If you do a good job, I might let you have it." Richie ordered.

Will got up as fast as he could to face Richie who was sitting with his legs dangling over the side of the bed. Leaning down, Will wrapped his mouth around Richie's flaccid cock. He attempted to start sucking, but Richie stopped him, "No, no. You leave it in your mouth, and keep it warm. If you please me, my cock might start to wake up on its own. That's when you get it in your ass. Understand?" Richie asked.

Will kept his mouth wrapped around it, and didn't move. He could feel his body agonizingly close to the edge, but he wasn't allowed to come yet. Richie stroked Will's hair soothingly as they sat there. Will could feel the blood flow starting to come back into Richie's cock, and to became stiffer. "Feel that, pet? It's waking up for that hot mouth of yours." Richie gently stroked Will's cock three more times in a row to keep him on edge.

Once the erection was fully hard in Will's mouth, Richie pulled Will off him. Richie helped Will walk over to Richie's desk before bending him over it. Richie slicked his cock with the remaining lubricant on his hand from the toy. Lining himself up with Will's opening, he looked down at Will who was beyond ready to take it. "You ready to come?"

"Yes master!" Will replied eagerly.

Inserting himself, Will groaned deeply, "Always such a good cock whore." Richie held onto the leash with one hand, and thrust his hips in quick successions. "I'm going to last for a while, so the longer you can go without coming, the less over stimulation you'll have to deal with." Richie grinned, "Because I'm not stopping until I'm damn well ready."

Will nodded his head, "Yes, master."

Richie began thrusting his hips at a nearly violent pace, tugging the leash tightly, but not too tightly that Will couldn't breathe. "Oh God! Oh God! Richie! Richie, oh my God!" Will screamed as Richie continued to pound into him, making Will forget the game momentarily.

"Fuck yes... scream it, Will!" Richie moaned as he worked himself up as quickly as he could.

The two were going to be lucky if they didn't receive a noise complaint with how loud they were being. The arousal higher than it ever had been before. Their moaning, combined with the sound of the desk being repeatedly slammed into was definitely going to cause them some trouble. "Alright babe, I'm gonna come soon. I want you to come too." Richie coaxed.

"Yes! Richie! You're a God! You're a God! I fucking love you!" Will cried out before he finally released hard upon feeling Richie's own climax begin.

They both came hard, and Richie leaned over Will, panting heavily. "Jesus... I can't feel my legs." Richie sighed with relief.

"I can't either." Will panted heavily.

Richie pulled out of him, and let go of the leash. "Fuck, you're so hot." Richie grinned as he and Will carefully sauntered over to the bed.

"We're going to get a noise complaint." Will panted as they laid on the bed together.

"Good. It will be worth it." Richie laughed a little.

Will curled into Richie with a smile, "That was fun."

"I didn't get too rough did I?" Richie asked gently, running his finger along Will's jaw.

"Not at all. You could have been rougher." Will assured him.

"Well... maybe next time I will. I'll also try not to blow my load in the first few seconds as well." Richie laughed. "I just wanted to make sure the first time we did this, I didn't traumatize you."

Will kissed Richie's lips gently, "Next time, you can hit me if you

want. I'm not as fragile as you think."

Richie looked him over, "Damn, you're so fucking hot when you say shit like that."

Will laughed, and pressed his lips to Richie's. They were definitely going to revisit that kink in the near future.

***

Inking out the final page of his second comic felt exciting to Will. Putting so much work into something so personal was the best sort of therapy, or so Will felt. He had an entire series planned, and it was taking some time, but it was well worth it.

Richie was lying on the bed, strumming his guitar to a familiar tune Will couldn't place. The snow had been coming down for about an hour, in thick white globs. Will's eyes got lost in it every so often as he thought about the fun childhood memories of building snow forts, and having snowball fights with his best friends.

"Will?" Richie asked in a serious tone.

"Yes?" Will looked over at him.

"Could I maybe come home with you for Christmas?" Richie asked curiously.

Will looked at him for a moment, "You don't want to go back to Derry and see your friends?"

"Well I want to see my friends, but not my family. They won't let me stay with them when I visit. I could stay with Bill, but I don't want to intrude. Your mom is always so nice to me, and I'd really feel more comfortable spending Christmas with you if I could." Richie never spoke so seriously, and there was a vulnerability in his eyes as he stared at the wall rather than Will.

"I think my mom would be really happy to have you stay for Christmas. I know I would be." Will smiled gently at him, finally catching Richie's eyes.

"Really?" Richie looked at him, as if expecting Will to say no.

Will smiled and nodded at him, "Richie, you're family at this point. My mom loves you, and she would love to have you there for Christmas. My brother thinks you're awesome too. We want you there."

Richie put his guitar aside, and walked over to where Will was sitting. Standing up, Will pulled Richie into a warm hug. Running his fingers through Richie's black mane of hair, he could feel Richie's face melt into his shoulder, "I love you, Richie. You have a family with me."

The feeling of warm tears began to soak his light blue sweater. Will didn't let go of Richie, he just kept hugging him, and stroking his hair. It was sad to think Richie's own parents didn't want him around, but Joyce would never turn him away; she was happy that Richie made Will so happy.

Richie sniffled, and pulled back after a bit. His eyes were red rimmed, but he smiled softly at Will, "I love you, Will. You really are the best thing that ever happened to me."

"I feel the same way about you." Will cupped his face with both hands, "Are you going to be ok?"

Richie nodded his head, and looked into Will's eyes, "I'm alright. I guess sometimes it's just hard when it comes to family holidays. I can't really go home, but I don't want to intrude on my friends either. I'm glad your mom is so cool with me being around for the holidays."

"We don't do anything extravagant for Christmas, but there's a few traditions we keep up on." Will rubbed Richie's arm gently.

"Like what?" Richie was calmer now, and Will was relieved for that.

"Usually we have a day where we make Christmas cookies together. It seems silly I suppose, but we all sit around the table, and decorate them together. Jonathan might not be there this year depending on what he and Nancy decide to do, so having you there would be nice." Will explained.

"I've never baked anything before, and the only time I decorated food

was in kindergarten." Richie admitted, making Will feel a little sad for him.

"Did you ever do anything for Christmas growing up?" Will asked him.

"Well, my parents got me things, but usually when ever my parents were in the same room long enough they'd start to fight, so on Christmas morning, I'd just opening my presents alone, and take them to my room to play with them. Once I turned fourteen, my parents didn't even bother to put up a tree." Richie said making Will want to cry.

"It'll be different this year." Will rubbed Richie's shoulders with a smile, "We'll put up the tree together, and we'll decorate the house. My mom still has a ton of left over Christmas lights from when I was lost in the Upside Down, so we can put those up."

Richie smiled gently, happy for the chance to have a normal Christmas for once. "What about presents? Can I get everyone something? Or would that be just fucking weird?" Richie asked.

"We usually have a present limit. My mom put it in place when Jonathan and I were younger so no one felt jealous. We get each other one gift, and anything else gets shoved in our stocking." Will explained.

"What could I get your mom?" Richie asked.

"You don't have to get her anything. She won't be expecting anything." Will assured him.

"She's been so fucking amazing to me, I want to get her something." Richie said with determination that made Will's heart skip a beat.

"Well, we could look for something together I suppose." Will suggested, and Richie nodded.

"I should call my mom, and let her know you're coming. She'll be really excited." Will smiled brightly.

"I'll let you do that. I'm going to go take a shower. When I get back,

did you want to go to the cafeteria for dinner?" Richie asked Will curiously.

Will nodded kissing his cheek, "Yeah of course." Richie smiled, and grabbed his shower things.

"I'll see you soon." Richie said as he exited the dorm.

Will picked up the phone and dialled home. After a few rings, his mother answered. "Hey mom, it's Will. I was just talking to Richie, and he wanted to come spend Christmas with us."

"Having Richie here for the holiday's would be really nice. Should I pick anything up for you two before you come down, sweetie?" Joyce asked.

"Well... here's the thing..." Will started, "Richie's home life growing up wasn't that great. He's never really had a real Christmas before. I wanted to make this one special for him."

"I'll pick up a stocking for him. What size of clothes does he take? Also what about his feet? Does he have a favourite colour? What about food?" Joyce rambled as her mind began buzzing with ideas.

Will smiled; his mom was about to do everything to ensure Richie had the best Christmas of his life, Will could tell already.

Notes for the Chapter:

What did you think? Please let me know!

7. Ugly Sweater Party

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie attend Karen Wheeler's ugly sweater party together.

Chapter 7

A lot of things were being prepared for Will and Richie's arrival, and Richie had no idea about any of it. Will was so excited to bring him home, he almost couldn't contain himself. "Why are so fucking smiley today? Are you missing home, or something?" Richie asked as Will barely stopped smiling for a moment on the train ride to Hawkins.

"Kind of. I'm just excited, that's all." Will smiled cutely at Richie.

Richie leaned in and kissed him gently before pressing their foreheads together, "You're so fucking cute."

Will smiled, "You're pretty cute too."

Richie laughed a little, and they laced their fingers together. They stared out the window for the rest of the ride, enjoying the snow gracing the hills that passed them.

It was Hopper that picked them up at the train station much to Will's surprise. Will got into the middle seat of the truck. "Hey Chief." Richie greeted as he got into the spot next to Will.

"Hey. How was the train?" Hopper asked as he drove them to his and Joyce's place.

"It was alright. How have you been? Have you seen El yet?" Will asked him.

"I've been doing well. Your mother has been driving me crazy, but that's nothing new." Will smiled a little at that. "El and Mike are getting into town a little later than expected. There's a snow storm they've got to get through. Hopefully they're home before your mother plans to drag us out of the house."

"Drag us where exactly?" Will hadn't heard of any plans, so he was a bit confused.

"Karen Wheeler is throwing an ugly Christmas sweater party at her house." Hopper sounded like he was dreading it, and no doubt he was.

"Richie and I don't have any ugly Christmas sweaters." Will locked eyes with Richie for a moment before he looked back at Jim Hopper.

"Neither did I, but don't worry, your mother has it covered." He sighed exasperated.

"Maybe you and Ted can hang out somewhere away from the party?" Will suggested.

"That man is so boring, that I'd rather sit and watch paint dry." Chief Hopper said making Richie laugh loudly.

"I don't even know why Aunt Karen married him. Must have been for that sweet job he has." Richie rolled his eyes.

"I wouldn't put it past her." Hopper replied as they pulled into the driveway.

They got out of the truck together, and Hopper helped Will carry in his bags. Richie didn't bring much, so his stuff was easily managed. "Hey Will, hey Richie!" Joyce smiled brightly once they entered.

Will was wrapped in a tight hug before Joyce moved on to Richie, to embrace him warmly, "I'm so happy you decided to join us for Christmas. I was worried it might be too quiet with Jonathan out of the house."

"Too quiet. How awful." Hopper said dryly, receiving a light smack to the arm from Joyce.

"Honestly, you're more like the Grinch than anything else, Hop." Joyce smiled a little as both Richie and Will seemed amused.

"Thanks for having me here for Christmas." Richie smiled at her.

"You're welcome here for any and every holiday, honey." Joyce assured Richie with a smile that warmed his heart.

"Now, I didn't get a chance to tell you but, Karen Wheeler is having-" Joyce was cut off by Will.

"An ugly sweater party? Hopper told us." Will nodded.

"It was sort of last minute that I found out, but I got you both some ugly sweaters just so you aren't the only two left out." Joyce informed them before she disappeared down the hallway.

Will waited for a moment before she came back holding two brightly coloured sweaters in her hands. She handed them to Will and Richie. Unfolding the emerald green material, Will was staring Frosty the Snowman in the face. Little gingerbread men designs and snowflakes were strewn about the background of the shirt. "This really is ugly." Will laughed a bit.

Richie's shirt was bright red, and he had a picture of Rudolph on the front of his with reindeer and candy canes as background motif. Richie seemed excited about the prospect of wearing it; he smiled excitedly at Will. "This is fucking hilarious! I love it!"

Will was surprised as Richie pulled off his black hoodie. Pulling the red sweater over his black t-shirt, Richie smoothed it out and looked at Will. "Put yours on too."

Will pulled off his light blue sweater, and pulled the green Christmas sweater on. "It's really warm at least." Will commented.

Joyce looked elated as they stood in the sweaters. "Hold on, let me take a picture of this." Joyce ran over to her Polaroid.

Will had no idea how Richie felt about getting his picture taken. Richie enjoyed attention, so something told him this would be no problem at all. They had only taken one photo together in the past, and that was at Jonathan's wedding when Jonathan came around with his camera. He'd yet to see that photo.

Richie wrapped an arm around Will's shoulders, and waited for Joyce to snap a picture. Will wrapped his arm around Richie's waist and

smiled, enjoying the closeness. "Ok, just one more." She told them before taking a second photo.

"Perfect!" Joyce smiled and began shaking the snapshots as they developed.

When the pictures were visible, Joyce smiled, "Oh, you two look so cute!"

Richie and Will both looked at the pictures. They were nearly identical photos, and Joyce handed one to Will and Richie, "Here, you can hang this up in your dorm."

"Thanks, mom." Will smiled.

They didn't bother taking the sweaters off for the rest of the afternoon. Joyce had made them some grilled cheese sandwiches, and tomato soup for lunch. Richie managed to devour three sandwiches with his bowl of soup. "I don't know where you put it all." Will told him.

"My legs." Richie replied with a smile as his legs were rather lanky.

"I believe it." Will laughed.

"Well if you get any taller, you might have trouble fitting in the doorway." Joyce smiled.

"You and your cousin are all legs." Hopper commented as he ate with them.

"I remember when Mike was just starting out in high school, he hit his growth spurt. He could barely walk for months without tripping over himself." Joyce laughed as she recalled how awkward things had been for Mike.

"He grew at least. I feel like I missed my growth spurt. I'm super short compared to my friends." Will replied dipping a piece of sandwich into the tomato soup.

"You're not short, sweetie. You're average height." Joyce assured him.

"Averagely short." Richie commented, earning a nudge from Will.

Hopper laughed a little under his breath. Will took that as a good sign when ever anyone managed to make him laugh. The sound of a car coming up the driveway caught their attention. They looked out the window to see Mike's car pull up. "Oh, they're here! A lot sooner than I thought too." Joyce stood up, heading to the door.

The Chief followed her, eager to see his adopted daughter. Richie reached over and gently held Will's hand with a small smile. Will was pleased to see Richie was happy; they didn't need to speak as their eyes told each other everything they needed to know. Their moment was cut short as Mike and Eleven entered the house. "I can make you something for lunch if you want." Joyce looked back at them as she headed into the kitchen.

"Thanks, but El and I stopped for a sub on the way here." Mike had white flakes of snow in his dark hair.

Looking at Will, Mike smiled, "Hey Will."

Will got up and gave Mike a hug. Eleven was still standing with Hopper's arm around her shoulders. "I heard you drove through the storm." Will smiled when they pulled apart.

"Yeah, it was a bit of a challenge, but I made it." Mike looked over to Richie who was just watching them, not saying a word for once.

"Richie? Hey." Mike greeted, still a bit awkward with his cousin.

"Hey Mike." Richie nodded his head at Mike, not diving for his attention like usual.

"Is he ok?" Mike whispered to Will.

Will smiled, "He's fine. He's happy." Will assured him.

"What the hell are you wearing?" Mike looked over their Christmas sweaters.

"Your mom is having an ugly Christmas sweater party." Will informed Mike.

His best friend rolled his dark eyes, "Great... I guess I'll have to wear one too."

"Ew." Eleven made a face, and it made Will laugh a little.

"Yeah, really ew." Mike nodded looking back at her for a moment.

"Don't worry, Hopper is also wearing one tonight." Joyce smiled deviously at Hopper who rolled his eyes.

"Oh, and Eleven I got you one too." Joyce ran into the next room.

Eleven looked at Hopper wide eyed and attempted to head back outside, but Hopper caught her, "Come on, kid. If I have to do it, so do you."

Eleven grimaced as Joyce returned with a soft blue sweater that just had a snowflake motif on it. The sweater was much less ugly than Will or Richie's. Eleven looked at it for a moment, "I'll wear it." She decided.

***

Karen's place was full of people. Everyone in the party was there as well as the parents that chose to attend. It was strange for Mike to have so many people at his house, but Will found it kind of nice.

"Mom, no!" Mike complained as Karen chased him around with a camera the moment Mike had on his green and red striped ugly Christmas sweater.

"Poor Mike, he hates getting his picture taken." Will said to Richie as they watched him roll his eyes with each snap his mother took of the camera.

"Quit pointing that thing at Mikey, the eye candy is right here Aunt Karen." Richie called over to her.

Mike seemed relieved when Karen turned her attention to Richie and Will. "Well you do look pretty nice in your sweater, but I don't think

I'd label you as 'eye candy' seeing as you're my nephew." Karen laughed before taking up her camera, "Smile."

Richie struck a pose, and kept changing it up much to Will's amusement. Dustin came over with Lucas, "Come on, work it! Work it! That's the money shot right there!" Dustin shouted making Will laugh as Karen continued to snap pictures.

"I'm getting tired, being a model is a lot of work." Richie said.

"I think that's about all I need." Karen smiled, "Thanks for being such a good sport!" Karen smiled at Richie.

"Damn, Richie saved you Mike." Lucas commented, nudging his shoulder.

"Yeah, I'm sure she'll be back though." Mike sighed as he watched his mother making her rounds to the different guests.

Max walked over, her ugly navy Christmas sweater consisting of various snowflakes with glitter. "You're starting to become a permanent fixture in Hawkins. Watch out, once you arrive here, you never leave." Max warned Richie.

"I'm not bound to Hawkins, I'm just bound to this gorgeous blonde right here. Where he goes, I go." Richie put his arm around Will as he drank some punch from a plastic cup.

"Better than being bound to Lucas. It almost means I'm bound to Dustin too." Max sighed.

"Hey, what is that supposed to mean?" Dustin looked at her with wide eyes.

"You act like we're in a relationship with Dustin." Lucas scoffed.

"Sometimes I think we are, or at least, Dustin and I share you." Max teased.

"Hey, you know the rules Max, I get him on weekends." Dustin joked.

"Bite me." Lucas rolled his eyes as Mike laughed.

Eleven came over, an eggo waffle in her hand. "Where did you get that?" Mike asked furrowing his brows as he didn't think his mom set them out.

"Freezer." Eleven said before taking another bite.

Mike sighed, "I should have known. My mom makes all this food, and all you want is eggos." Eleven just shrugged, and continued eating.

After several hours of being around the adults, Mike and the group of friends headed downstairs to the basement. "Parties are so draining." Mike complained as he sat down on the futon.

Richie sat down on the other side of the couch, and pulled Will down onto his lap so Lucas and Max could sit on the futon also. Richie rested his chin on Will's shoulder and watched as Dustin got the Nintendo set up. "Mike, I've been meaning to ask you..." Will started.

Mike looked over, "Yeah?"

"Could we possibly add Richie to our party for game night?" Will asked.

Richie looked away, very certain Mike would just flat out say no. "I guess so. He just has to make his own character, and get caught up to us." Mike nodded, "I don't think I'll have a new campaign until summer so he'll have some time to get ready."

Looking over at him, Richie had a shocked look on his face, "You mean it? I can join?"

"Yeah, just don't be annoying about it." Mike grabbed the controller that Dustin handed him.

Will smiled at Richie, and felt the embrace get a little tighter. "Thank you." Richie kissed Will's cheek gently.

"No problem." Will smiled at Richie before locking eyes with Mike; they might have had a few discussions about Richie joining already.

Notes for the Chapter:

Did you enjoy it? Leave me your thoughts!

8. Five Stockings

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie helps Will's family put up decorations. The stockings were what hit him hardest.

Chapter 8

Hopper and Joyce managed to get the tree put together in record time. Will was amused considering the previous year, they kept arguing with each other on what connected where on the plastic tree.

"I'm glad you guys put up a fake tree. The real trees scare me ever since that time a bird flew out of the one at school." Richie blurted out as he helped Will untangle the lights for the tree.

"Plastic is easier, and I don't have to feel bad for killing a perfectly good tree." Joyce smiled as Hopper put the top of the tree up. "There. Tree's built." Hopper said before going over to the coffee table to check on Eleven.

Eleven was there for that afternoon. She insisted on staying home when the Wheeler's went to get family photos done. Mike tried to hide out there as well, but Karen found him. She was taking her time sorting through wall decorations. Hopper helped her put up some holy around the doorways.

"Alright, let's do this." Richie said as he and Will began wrapping multicoloured lights around the tree starting from the top.

Will was having a great time, all because he could see how happy it was making Richie to take part in the Christmas festivities. "I've never done this before, but I'm pretty sure I'm a pro at decorating a Christmas tree already." Richie said once they got the lights evenly placed around the tree.

Joyce stood back and looked over the tree, "Yeah, it looks good to me, honey." She smiled and began helping Hopper and Eleven hang some Christmas lights around the windows.

Richie looked at will, "What now?"

"Now we can hang the decorations. Did you want to put the star up?" Will asked him curiously.

Richie nodded his head, "Yeah!" He was eager, knowing it was a big deal to put up the star.

Will held up the gold star; it was beautifully decorated, and had lasted for over two decades. Richie didn't have to strain to place the star up, he was lucky to be tall. "Good, the windows are done, now I just have to put up the stockings." Joyce said once Eleven and Hopper sat down on the couch together.

Richie watched her bring out five stockings. "I thought Jonathan wasn't coming this year?" Richie asked Will curiously as he hung up some fake icicle decorations.

"He's not." Will shook his head, a bit confused.

Richie pointed to the stockings in Joyce's hands. "Then why does she have five-" Richie paused.

Joyce hung up a stocking with a gold 'R' stitched across the top of it. Richie blinked a few times, and Will saw his eyes get watery. "That's for me?"

Turning back to look at him, Joyce smiled, "Of course silly, you're part of the family."

Richie smiled, but his lower lip quivered, and he had to leave the room just as a teardrop hit the floor where he was standing. Joyce gave Will a knowing look before Will nodded to his mother, and followed Richie down the hallway. "Richie, are you ok?"

Will walked into his room, and spotted Richie wiping his eyes as tears poured from them freely. Wrapping his arms around Will's shoulders, Richie sobbed softly into his neck. Will hugged him, and ran his fingers through Richie's curls. Pulling back momentarily, Richie placed a few soft kisses on Will's lips before returning his face to Will's neck as he continued to cry softly.

Rubbing Richie's back, he felt the heaviness of Richie's heart as he'd never experienced being part of a family before. Will had seen Richie cry, but never this hard. Will heard his mother come into the room behind him. Richie looked up at her, his eyes still soaked with tears. "Come here, Sweetheart." Joyce pulled Richie in, and he wrapped his arms around her, hugging her tightly.

Though Richie towered over Joyce, he still looked like a child as she rubbed his back soothingly. "It's going to be a lot better from here on out. You're part of this family now, and you're never going to have to spend another Christmas alone." She told him soothingly.

"Thank you." Richie struggled to speak though his sobs.

"Shhhh. It's ok." She was rocking him, and Will was reminded once more how good of a mom Joyce was as she calmed Richie down enough for him to stop his sobbing, and just hug her.

When he seemed better, she pulled back and cupped his face in both hands, "Let's finish with the tree, and get started on the cookies before we lose daylight. Alright, sweetie?" She smiled warmly, and Richie sniffled and nodded with a smile.

"Alright, let's go." Joyce smiled, and led the two back out into the living room.

Hopper and Eleven had put something on the television when Will, Richie and Joyce had returned. They acted quite engrossed in an attempt to keep their eyes of Richie's tear stained face.

Will and Richie completed the tree decorating, and the two stood back and marvelled at their work. "It's beautiful." Will smiled.

"I'm a total pro at this decorating business." Richie smiled as Joyce looked up at the tree.

"Very nice." Joyce nodded in approval. "Wanna come help with the cookies? I need two sets of hands willing to get messy."

"I'm the man for the job, mom." Richie smiled following her.

Will helped measure out the ingredients they would need, and Richie

got to work mixing the ingredients together. Joyce directed them along with what to do as she got some baking sheets ready with parchment paper.

Richie and Will used some of the metal cookie cutters to create the desired shapes. Candy canes, reindeer, mittens, stars, and hearts were among the different shapes. They made good use of the cookie dough, leaving none left over as they put the cookies on the parchment paper to go into the oven. "There, now we'll let these cook, and after that you guys have the decorating job." Joyce told them setting the timer.

"I can't wait!" Richie smiled brightly.

Will thought his boyfriend looked the cutest when he was excited; the way those dark eyes lit up, and his mouth curled into a handsome smile made his day. The five of them sat around watching Christmas specials well into the evening. Eleven really didn't speak a lot or so Richie noticed. She spoke when she had something to say, but she never tried to please anyone with meaningless chitchat.

Richie wrapped an arm around Will's shoulders as they watched TV. Richie was playing with Wills fingers gently, something he often did at the dorm as well. The two were rather engrossed in the movie, and the warmth of the blanket across their lap. A sudden flash of light and a clicking sound made Richie and Will both look over to their right with surprise. Joyce had taken a picture, and smiled at them. "Sorry, you both just looked so cute. I wanted a picture."

Will smiled, "Come on, mom..."

"I am pretty cute." Richie winked making Will laugh a little.

The timer went off, and Joyce took the cookies out of the oven, and let them cool on top of the oven. Mike showed up before long, and Eleven said goodbye to Hopper before going to spend some time with her boyfriend.

Will and Richie returned to the kitchen, and began setting up the icing, and the decorating items Joyce had bought for them. "Are you ready?" Will asked Richie with a smile on his face.

"I am so ready for this." Richie smiled as he began brushing icing on his first reindeer shaped cookie.

Will began icing his own star shaped cookie when he noticed Richie grabbing the multicoloured sprinkles, and spreading them across the reindeer's body. "Look, it's a gay reindeer." Richie grinned at him.

"Oh yeah? He's representing the gay reindeer community?" Will asked as Richie nodded, "What's his name?"

"Pride." Richie snorted, and placed a blue M&M on it's nose.

Will laughed, "You're hilarious." He began shaking some yellow sprinkles on his star, attempting to at least make it look somewhat normal.

Richie seemed to enjoy decorating everything with unfitting colours, and it made Will amused; it was very childlike. Richie's tree was covered in red sprinkles, and his heart was sporting M&M's, and yellow sprinkles.

"You can definitely tell who decorated what." Richie said as they put their finished cookies side by side.

Joyce came into the kitchen after a bit, and began decorating with them. "What's the story with this colourful reindeer?" Joyce asked.

"That's Pride. He represents the gay reindeer community." Richie said a-matter-of-factly.

"Oh I see. Well he's going to need a gay boyfriend to go with him." Joyce began covering a reindeer cookie in icing before grabbing the multicoloured sprinkles.

Richie laughed a little, "What should we name Pride's boyfriend?"

"I think Rupert is a fine name for a gay Reindeer." Joyce said as she placed an orange M&M on the reindeer's nose before sitting him next to Pride in the line-up.

"That's a beautiful couple." Will laughed as they moved onto decorating cookie trees.

"Tomorrow I was thinking of heading into town. Did you want to get any Christmas shopping done tomorrow? I could drop you off while I grocery shop." Joyce offered them.

"We were thinking about it, so that would be perfect." Will nodded finishing up with his final cookie.

Richie finished with his completely green star, and set it aside. "We could rob the bank while we're down there." Richie said sarcastically.

"Don't do it on my shift." Hopper called from the living room.

"I'll warn you before I do anything, that way you can busy yourself with something else." Richie assured him.

"Atta boy." Hopped said flatly.

Joyce smiled a little, "I guess that makes me the get away driver."

"What does that make me?" Will looked at Richie.

"My partner in crime, duh." Richie grinned.

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The following day had gone by pretty fast. Will and Richie had found some things for Joyce, Hopper, and Mike. Will had to really help with Mike since Richie was a bit lost on what he would want.

By the evening, Will and Richie were holding hands, and wandering around the woods together after dinner. "You're so perfect, Will..." Richie told him with a gentleness in his eyes.

Will looked at him, "You're perfect. I'm just me."

Richie kissed the back of his hand. "I love being with you so much. I love you, and I love your family. I never want to be without you."

Will looked at him softly, "You never will be. I'll always be here for you, Richie."

"After college, I'd like to get a place with you." Richie told him, "I

know we haven't been together for a year yet, but I already know that's what I want."

"I do too. Where should we live?" Will asked with a smile.

"I was thinking California." Richie grinned.

Will laughed, "Oh really? that's a long ways from here." Will told him, "We could fly in for the holidays though."

"Absolutely. You'd look so beautiful on a beach lying in the sunshine." Richie wrapped his arms around Will, stopping him from walking.

"You think so?" Will kissed his lips, "I'd be fine with that as long as you're topless next to me."

Richie laughed, "Of course. Once we both hit it big though, we'll have a big house in Beverly Hills, and we'll have so much privacy fencing we can walk around the backyard naked all day."

"That would make things a little too convenient." Will rubbed Richie's shoulders.

"You love the idea, don't even lie." Richie smirked.

"I mostly love the idea of being out in nature with you, and getting to climb onto this without having to undress." Will gently rubbed at the front of Richie's pants.

Richie looked around. "We're pretty far from people out here, aren't we?"

Will eyed him curiously. "Yes, but, it's winter."

"So... what about that shed in your backyard?" Richie suggested.

"Richie..." Will warned him.

"Alright, I'm just really happy, and really horny." Richie kissed him gently, "Also really in love with the most beautiful boy in the whole world."

Will kissed him gently, "You're pretty beautiful yourself." Will looked at him, "Maybe if you can be super quiet, after my mom and Hopper go to bed, I can take care of your urges."

"Quiet as a mouse, babe." Richie nodded with a smile.

Snow began to fall from the sky; weightless fluffy flakes landed on their coats. "We should probably head back to your house before we get buried in snow." Richie suggested.

"That's a good idea." Will nodded, holding Richie's hand as they made their way back towards the house.

They were quiet for a bit, but Richie stopped walking once he noticed 'castle byers' in the backyard. "What's this?"

"Oh that." Will shrugged, "I built it when I was younger. Mom never ended up tearing it down. That was sort of my fort."

Richie smiled, "That's cute. You built it yourself?"

"I had some help, but overall I decided most of it. Did you ever have a fort or anything?" Will looked at his boyfriend curiously.

"I built a tree fort with Bill a long time ago. It was kind of shitty, and didn't last very long. We had a lot of fun in it though." Richie looked up at the sky as the snow fell down on them. "I've always liked snow. It's so pretty."

Will looked up at the sky, "It is."

Richie gently wrapped an arm around Will's waist. He took Wills hand in his. Will smiled a little, and placed his other hand on Richie's shoulder as they started to sway. "What are you doing?" Will asked.

"Dancing in the snow with the most beautiful person I've ever met." Richie smiled softly, and twirled Will around a bit unexpectedly.

Will laughed, and continued dancing with Richie, "This is a little weird without music, you know?"

"If you fall, I will catch you, I'll be waiting. Time after time." Richie

sang in a silly voice.

"Ok, no music was better." Will laughed as they continued to sway together.

Richie smiled at him, "You know, I've never seen prettier eyes in my entire life than the ones you have." Richie looked into his eyes for a long moment, "They're such a perfect shape, and colour."

Will blushed a bit, "Why are you being so cute?"

"I don't know, I guess maybe you make me all gooey inside." Richie leaned in and kissed his lips gently.

Will closed his eyes, and kissed Richie back. They continued to sway in the snow together, and it was the best dance Will ever had with anyone.

Notes for the Chapter:

Did you feel the feels? Let me know!

9. Steve's Party

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will get an invite to Steve's Christmas Eve party.

Chapter 9

Christmas eve was proving to be a busy day. Richie and Will took turns wrapping their gifts, and shoving items into the stockings. They placed their gifts under the tree along with the gifts Joyce and Hopper had wrapped. Eleven was going to wrap her gifts later on, and if Will remembered correctly, she had a fondness for tinfoil wrapping as it was a lot easier, and shinier.

Joyce and Hopper were planning to go to a Christmas party in town, so Eleven made a point to go over to Mike's so Will and Richie might have an evening alone. Hopper was ready before Joyce, and he grumbled as he stood by the door waiting for her to finish getting ready. "Come one, Joyce. We don't have all night."

"Just a minute, Jim." Joyce shushed him as she walked over to Will and Richie who were on the couch together watching a movie. "Have a good night you two. There's some left over pasta in the fridge if you get hungry."

"Tick tock." Hopper sighed. "I'm going to go to the truck."

Joyce lowered her voice, "There's condoms in the bathroom if you need any, ok?"

"Mom!" Will's eyes went wide, and Richie snickered next to him.

"Ok, sorry honey, I just want you to be safe. Have a good night." Joyce smiled before heading over to the door, waving to them on her way out.

When the door locked behind her, Will looked over at Richie, the shock still etched onto his face. "Wow, so your mom knows I've been giving you the dick, huh?" Richie asked amused.

Will covered his blushing cheeks, "I have no idea how."

"Well I mean, it would almost be fucking rude not to have sex now that she told us where the condoms were." Richie rubbed his leg with a shit eating grin on his face.

"Oh my God..." Will groaned.

Richie rubbed his back, "I did enjoy that secret blowjob the other night though."

Will smiled a little, "I am missing being physical with you, but under normal circumstances, I don't think I'd feel much like having sex after my mom says something like that."

Richie laughed a little, "You want me to help you break in that childhood bedroom of yours?"

Will just smiled and stood up. Richie followed him to Will's bedroom. Will turned around and wrapped his arms around Richie's shoulders, leaning up to kiss his lips. Richie wrapped his long arms around Will, kissing him with a lot of passion behind his lips. "Want me to grab a condom?" Richie asked, breaking apart from Will for a moment.

"No, then they'll know we've had sex in here." Will shook his head before pressing his lips back to Richie's.

Lifting Will up by his thighs, Richie pressed his back against the wall, keeping their lips locked together. "Mm..." Will moaned into Richie's mouth; they both missed the intimacy.

Will felt Richie's mouth trail down his neck slowly, and it sent shivers up his spine, "Richie, lie me on the bed." Will breathed.

Richie complied, carrying him over, and lying him flat on his back. Richie pulled his black hoodie over his head, and let it hit the floor. His t-shirt was next to go, leaving his chest bare, and exposed. Will pulled off his own sweater, and t-shirt. Richie began undoing Will's pants, and pulling them down quickly. Will undid Richie's pants before Richie took over, and climbed out of his jeans.

Hooking his fingers in Will's boxers, he pulled them off leaving Will

completely naked before him. Richie pulled off his own boxers, leaving their clothes in a pile on the floor. Richie looked around, "What do I use for lube?"

"Um... I don't know." Will looked towards the doorway, "The bathroom might have something."

"Fine, fine." Richie left the room, and Will watched him come back in, carefully massaging the Vaseline onto his erection. "How do you want me?" Richie asked, leaning down to wrap his mouth around Will's hard erection.

His head fell back on his pillows a Richie moved his head slowly up and down, "Rough." Will surprised even himself as he said it.

Richie's laugh vibrated around him, and he shivered as Richie pulled off, "Rough, huh? I love how kinky you are."

Grabbing Will's hips, he turned Will around so he was on his hands and knees; Will had to admit he liked that position a lot. Before he could finish his thought, he felt a warm tongue licking from his balls, up to his ass. "Oh!" Will jumped a bit, not expecting it.

Richie smacked his ass, before climbing into the kneeling position, and lining himself up with Will's entrance. "What's your safe word?" Richie asked.

"Demigorgon." Will responded.

"Kinky." Richie grinned before sliding inside of him.

Will groaned as Richie made his way fully inside. Richie leaned over and gripped Will's hair, pulling it as he began to fuck him at a rough pace. Will moaned loudly, his teeth gritted as the pain and the pleasure mingled, sending a wave of adrenaline through his body. "Richie! Oh fuck!" Will never swore unless he was having a good time in the middle of sex, so Richie took it as a good sign.

"God, you're so fucking tight... you've been just waiting for my big cock to break you in all visit, haven't you?" Richie grinned a he thrust his hips heavily into his boyfriend.

"God yes! Oh Richie!" Will's voice was desperate, and he couldn't help how much he'd wanted Richie inside of him.

Richie smacked his ass hard, leaving a painful sting in its wake, "So, how many times have you masturbated since we've been here?"

"Three times! Oh God!" Will cried out, his eyes tearing up in the corners as Richie slammed into his prostate with no remorse.

"Three? Well that's against the rules, isn't it pet?" Richie asked smacking his ass once again.

"Yes master, I'm sorry!" Will moaned loudly, and felt Richie tugging his hair a little more, "How can I make it up, master?"

"I'm glad you asked that question." Richie pulled out of Will, who groaned in frustration before Richie pulled him to his feet, and sat him on his desk. Will watched as Richie grabbed his ankles, and placed them on his shoulders. Will leaned back, and knocked some of his books and pencils on the floor as he gripped the edge of the desk to brace himself. "I want you to scream my name as loud as you can while I fuck you as hard as I can." Richie grinned before he began inserting himself back inside Will from a new angle.

Will felt his eyes roll back the moment Richie was fully inside; Richie was able to hit just the right spot from that angle. "Yes master."

Will gripped the desk as Richie began thrusting his hips with careless abandon. Will almost didn't recognize his own screaming voice as it bounced off the walls of his room. "Richie! Richie! Richie!" He repeated nearly mindlessly as precum dribbled out of the end of his penis from the pleasure Richie was putting him through.

"That's it baby, I love that sound your voice is making." Richie grinned.

Will felt himself losing his grip on the desk, and he slipped backwards; he was lucky his head was clear of any danger. Richie grabbed his arms, and pulled out of him, deciding to fuck him somewhere else.

Richie leaned Will over his long wooden dresser, and Will stood on

his tippy toes as Richie inserted himself back inside of Will. "God you're fucking so hot, Will." Richie groaned as he kept thrusting his hips hard.

"Richie! I'm not gonna make it much longer!" Will warned.

Richie groaned, "Fuck, I want you to come in my mouth." Richie moaned before he suddenly released hard inside of Will.

Will was a little surprised to hear Richie say that, but the moment Richie pulled out, he pressed Will's back against the wall, and got onto his knees, taking Will's hard cock in his mouth. Gripping the dresser for balance, the other hand on the closet door handle, Will panted heavily.

Richie moved his head quickly, and put a lot of action into his tongue along the underside of Will's erection. "Richie! Oh God!" Will moaned, releasing into his mouth before his head fell back against the wall.

Swallowing, Richie rubbed Will's hips. "Was that ok?"

Will nodded with a smile, his cheeks red and hot. "Yes. Very ok."

Richie grinned, and stood up, "Now let's fuck in your mom's bed." Richie joked.

Will laughed, "She'd kill you." Will pressed his lips to Richie's once he stood up.

"Worth it." Richie winked as he hugged Will lovingly.

The front door began to unlock, and Will's heart stopped, "Hey? Is anyone home?" Jonathan's voice called out.

"Y-Yes! Just a minute!" Will scrambled for his clothes.

Richie did the same.

"Where are you?" Jonathan asked from the living room.

"I'm in my room, please don't come in!" Will warned.

"Oh God... ok." Jonathan seemed to understand.

Will finished dressing, and he and Richie both came out. Will's hair was wild, and all over the place from Richie pulling it. Jonathan eyed his little brother with an amused expression, "I came over to see if you guys wanted to go to Steve's party since some of your friends are going. If you two would rather be alone though, I can go."

"N-No, we're fine. When is the party?" Will tried to act normal, but he was coming off as awkward.

"It's already started." Richie smiled a little watching Will. Jonathan pointed at his hair, "You might want to fix your hair, and maybe turn your sweater around."

Will blushed, and began fixing his hair with a sheepish expression. "I'm going to go change then." Will quickly moved up the hall, and headed for his bedroom, closing the door behind him.

Richie and Jonathan just looked at each other for a moment, "I fucked your brother." Richie blurted.

Jonathan shrugged a little, "I fucked your cousin."

"Touché." Richie nodded.

Will returned wearing a dark navy sweater, and jeans. "I'm ready if you are." Will told Richie.

"Yeah, I'm good." Richie nodded.

Jonathan looked quite amused on the ride to Steve's place. "Look, it's ok. You two are in a relationship, and I get it. No need to be so tense about it. Not like I saw anything." Jonathan tried to calm Will down a bit.

"I know, I just... it's embarrassing." Will sighed.

"Not for me." Richie shrugged in the back seat.

"See? Richie's fine with it." Jonathan smiled as if that was going to make things any better.

"Richie would be fine with jogging in the park naked, so I don't think he's the best person to go to for embarrassment." Will laughed a little.

"Yeah, I wouldn't care." Richie laughed a little.

They pulled up to Steve's place, "Nancy is already here, so I'm going to go find her. She's being DD tonight for Mike and your friends."

"Alright. I'll see you then." Will got out of the car with Richie.

Richie took Will's hand as they headed into Steve's house, "You gonna be ok?" Richie asked a bit concerned.

Will looked at him and nodded, "Yeah, it's really not the worst thing in the world, it just felt a bit awkward at the time."

Richie smiled gently at him, "It was fun though... before he came home."

Will smiled, "It was."

"Love birds, how's it going?" Dustin came over with a smile on his face.

"Hey, Dustin." Will smiled.

"We going head to head tonight with the drinking competition?" Richie asked knowing Dustin enjoyed having a drinking partner.

"Hell yeah. I'll get you a beer." Dustin laughed and headed to the kitchen.

"Will! You made it!" Mike came over with Lucas, Max and Eleven.

Will smiled, "Hey guys. This was a pretty last minute plan."

"Yeah, tell me about it. Steve never told us until today." Lucas shrugged, "Oh well, at least we all made it."

Dustin returned to them, and handed Richie a beer. They clinked their bottles together, and began to drink. "Dustin, you totally forgot to ask Will if he wanted anything." Steve Harrington said coming up

behind Dustin, and ruffling his curls. "Hey, I'm Steve, you must be Richie." Steve stuck out his hand.

Richie shook it, "Was it my good looks that gave me away?"

"Probably the fact you look like me, idiot." Mike rolled his eyes.

"I'll go with the first one, because Mike is just jealous." Steve ruffled Mike's hair, annoying Mike a little, "You want a drink, Will?"

"Um, sure." Will nodded, "Not beer though."

"I got just the thing." Steve headed to the kitchen before returning with a cranberry vodka cooler. "Here you go."

Will smiled, "Thanks." He took a drink, and noticed Max was also drinking one.

Jonathan came up to them with Nancy who had a cup of punch in her hand. "This stuff is really strong." She made a face.

"That's how you know it's working!" Steve pointed at her.

Nancy made a face but shrugged and kept drinking it. "Ok, kids. No running, no breaking things, and if you have sex, make sure you clean up after yourself, and please don't do it on my bed." Steve told them all, as Jonathan eyed Will for a moment, "Anything else is cool with me."

Will took a long drink out of his cooler. "You ok?" Mike asked Will as he never saw Will drinking so fast before.

"Mhmm." Will nodded once he downed his cooler.

"We're gonna go mingle." Jonathan took that as a cue to take Nancy into one of the other rooms.

"Looks like Will's drinking with us, alright!" Dustin grinned as he and Richie continued to drink.

Mike eyed him, "Dude what happened?" Will shook his head.

Looking at Richie with furrowed brows, he immediately suspecting it was something Richie did. "What did you do?"

Richie raised both hands, "I did nothing."

"He isn't lying. It's not him... I don't want to say..." Will looked down and blushed a bit.

"Oh, now you HAVE to tell us." Max looked amused by this.

Richie shook his head, "He slid off the top step outside his house, and did a face plant in the snow bank. He's embarrassed about it, but I keep telling him, it's not a big deal."

Max laughed a little, "Chill dude, everyone's done that sort of thing."

Will smiled a little at Richie for lying. "Want another drink, babe?" Richie asked taking his empty bottle.

Will nodded, "Sure."

"Coming right up." Richie winked and left for the kitchen.

"So, is Richie a good boyfriend, or do we have to lynch him?" Max asked once Richie left the room.

Will smiled, "He's the best. I'm really happy to have him."

Richie returned, and handed him another cranberry vodka cooler, "There you go." Richie smiled, and popped the cap off.

Will took it and smiled, "Thanks."

"Wanna play pool for a bit? Steve's got a table in his wreck room." Mike suggested.

"Sure." Will nodded.

Dustin slung an arm around Richie, "We're gonna stay up here, and get a little more shit faced, we'll see you guy soon though."

"Ok." Mike nodded, and led the way downstairs.

There were several people around, but the pool table was free. The five friends picked up a pool cue and began to play. Eleven and Mike switched out every other turn to make things easier. Will drank the rest of his cooler fairly quickly, although he wasn't sure why.

The infamous punch bowl was in the wreck room, so Will took it upon himself to get some punch after he was done his cooler. Max and Mike joined in, all three of them making faces as they took a drink, "Nancy wasn't kidding." Mike stuck out his tongue in disgust.

Will drank the punch anyway, and by their third game of pool, Will was pretty drunk. He'd never felt drunk before quite like that, at least not since his first drinking experience, so it was definitely a new experience for him. Mike and El sat on the couch together in the wreck room once a few other people cleared off. El let Mike rest his head on her shoulder as the alcohol began to have its affect on him.

Max and Lucas continued to play pool, "I'm gonna go find Richie." Will told him, and Mike just waved.

Will stumbled up the stairwell, and looked around the main level for his boyfriend. Richie was leaning on the wall next to Dustin just outside of the living room. Richie smiled at Will, "Hey babe. How's it going?" Richie asked, slurring a little bit.

"So good. I won." Will smiled brightly, not giving any context to what he meant.

"You won? That's awesome!" Richie shouted before picking up Will in a bear hug.

Dustin spotted Steve in the kitchen, "Yo, I'm gonna go chat with Steve." Dustin said before heading off.

Will cupped Richie's face and kissed him deeply. Richie smiled when he pulled back, "Wanna go to the bathroom with me?" Will asked slurring his words a little.

"Um.. ok?" Richie didn't understand, but followed him anyway.

Once the bathroom door was closed behind them, Will locked the door. Richie watched Will pull off his clothing hastily, and

immediately he understood why they were there. "Oh fuck, alright!" Richie began pulling his clothes off.

Will was incredibly horny, and he wasn't sure why as he just had sex before arriving at the party. Will deduced it must have been the alcohol. Wrapping his arms around Richie's waist, he kissed his lips heatedly. The amount of desire he had for Richie was overwhelming, and he found himself pulling Richie into the shower with him.

"Whoa, whoa, why are we in the shower?" Richie asked.

"We're gonna fuck in this thing." Will smiled deviously, his lips moving to kiss and lick at Richie's chest.

"Fuck, we may as well." Richie grabbed the shower head and pointed it away from them as he started the water. Will continued to kiss his chest sensually.

Once the water was the right temperature, Richie turned it facing them. "Richie, I love you so much." Will spoke softly as Richie leaned him against the wall, lifting Will's leg so he could push his erection inside.

"I love you too, Will. You're so beautiful." Richie kissed him lovingly as he moved slowly in and out of Will.

They kissed deeply, taking their time as the water poured over them. Richie angled himself up a little more, pumping into Will's prostate. The blonde moaned loudly, enjoying the feelings he was experiencing.

After a bit, Richie lifted Will's other leg, pinning him between the shower wall and his erection. Will bit his lower lip gently and pulled his hair, sparking Richie to thrust a lot faster. "Oh Fuck... you're so fucking hot..." Richie groaned into Will's neck as he kept moving, kissing along Will's shoulder.

"Richie! Oh God! More!" Will begged.

Richie pumped harder into him, and felt himself beginning to build up. "Oh fuck! Will! I'm gonna come soon..."

Will panted heavily, and arched his back, "Richie!" Will cried out before he suddenly released without any prior warning. "Oh my God..." He moaned.

Richie felt the semen coating his abdomen, and pressed his lips into Will's as he finally came hard inside of Will. "Mm..." Richie kissed him.

The two made out for several minutes, letting the water wash over them before Richie finally pulled out, and began washing himself clean. Will had a semi-permanent smile on his face as he washed his body, cleaning up carefully with some of Steve's soap. He helped lather Richie in it before they both quickly rinsed off, and turned off the shower.

Will stumbled out of the shower, but Richie caught him before he could fall down. They grabbed a couple of clean towels from the linen closet, and dried off. "Shhh... don't tell anyone we did that." Will giggled cutely.

"I wanna tell everyone, but I promise I won't." Richie smirked before he began pulling his clothes back on.

Will got dressed, and the two opened the bathroom door. Max, Lucas, Mike, and Eleven were in the hallway outside. Max's jaw dropped as she saw them come out together. Everyone else had their backs to Will, so he giggled, and pressed his finger to his lips, "Shhh." he snuck off with Richie down the stairs.

Jonathan and Nancy looked over at them, Nancy had remained sober, and was sitting with Jonathan on the couch. "Why are you both wet?" Nancy asked suspiciously.

Will pressed his face into Richie's shoulder and giggled a bit. Jonathan shook his head at them, "Again?"

Richie put a finger to his lips to mimic Will. "Shhh." Richie grinned and pulled Will with him back upstairs.

Mike was rambling on about something when they made it to the landing. Mike noticed them this time, and Max said nothing, but held

an amused smirk on her face, "Oh my God, Will! I've been looking e'rywhere for you." Mike slurred, spilling the cup of punch in his hand on the wooden floor. "I had this dream you were a flying ninja.

Will couldn't contain his laughter at that, and he doubled over, Richie smiling broadly, and holding him up. "Mikey, how much have you drank?"

"Not that much, but a lot. Like a ton." Mike shook his head, "Anyway, it was crazy, you were whipping around these nun chucks..." Mike rambled on.

Lucas came over, and began touching Will's damp hair, "Why are you wet?" Lucas was also fairly drunk.

Eleven looked between Richie and Will, and smiled knowingly. "I slipped." Will responded pulling his hand away.

"Me too." Richie said before laughing a bit.

"Ok guys! Let's get you guys home." Nancy said coming up the stairs with Jonathan.

"Nancy, I'm not drunk!" Mike shouted at her.

She eyed him for a moment, "Well, you certainly are, but that's not why you're going home."

Mike looked sour but sighed overdramatically, "Fine..."

Jonathan looked at Will and Richie, "Alright, let's see if we can get home without you two boning each other." Jonathan muttered as he led them outside.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Do you think Jonathan got them home without them boning? Leave your thoughts below!

10. Christmas with the Byers Family

Summary for the Chapter:

It's Christmas Day at the Byers residence!

Chapter 10

Will had a slight headache when he woke up on Christmas morning, but he was lucky to have drank water before going to bed. He woke up half on top of Richie who was lying on his back, snoring loudly. Will grumbled and felt his head before carefully heading to the washroom for some pain medicine.

Heading back to his bedroom, he climbed back onto his bed, and over top of Richie. Kissing his face gently, Will ran his fingers through Richie's mane of hair, "Baby, wake up." Will coaxed him.

Richie opened his eyes sleepily and looked at Will, "Hmm?"

"It's morning." Will smiled gently, "Christmas morning."

Richie smiled at him, "Merry Christmas, babe."

Will kissed him gently, "Merry Christmas." Will sat up and let Richie up, "Does your head hurt?"

"Nope, I feel good." Richie stretched, and got out of bed with Will.

Will could hear his mother in the kitchen, and the smell of eggs, bacon and toast wafted through the air. "Mm... food." Richie smiled as they headed into the hallway.

Joyce turned around when she heard them coming out of the bedroom, and she smiled, "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas!" Richie and Will said in unison.

Hopper was sitting with Eleven on the couch. She was eating eggos, and drinking milk. "Merry Christmas." Hopper nodded to them, and Eleven waved with a smile.

Will and Richie sat down at the table with Joyce. She finished putting out all the breakfast foods, and decided to eat with them. "Did you guys have fun? I heard you went to Steve's party last night."

"Yeah, it was fun." Will nodded, suddenly realizing what he'd done with Richie in the shower.

Richie smiled, "How was your party?"

"Oh it was alright. Hopper ended up having to carry Burt Kauffman off the premises though for getting too drunk. That put a damper on things, but otherwise it was good." Joyce explained as she put pepper on her eggs.

"Burt doesn't know the meaning of self control." Hopper said from the couch.

Will and Richie ate their breakfast together, and Richie was in rather high spirits. Will could feel the peaceful happiness radiating off his boyfriend. He didn't know if he could ever look Jonathan in the eye again, but he was attempting not to think about it for the time being.

When they finished breakfast, Will and Richie got to work cleaning the dishes for Joyce. Richie leaned close enough to whisper to Will, "So... remember last night?"

"Yeah. Let's not talk about it." Will went pink.

Richie chuckled a bit, "Jonathan knows too much."

"Ugh, don't remind me." Will hung his head, and passed Richie a clean plate to dry.

Will and Richie met the rest of the family in the living room. "Alright, let's do stockings first, and then we'll move onto the tree gifts." Joyce said placing their stockings before them before sitting down.

Smiling a little, he noticed his mom kept up with tradition, and stuffed a green tooth brush and toothpaste into his stocking. "Oh thank God! I needed a new one." Richie held up a blue tooth brush, looking quite excited about it.

Joyce laughed a little, "That's a Christmas tradition, I always get my kids tooth brushes in their stockings."

Eleven held up a red tooth brush looking pleased. Richie smiled, and pulled more items out of the stocking.

Candles, lighters and some new cassette tapes were among the gifts inside of the stockings. Eleven was fond of making mix tapes, and Will spotted one that she had made for him; she had good taste in music. Batteries, a Swiss army knife and a new flashlight were among the gifts from Hopper. They were small items that everyone could use. Will pulled out some extremely colourful socks, and his favourite candy that he could only guess were from Richie as Will complained his feet were cold constantly. Beneath those were two mix tapes that Will realized Richie had made, likely when Will was out.

Will had gotten Richie a small box of guitar picks depicting some of his favourite bands, and new sunglasses to replace the ones he broke a month ago. Richie was really excited to pull them out, and he hugged Will immediately. "Thank you! I needed another pair! These are perfect!"

Smiling brightly, Will kissed his cheek. "Thanks for the socks. I guess you did get sick of me complaining about my cold feet." Will laughed.

When they were finished with their stockings Joyce quickly went to the kitchen to check on the turkey that was cooking in the oven. Will passed out everyone's gift under the tree, and sat back down next to Richie. "Alright, let's get to it." Joyce smiled sitting back down.

Will watched a Richie began opening Hopper's gift, unaware as to what it was. When Richie unwrapped the box, his eyes lit up, "This is going to come in handy!" Will didn't know what it was at first, but he read the lettering on the box: Automatic air pump. "I figured you have a truck so, you might need it. That or if you go camping you don't have to use one of those manual pumps."

"Thank you!" Richie smiled brightly.

"You're welcome." Hopper nodded to him.

Will opened up Hopper's gift next as well, and was intrigued to find a Nintendo system, and three games for it. "Wow! Thank you! This is going to be great in the dorm!" Will smiled brightly.

"Your gift you have to share with Richie." Hopper told Will who nodded as Richie examined the games.

"Hopper, you got all the best ones here! Mario, Double Dragon, and Zelda!" Richie exclaimed.

"Yeah, I had to ask what games were more popular." Hopper shrugged.

Eleven had put on some headphones that Hopper had got for her with a smile. They would cancel out noise so she could hear just her music much to her delight.

Joyce smiled fondly at the gift Hopper got for her. She pulled out a bunch of records, "Oh my God. I forgot about these. We used to listen to these in high school. These were the ones that got wrecked in my last move."

"You thought I forgot about that." Hopper smiled a little.

"Thank you." She smiled at him

Richie and Will both decided to open gifts from Eleven next. Will was never sure what to expect from her, but he always knew her intentions were good. Will and Richie both pulled out comic books at the same time, and they were both mint condition original X-Men comics. Will noticed a signature on the bottom corner, "Oh my God, Eleven! Are these autographed by Stan Lee?!" Will stared up at her wide eyed as he compared his and Richie's comics.

Eleven nodded with a smile, "He spoke at MIT. Mike helped me meet him."

"This is so wicked! Thanks Eleven!" Richie smiled brightly.

"You're welcome." She smiled.

Eleven had gotten Hopper some of his favourite movies that he had

trouble finding around town. They were older movies, but Eleven knew just the ones he liked best. They had watched some when they aired on TV years ago.

Joyce received a locket from Eleven that four spots for photos. It was gold plated, and inside was a picture of Will, Jonathan, Hopper and herself. "Now you can have your whole family with you where ever you go." Eleven smiled.

"Thank you so much, Sweetie" She hugged Eleven.

Richie moved onto his gift from Joyce. It was a big box, and he wasted no time getting into it. Will smiled as he pulled out a punky leather jacket. "Holy fuck, are you serious?!" Richie covered his mouth apologetically, "Sorry... I mean... wow! Thank you! This is so nice! You didn't have to get me this, but I love it!" Richie pulled it on, and it fit him very nicely.

Willed did his best not to stare or show any signs that the jacket was sexy on Richie. "How did you pick this out?" Richie asked curiously.

"Back in the day, I was kind of into that style, so I just picked what I thought would look best on you." Joyce smiled, "I'm glad you like it."

"I love it! Thank you." Richie came over to her, and hugged her tightly, the leather making some noises as he moved.

"My gift is definitely taking a back seat to that one." Will laughed a bit.

Eleven excitedly pulled out a lava lamp from her box. The colour of the lava was a vibrant blue colour. She loved beautiful decorations, and Joyce had a good eye for Eleven's taste. "Thank you." Eleven hugged her warmly.

Hopper opened his gift from Joyce, and smiled at her, "Thanks for the barbeque set, this is going to come in handy this summer. Oh, and some sauces." He looked them over curiously.

Joyce knew how much he loved to grill on the barbeque, and last year she got him the actual grill for the backyard. This year, his collection was complete.

"Summer? I figured you'd be out there the first halfway warm day in spring." Joyce joked making Eleven laugh a little.

"Well, you got that right." Hopper nodded to her.

Will opened up his box from his mother, and pulled out several of his favourite movies from recent years, and a couple more Nintendo games along with the gun controller. "Something tells me you knew what Hopper was getting me?" Will laughed a little as he showed Richie the games.

"Duck hunt! Yes!" Richie looked excited.

"I may have gone shopping with him." Joyce laughed.

"Thanks mom." Will smiled at her.

Richie began unwrapping Will's present. "These are sick!" Richie held up the converse high tops Will had got for him. "Man, after this Christmas, I'm gonna look so good."

"You already look good." Will laughed as Richie hugged him and kissed his cheek.

"Thank you." Richie smiled.

"You're welcome." Will watched as Hopper began opening his gift from Will.

Hopper unboxed a new pair of boots that were similar to the ones he had nearly worn out. "Now your mom will stop hassling me about wearing my old ones all the time. Thanks kid." Hopper smiled.

Eleven opened up her gift from Will, and smiled. "Thank you." She held up a portable tape deck. Will even included a new mix tape.

"Now maybe your walks around the city will be a little more exciting." Will told her as she looked it over pleased.

Joyce unwrapped a package from Will, and looked at him surprised, "These are beautiful, honey! Thank you." Joyce put in the earrings he got her; pearls on gold rods. She came over and hugged Will.

"You're welcome." Will hugged her back, knowing how much she always wanted a pair of simple pearl earrings.

"Time for 'The Richie Round' as I like to call it." Richie cracked his knuckles and looked towards Will who picked up the box from Richie first.

"Should I be scared?" Will joked with a smile.

"Very!" Richie grinned.

Will unwrapped the box carefully, and realized it was a box full of different coloured inks he could use for his comic books. They weren't cheap, and Will had been running low on a few colours. "Richie! This is so sweet of you." Will hugged him, "Thank you so much."

Richie hugged him, "I want you to keep making those amazing comics, so I have to keep you supplied well."

Will leaned into him with a smile and watched as Hopper unwrapped his gift from Richie; a tape deck. "Will told me your tape deck was eating all your tapes, so this one should fix that problem." Richie explained.

Hopper looked at him, "Thanks, this is going to get some use, that's for sure." He looked at Will, "Now you really have to share your Nintendo with him." Will laughed.

Eleven unwrapped her gift, and pulled out a plasma globe. Looking over the box, she saw the electricity it depicted in the pictures and she smiled, "Thank you."

"You're welcome, I thought you might like it." Richie turned his head next to see Joyce unwrapping her gift.

Opening the large box, she peered inside curiously, and began to laugh. "Richie! This is too much." She looked over at him.

"No its not. Not for you." Richie smiled as she began pulling the contents out of the box.

There was a hat, a cup, and a t-shirt that all said 'World's Best Mom' in big red letters. He had gotten her a box of chocolates, fuzzy blue slippers, a hummingbird window ornament and a little trophy that depicted a mother carrying a baby; the plaque beneath it said 'Joyce Byers: Mom of the Year' on it. "Sweetheart, you're so kind." Joyce hugged Richie, and kissed his cheek, "Thank you."

"Expect to win mother of the year every year with me around." Richie told her as she looked over the silly trophy.

"Well I definitely got spoiled this year." Joyce smiled.

Everyone continued to talk amongst themselves, and look over each others gifts excitedly. Joyce basted the turkey every so often as they watched some holiday special's on TV. Richie held Will's hand the entire time, and looked so happy Will's heart beat faster at every glance his way.

The group had an early dinner together so Will and Richie could stop over at Mike's for dessert and a visit. Richie was amazed by the food; he couldn't remember having a turkey dinner on Christmas. Richie held hands with Will under the table, and it felt nice to have everyone together.

Jonathan stopped over with Nancy to pick Will and Richie up. He came inside, and Will avoided making eye contact immediately. "Hey Will, have you showered recently?"

Will went a deep shade of red before Eleven began laughing. "What's so funny?" Joyce looked between them confused.

"Nothing mom, you had to be there to get it." Jonathan smiled.

Richie whispered to Will, "You got it, that's for sure."

Will covered his face embarrassed, but he was lucky his mother didn't press on like he expected her to. Will and Richie grabbed their presents for Mike along with Eleven, and headed over to the Wheeler's.

"That was not cool saying that in front of mom." Will complained to Jonathan as he continued to blush radiantly from the back seat.

Jonathan looked in the mirror, "That wasn't cool to do that in Steve's shower either."

"Or to his shower." Nancy piped up.

Will grumbled, and pressed his face into Richie's shoulder as Richie stroked his hair, "It'll be ok, babe. You'll look back on it and eventually laugh with everyone else."

"Don't count on it." Will huffed.

They pulled up outside of Mike's place after a long agonizing ride with Jonathan. They all headed inside, and Karen greeted them with hugs. "Richie, I'm so glad to be seeing more of you." Karen smiled at him, "I wish your mother would visit too sometime. I really miss her."

"Me too." Richie nodded, looking a bit sad about the situation.

"Mike's in the basement, you kids can go down and see him." Karen informed them.

They headed downstairs, and spotted Mike watching Star Wars with Holly. The blonde sister got up off the couch and quickly ran upstairs shyly the moment they were on the basement level. "Hey Mikey!" Richie smiled at him.
"Hey Richie." Mike didn't look pissed off to see his cousin for once, "Nice jacket."

"Thanks, my mom got it for me." Richie grinned.

"He means my mom." Will nodded a little.

Eleven hugged Mike and handed him her gift. "Oh, thank you. I've got yours upstairs, let me just run and grab them." Mike said before bolting upstairs.

When Mike returned he had three presents in his arms. Mike exchanged gifts with everyone, and decided top open Eleven's gift first. "Oh my God, you remembered!" Mike smiled brightly as Eleven's gift turned out to be a blue hoodie with a tardis over the chest. "Thanks Eleven." Mike hugged her and kissed her gently.

"You're welcome, Mike." She smiled as he pulled it on.

Eleven opened her gift, and smiled as it was a very pretty heart necklace made of gold, with 'El' etched into it. "Thank you, it's beautiful." She put it on immediately.

Mike unwrapped Will's gift and smiled, "Megaman? This was sold out!" Mike was amazed as he held up the game cartridge.

"I got to it first." Will smiled.

"Thank you!" Mike hugged him.

"You're welcome." Will opened his gift from Mike, and smiled a little, "A book on new art techniques? This could be dangerous. Richie might not see me anywhere but at my desk for the next few months." Will laughed, "Thanks, Mike."

Mike nodded to him, and opened Richie's gift. "Wow... this is cool." Mike furrowed his brows examining a limited edition Star Wars watch for adults. It had a lot more settings than the average watch, and a sleek black design. "Thanks Richie." Mike smiled, "Open yours." Mike nodded to it.

Richie opened the gift, and definitely wasn't expecting what he saw. It was a dungeons and dragon's roleplay guide. It had locations, creatures, magic and everything someone starting out needed to know to start roleplaying. On the inside cover, Mike had wrote: To Richie, welcome to the party. Love Mike.

Richie swallowed down a lump in his throat before wrapping his arms around his cousin. "Thank you so much, Mike. This means so much to me."

Mike hugged him, and patted his back. "You're welcome. Next summer, you're in." Mike promised, "I will have a campaign ready by the end of June."

Will smiled, and he was sure if he could, he'd be glowing with how happy he was. It meant a lot to gain Mike's acceptance. Richie had been trying for so long, and now he finally had it.

"I'll be ready by then." Richie nodded his head excitedly.

"Will can fill you in on the rest of the party's characters. I'm sure if you have questions he's probably the best person to ask." Mike nodded.

The group hung out in the basement for a while, and played the megaman cartridge for a while. Karen had them all try some of her desserts which was more than enough to fill them for hours. When it was time to head back to Joyce's place, Richie and Will said goodbye before Jonathan drove them back.

Richie rested his head on Will's shoulder, and closed his eyes. They held hands the entire way home. Richie held his book in his other arm; he promised to start reading it as soon as possible.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Did you enjoy this chapter? What part did you like the most?

11. Meet The Losers Club

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie visit Derry for New Years Eve. One Loser in particular isn't so fond of Will from the get go.

Chapter 11

After Christmas was over, Richie and Will headed back home to their dorm. It seemed like the rest of the holiday was going to go by fairly quickly, but they were at least spending it together.

Richie had insisted on setting up the Nintendo the very moment they got it home with them. They sat on the floor, their backs against the bed as they played together. Will attempted to fight Richie's character, and he was starting to win, up until something wet a slimy slid along his cheek. "Richie!" Will smiled as he wiped the slime off his cheek, "Don't lick me. You can't keep cheating to win."

"I'm hurt that you think this is me trying to cheat. I just wanted to show you my affections." Richie grinned as he finally beat Will's character, "I won fair and square!"

"Keep telling yourself that." Will laughed, and leaned his head on Richie's shoulder, "What did you want to do today?" Will asked, knowing it was new years eve.

"Well by midnight, I plan to be kissing you." Will smiled at that. "Between now and then, I haven't a clue. We could go to one of the frat parties on campus if you're interested?"

"I'd like that." Will nodded, "I heard there's one at your friend Zack's house."

"Totally. Should I wear my leather jacket, converse and sunglasses?" Richie grinned.

"You know I like that jacket on you." Will leaned in and kissed his lips.

"I know, and that's one of the biggest reasons I should wear it." Richie licked his cheek, and made Will jump.

"Hey!" Will laughed, and wiped his face off, "You can't do that!"

"Is that a challenge?" Richie's eyes widened, and he pinned him to the floor, and attempted to lick his other cheek.

"No! Richie, No!" Will laughed loudly, attempting to fight off his incredibly strong boyfriend.

"Oh come on, you love my tongue. You can't get enough of it!" Richie tickled Will's sides which caused the blond to move his arms to protect them.

Richie took advantage, and pinned Will's arms, licking from his neck all the way up to his cheek bones. "I win!" Richie grinned.

Will giggled, "You're gross. Get off me."

The phone in their room began to ring. "I got it." Richie got off Will, and helped him up.

Richie walked over to the phone and picked it up, "Richie the magnificent speaking." Richie said in a silly voice.

Will laughed at that, and sat on the edge of the bed. "Hey Eds, what's up? You never call me."

Grabbing his sketchbook off the desk, Will sat on the bed with his back to the wall. He decided to doodle a little bit. "I know, I changed my mind. I won't be down until March." Richie spoke with a shrug, "Well I didn't realize you were going to be so pissy about it. I'll ask Will, hold on."

Will looked over at Richie curiously as he pressed the phone receiver to his chest, "Did you want to go to Derry for new years eve?" Richie looked at him seriously.

Surprised Will nodded, "Yeah, sure."

Richie put the phone back to his ear, "Alright, we'll be there." Richie

paused for a moment, "I'm not whipped you dick. See you guys in a couple hours."

Will watched him hang up the phone, and smiled a little. "I get to meet your friends today?" Will wasn't going to lie, he was a little excited.

Richie rubbed his face a little, and seemed a little troubled under the surface, "Yeah."

Will examined him for a moment, "Is everything alright?"

Richie set next to him and placed a hand on his leg, "It's fine. Eddie is just a little bitchy. It's not really anything new."

Will nodded a bit, and smiled. "Alright. Well when do we leave?"

Richie looked at the clock, "Well it'll take about an hour to get there, so if you want, we can wait a bit or leave now? Either way, we should probably pack something since we'll be there over night."

"Where will we be staying?" Will asked.

"At my friend Bill's. He's got lots of space for all of us." Richie assured him.

"Cool." Will smiled, "I'm really excited to meet them."

Richie smiled at him, "I am too." He held Will's hand with a pleased expression, "You're going to love them, and they're going to love you."

Will leaned up and kissed Richie, "Let me get my things packed." Will got up off the bed, and grabbed his backpack.

Placing some extra clothing, and something comfortable to sleep in within the bag. Will looked to Richie as he packed his own things. "What do you think I should wear tonight?"

"Well, you look best in nothing." Richie grinned.

Will laughed, "I don't think I'm comfortable meeting your friends

totally naked, Richie."

"Well, if you're going to be so stubborn about it, I guess your light jeans and your green and blue plaid flannel shirt over a white t-shirt." Richie suggested.

"That's better." Will laughed, and pulled out his clothing to change into.

Richie pulled on his darker Hawaiian shirt over a band shirt before pulling on black ripped jeans. Richie always looked so good, and Will felt like he was drab in comparison.

The two hit the road fairly quickly, and Richie put in a mix tape Eleven had made for the ride up. The drive wasn't nearly as long as Will expected, and before they knew it, they were passing through the Derry city limit. Something in Will alerted, and he sat straight up looking around as if ready for something.

"What's wrong?" Richie detected Will's reaction immediately.

The goose bumps on Will's arm weren't missed by Richie. "I don't know... something feels weird about this place. Had you not told me about it's history, I'd think I was crazy, but... No this place feels weird." Will looked around.

"You really can sense things differently since everything you went through." Richie looked at him thoughtfully as they headed through the sleepy streets.

Will simply nodded, and sat back in his seat. Richie rubbed his shoulder soothingly before he pulled into a more residential area. Slowing down, Richie parked outside of a large house. There were a few cars parked outside already. "Here we are." Richie smiled at him, "Ready to meet my friends?"

"Very." Will smiled brightly, and excitement in his eyes.

Getting out of the truck together, Richie gently took Will's hand in his as they walked onto the porch. Richie knocked on Bill's door, and waited for someone to answer. A tall slender man with lanky arms answered the door. He was about an inch shorter than Richie, his

blue-green eyes were vibrant, and he smiled at Richie warmly. "Hey R-Richie."

"Hey Bill." Richie smiled at him, and pulled him into a hug.

Will and Bill locked eyes once Richie and Bill let go of each other, "Meet my boyfriend, Will. This is my best friend, Bill."

The slender hand was outstretched towards him, "Hey, I'm B-B-Bill Denbrough."

Will smiled, and shook his hand, "I'm Will Byers. Nice to meet you."

"Y-You like to d-draw too, right?" Bill smiled warmly.

"Yeah, I hear you do drawing and writing. I'm working on a comic, so I guess that's somewhat close." Will felt relaxed around Bill, and he knew it was a good sign.

"That's cool. Well, e-everyone else i-is in here. Come on in." Bill moved aside letting them both inside.

Will's eyes ventured around the place curiously as they stepped into the main entrance. "So your parents left you the house for new years I take it?" Richie asked.

"Yeah, they w-went to my aunts." Bill explained as he led them to the living room where five other people were gathered together.

"Oh my God, Richie! Is this your boyfriend?" The only female in the room smiled brightly as she sat on another brunette's lap.

"Yeah, this is Will." Richie grinned, holding Will's hand proudly, "Will this is Beverly. The reining queen of the loser's club. She's fucking cooler than the rest of us, but she's still hanging out with us. Probably because she's dating Ben." Richie winked.

Bev laughed, and her smile was contagious. Ben had to have been the man she was sitting on who had his arms wrapped around her waist. He looked fairly athletic. "Richie never told us you were so cute!"

"Yes I did!" Richie furrowed his brows at her.

"He did, like a million times." A brunette with dark hair scoffed from the other couch.

Will noticed he was smaller than the rest of the guys in the room, and he wore a dark pink hoodie over some tight jeans. "This is Eddie, he's Bill's boyfriend."

Bill sat down next to Eddie. "Hey." Eddie was a bit short with Will, and didn't seem interested in looking at him.

Will's eyes lingered on the brunette before Richie pointed to a slender blonde with beautiful blonde curls. "This is Stanley. He's a bit of a bitch, but his boyfriend Mike keeps him in line." Richie grinned gesturing from Stanley to the dark skinned man sitting next to him with an arm slung over Stan's shoulders.

"You're pushing your luck with me, and you just got here." Stan warned, not wanting to seem like Mike had any hold on him.

Mike rubbed Stan's shoulders with a smile, "Oh please, babe. We both know I'm the one who's whipped." Mike winked, and Stan's lips curled into a smile.

Will could tell based off the body language, Mike and Stan had strong chemistry. "You forgot me, Richie, but that's ok. I'm Ben, Beverly's boyfriend." Ben smiled waving a hand at Will.

"If you w-want, the futon i-i-is set up downstairs. You can bring your th-things down if you like." Bill told Richie.

"Good idea." Richie led the way, and Will following with his bag slung over his shoulder.

They placed their bags downstairs, and Will remained quiet. Richie smiled at Will, "So, those are my friends. What do you think?"

"They seem cool." Will didn't want to tell Richie, but he was certain the smaller male of the group, Eddie, didn't like him.

Richie hugged will warmly, "I'm so fucking glad you came with me."

Will hugged Richie, and kissed him gently, "I am too."

They headed back upstairs, and sat down in the living room next to Beverly and Ben. "So where are we going tonight?" Richie asked curiously.

"Myles Tellerman's house. He's g-g-got something going on." Bill shrugged.

"Of course he does. The man is a fucking party master." Richie laughed.

"We could totally go to that gay bar just outside Derry." Bev suggested.

"Nah, I already told Myles we were coming." Mike waved a hand.

"Next time for sure! We could go there for March break." Bev suggested.

"Sounds good to m-me." Bill nodded at her.

Beverly turned to Will, "So, tell us about yourself, Will." She smiled brightly.

"Well, I'm majoring in art, but I'm minoring in bio-chem. I'm working on a comic, and I'm dating Richie. Those are the biggest points about me, I suppose." Will smiled at her.

"Bio-chem? You must be really smart." Stan commented, sounding impressed.

"I had a good science teacher growing up, and he really inspired me. Also, all my friends are into science too." Will shrugged a little.

"I would love to put make-up on your sometime, your eyes are absolutely perfect." Beverly gushed.

Will blushed a little, "I wouldn't say that..."

Richie grinned, "Please, someday put make-up on him. He's already beautiful, I can only imagine what you'd do to him." Richie rubbed his back gently.

"Don't c-come near me with make-up, Bev." Bill chuckled a bit.

"You're too manly for it, huh Bill?" Bev waggled her brows teasingly.

"I'd consider letting you put it on me." Will nodded to her.

"Oh, I hope so. I've already got Stanley, and Eddie to work on next time we get together. Having Will to do up too would be pretty awesome." Bev smiled, "I'm in a beauty program at my school. It goes with my fashion design major."

"That explains why you have such nice hair." Will complimented.

"Aww, so sweet! I love him, Rich." Bev smiled.

"So do I." Richie grinned holding onto him.

"I think I'm about ready to start drinking." Eddie looked at Bill, "If you don't mind?"

Bill nodded, "Sure, g-go head." Eddie reached into the cooler on the coffee table, and pulled out a fruity vodka drink.

"Does anyone else w-want any?" Bill asked as Eddie popped the cap on his, and began to drink.

"Sure." Richie nodded, and took a cooler, and handed one to Will.

Will opened the drink, and took a sip. He didn't intend to drink as much as he had on Christmas eve; he didn't want a repeat of embarrassing himself again despite the fact Jonathan was too far away to catch him in the act again.

They ordered some pizza and continued to drink. Everyone seemed to be in fairly good spirits. Ben was the designated driver, and decided to avoid drinking. When it came time to go to the party in town, Richie, Mike and Bill got into the back of the car first, and then their smaller boyfriends had to sit on their laps so they could all fit.

Mike strapped he and Stanley into their seat, and everyone else followed suit. Will felt Richie's arms wrap around him, and he felt more secure as they started to drive. The house wasn't too far away

luckily, and they parked a little down the street from the house they were attending.

Getting out, the group headed towards the party. Everyone could hear the loud music as they headed inside. Immediately, Beverly, Eddie, Bill and Mike headed for the dance floor. Will looked around, he wasn't much of a dancer, so stood with Richie who was trying to find out where the drinks were from the host of the party.

Will watched as a slender arm suddenly reached out and pulled Richie towards the dance floor, "Dance, Richie!" Eddie smiled up at him, as he pulled him onto the dance floor.

Richie looked back at Will, and made a head motion for Will to join him. Shaking his head, Will stood awkwardly right where he was. Richie gently removed Eddie's hand, and walked over to Will. "You can dance, it's ok." Will shouted over the music.

"Are you sure?" Richie looked at him for a moment.

Will nodded, and noticed Eddie grabbing Richie's arm once more, hauling him off onto the dance floor. His green rimmed brown eyes scanned over the group dancing together, and it made his stomach unsettled. Richie danced with the rest of them, and he looked like he was having fun at least.

A cooler was handed to him, and Will followed the arm, seeing it belonged to Stanley. "Oh, thank you." Will took it in his hand, and drank from it.

"Want to sit?" Stanley asked gesturing to the couch nearby.

Will nodded and followed Stan. Ben was seated on the other side of Stanley. "I'm not much for parties, either." Stan told him comfortingly, "I do enjoy watching Mike dance though."

"How did you two first get together?" Will asked hoping to keep his mind off the fact that Eddie kept trying to dance close to Richie, only for Richie to take a step back each time.

"Well, it's a long story. He sort of saved me from myself I guess you could say." Stan said taking a drink.

"What's Eddie's deal exactly?" Will asked before he could stop himself.

Stan looked out at Eddie who was now making out with Bill furiously whilst dancing. "What do you mean?" Stan questioned.

"He doesn't like me." Will decided to be honest; he didn't really care if that got back to Eddie.

"Why do you say that?" Stan questioned.

"I can just tell. He doesn't look at me, or speak to me." Will shrugged, "I hope I haven't done anything to offend him." Will lied, knowing full well he hadn't.

"I doubt that. Maybe he's being shy." Stan said, not totally convinced.

The night continued on, and the midnight countdown rolled around. Everyone gathered close to their partners. Will had drank a few more drinks than he intended, but he remained rather quiet around the loser's. Richie seemed to be blissfully unaware of the negative energy going on around them, but Will wasn't so blind.

Richie cupped Will's face, and pressed their lips together as it reached midnight. When they pulled apart, Will smiled gently at him. The dance music started back up, and immediately Richie was pulled away from Will, and tugged out onto the dance floor. Will sighed, and got up, heading for the bathroom.

It was hard to tell where everything was in that huge house, but Will did his best as he made it upstairs, and finally was able to close the door behind him for peace and quiet. When he finally left the bathroom minutes later, he headed downstairs hoping to sit with Stan and Ben. A familiar voice caught his ears, "You're so different now. You used to dance with Bill and I willingly, and now you don't even want to dance at all!"

Richie's voice caught his ears next, and Will froze on the steps realizing they were directly under him. "Eds, I'm dating Will. I can't dance with you like that anymore. It would be really disrespectful."

Will swallowed, and gripped the railing as he continued to spy, "I don't even get why you need a boyfriend, you could have had two,

and two is definitely better than one." Eddie was drunk, but he was clearly speaking from his mind.

"I told you." Richie sounded annoyed, "I've told you a million times, that wasn't a relationship to me. I love Bill, but not romantically. Sure, I fucked him, but that's because it meant fucking you too." Will felt his stomach lurch at the mention of having sex with Bill and Eddie.

"You don't know how unfair it was last summer! You kissed me and Bill goodbye, and told us that you couldn't wait to come back, but when you came home from your cousin's, you just stopped being with us! You wouldn't kiss me, you wouldn't touch me, and you wouldn't even so much as snuggle in the same bed as Bill and I. It hurt! You just changed, all because of some stupid boy!" Will felt his chest burning as Eddie spoke, but he couldn't move.

"I loved you so much growing up, and you know that. You knew it all along, and that summer after all that shit went down with the clown, Beverly moved away for a year, and you and Bill got closer. You fucking want to talk about unfair, why don't you think about how that made me feel? I did everything to get you to fucking notice me, and you wanted Bill. When we both confronted you, you made your decision. You picked Bill. You can't have us both, Eds. That's not how it works." Richie yelled angrily.

"Shut up! Don't fucking call me Eds, you asshole!" Eddie yelled back.

"You know what? I'm fucking happy with Will. He's never told me to shut up even once. He makes me feel like I'm a real fucking person, and not just some joke. You never made me feel like I was worth anything, you just liked me pining after you."

"Fuck you! I bet he'd ditch you in a heartbeat if he found someone better." Eddie shot back.

"I'm going to go look for Will, you should probably drink something other than alcohol, because you're starting to sound like a real bitch." Richie began climbing the stairs and came face to face with Will.

The look on Will's face must have given everything away. "Will? Are

you ok?" Richie looked at him concerned.

Turning around immediately, Will climbed up the stairs quickly, and could hear Richie chasing after him.

"Will! Wait!" Richie called after him, but Will didn't slow down.

It wasn't until Will made it to the empty bedroom upstairs that Richie grabbed his arm and spun him around. There was a fear in Richie's eyes as he looked into Will's eyes, "I didn't know you could hear any of that. I'm sorry." Richie apologized.

Will looked down, "I knew you slept with some of your friends, you told me so, but... I didn't realize you loved him."

"Will, I don't love him like that anymore." Richie looked him in the eyes, "You have to believe that."

"He hates me. I took you away from him." Will looked down, "He thinks I made you stop loving him, and it broke his heart."

Richie gripped Will's shoulders gently, "Baby, why are you so upset over this?"

"You can have us both. Me and Eddie. If that's what needs to happen, then I'll accept it." Will looked him in the eyes seriously.

"Will? I don't know how much you've had to drink, but that's a really bullshit idea." Richie tried to tell him.

Will cupped Richie's face in both hands, "I know what it feels like to love you. I could never imagine living without you now that I have you. I don't want him to go through that, and I don't want you to go through it either over him."

Richie held Will's wrists, "Don't talk like that. I'm yours. He had his chance, and he made his decision a long time ago. The fact that you would rather be unhappy in the hopes that it would make me happy tells me everything I need to know. You're the one. You're the only one for me. Now quit being so fucking crazy. I'm not one to be shared."

Will was relieved to hear Richie fight him on his offer, but it still hurt inside knowing he was the cause of Eddie's pain. Will hugged Richie, and pressed his head into Richie's chest. He was a bit surprised when he looked in the doorway, and saw Eddie standing there with a guilty expression. "He's right..." Eddie spoke, making Richie turn around, keeping his hands on Will.

"How long have you been fucking standing there?!" Richie looked surprised.

"I followed you two up when I realized Will heard everything." Eddie rubbed his face, looking as though the drinks had taken their toll on him. "I'm sorry for being such an asshole." Eddie looked at Will, "I did make my decision. I don't regret it either, but I do feel bad about hurting Richie. I guess I just got so used to having the affection of both guys I cared about. When it was gone, it made me realize what I lost."

"It's ok. I'm not mad." Will wiped his eyes.

"You really do love him. I'm glad to hear that, because he deserves real love." Eddie smiled weakly.

Will wasn't sure what compelled him to do it, but he launched himself over to Eddie, and wrapped both arms around him holding him tightly. Eddie and Will both began to sob into each others shoulders, and Richie watched them silently. "You're so kind... I can't fucking believe that you cared about my feelings after how I've treated you." Eddie sobbed, gripping Will's back as his shoulders shook.

"Would you like me to give you two some privacy? That or you could slip each other the tongue right here while I watch." Richie cracked his joke, making them both start to giggle a little.

"You're a pervert." Eddie wiped his eyes as he and Will let go of each other.

"You guys wanna go back downstairs, or should we stay up here and cry some more?" Richie asked.

"Let's go back downstairs." Will said before heading down with Eddie and Richie.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope that angst wasn't too bad! Leave me your thoughts!

12. Morning After

Summary for the Chapter:

> It's the morning after the New Years party with the losers club. Richie and Will head home for some fun after breakfast.

Chapter 12

Will woke up underneath of Richie on Bills futon in the basement. "Richie..." Will groaned.

Richie lifted his head, and looked at him sleepily, his glasses half off his face. "Hmm?"

Will laughed a little, and fixed Richie's glasses, "You're crushing me."

Richie lifted off him, and smiled a little. "Sorry, babe." Richie sat up, and stretched.

"I'm a little sad we're going home today." Will told Richie sadly, "I like your friends."

Richie nodded, "I am too, but we'll see them again really soon." Richie promised Will.

"Good." Will smiled brightly, and got up off the futon.

Richie wrapped his arms around Will, pulling him onto his lap, and kissing his neck, "I am fucking looking forward to going back home for one big reason though..." Richie nibbled Will's earlobe.

Will giggled cutely, "Oh yeah? What reason might that be?"

"I can't wait to fuck you on our bed." Richie grinned.

Will kissed his cheek, "I can't wait to put on that collar for you. It's been a while since we played that game." Will whispered.

Richie stiffened a bit, "Oh... I like that idea."

Will got up, and got dressed along side Richie. When they were ready, they headed upstairs to see Ben and Beverly cuddled together under a blanket watching TV with Stan and Mike. "Hey." Mike greeted.

"Hey, what's up? You guys got fucking hangovers, or what?" Richie grinned.

Stan pressed his face into Mike's neck. "This one does." Mike pointed to Stan, and gently rubbed his scalp.

"Hey Stanley, I got the hangover cure right now. You just have to suck it out of my dick!" Richie pointed to his crotch watching as Stanley glared at him.

"Fuck off." Stan put his face back in Mike's neck.

Will laughed, "Richie, you're terrible."

"You're the one who has to live with him. How do you do it?" Stan asked Will with tired eyes.

"It must be love." Will smiled at Richie who kissed his cheek.

"Move, I'm gay..." Eddie came from the kitchen, pushing Richie out of the way a little as he walked.

"Most of us here are gay, Eds." Richie laughed, "At least halfway."

Eddie smiled a little, "I know, I just like saying that." Eddie looked at Will, "Morning, Will." Eddie headed back to the kitchen once he found the salt shaker they'd used last night.

"Morning, Eddie." Will smiled.

"Hey, b-breakfast is ready!" Bill called from the kitchen.

Everyone carefully got out of their comfortable positions, and joined Bill and Eddie in the kitchen. They had made eggs, toast, bacon, sausages, and even pancakes to Wills astonishment. "Wow... you really cooked up a storm." Will sat down as Eddie placed a store bough fruit bowl in the center of the table.

"Sausages! I love sausages!" Bev forked some onto her plate.

"We knew that already, you bimbo." Stan smirked.

"Oh yeah? Jew!" Bev shouted back with a grin.

"Whore!" Bill shouted over at her.

"B-B-B-Bitch!" Ben shot over at Bill.

"Tits!" Eddie shouted across the table at him before sticking out his tongue.

"Fag!" Richie shouted loudly.

"Trashmouth!" Mike shouted over.

"Ni-" Mike wrapped his hand around Stan's mouth.

"You can only say that word in the bedroom, babe, and only when we're roleplaying black slave dominating white master." Mike warned him with a smirk, making Stan go red.

"Fuck! You two are kinky as fuck!" Richie stared in awe.

Everyone looked at Will who was staring at them rather amused, "What about you?" Bev asked with a smile.

"Well... they used to call me a fairy in high school." Will shrugged.

"Fairy boy!" Eddie high fived him.

"You're one of us now." Bev winked.

"Yeah, you're a l-loser too." Bill smiled at him.

"Welcome to the loser's club, baby." Richie smiled at him.

"It's an honour." Will smiled and dug into his pancakes.

They ate their breakfast together, and everyone was going on about school, and their future careers. Richie looked around at the rest of them, "I want to let everyone know, I told Will about what happened

when we were thirteen."

Everyone looked around at each other nervously, "Why?" Eddie asked looking a bit alarmed.

"He decked a clown, I asked some questions." Will admitted.

"It turns out though, Will's been through some pretty crazy shit himself. He got lost in another dimension, he was possessed by monsters, and turns out my cousins girlfriend is some telekinetic mind ninja!" Richie explained.

"What? Really?" Mike looked at them awestruck.

Will nodded, "It's true. It's hard to believe, but there's other dimensions out there. I have a sneaking suspicion that clown came from one of them."

Bill nodded, "That w-w-would make sense..."

"Yeah, I mean... there's nothing else that would explain why It's here." Beverly looked at them.

"Maybe there's a way to send it back to where it came from?" Will looked at Bill, "Maybe somehow open a portal, and push it out of this world?"

"That's not a bad idea." Bill nodded his head thoughtfully.

"How?" Stan asked, "It doesn't seem easy."

"Eleven..." Richie suggested.

"She opened the portal I fell into, maybe it's possible she could open another. She's got more control now." Will reasoned.

"Maybe the party, and the loser's club should team up if this thing comes back for our asses." Richie looked around the room.

"What party?" Ben asked confused.

"My cousin's D&D group. Trust me, they've dealt with this dimension

shit before. The one problem is they don't know that I know about their situation..." Richie pointed out.

"Well, next time we see them, we can bring it up to them." Will shrugged, "For now though, I don't think we should worry about these things."

"I agree. We've spent too much time thinking about the negative things." Stan nodded.

The group spent some time together in front of the TV. They were a fun bunch to be around, and Will felt extremely comfortable with everyone now that he and Eddie were seeing eye to eye. Will smiled a little as Eddie rested his head on Bill's lap as they watched TV; Bill stroked Eddie's hair gently.

Richie and Will eventually had to say goodbye, and it felt sad to say goodbye so soon. They got back onto the road, and Richie headed for their home. Will was humming along to the music on the tape as they drove, and eventually Richie joined in.

The university coming into view was a welcoming sight. Richie parked his truck, and they walked inside hand in hand. "Thanks for taking me with you to meet them all, Richie. I really like them." Will smiled.

Richie kissed Will's hand, "They really liked you too. I'm really sorry about the situation with Eddie, but I'm glad it was resolved so fucking tastefully."

Will nodded, "I think it was important we cleared the air... it also made us stronger." Will pointed out.

"We're happy you and I. I never want anything to come between us." Richie looked at him as they unlocked their door, "You mean too much to ever lose you."

Will wrapped his arms around Richie and hugged him close as the door swung shut behind them. “You want to have a shower, and then have some fun together?” Will asked with a smile.

“I think you already fucking know what my answer is going to be.”

Richie laughed, and kissed his lips, “Fuck yes.”

***

Will let himself lie limp on the bed beneath Richie. The raven haired man was clutching the Nintendo controller in his hands, playing a round of Super Mario while his erection resided inside of Will. The collar on Will’s neck could be seen just below his soft golden hair.

Richie was doing his best not to move even so much as an inch, and Will hadn’t moved since insertion. “You’re doing such a good job keeping my fucking cock warm, pet.” Richie kissed Will’s shoulder, knowing full well he was putting a lot of pressure in Will’s prostate.

Will shivered a bit, “Master? Can you please fuck me?”

Richie grinned, “Maybe.”

Will’s insides gripped around him, and Richie groaned a little, “I like that you’re trying to massage my dick, but it’s only going to frustrate you if I come and you don’t get anything.”

Richie pulled out and thrust back inside, causing will to moan softly beneath him. “Do you really want this dick to fuck you?” Richie asked licking the shell of Will’s ear slowly.

“Yes master, please fuck me!” Will begged, gripping the bedding with frustration.

“Well, since you asked so nicely…” Richie set the controller aside, and began moving his hips smoothly, pressing into Will’s prostate with each thrust. “Oh God… you shouldn’t be this tight with how much I fuck you…”

Will moaned, moving his hips with Richie’s causing a much deeper penetration. “Master! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!”

Richie grinned, and licked along Will’s back, loving the loud moaning he was causing. Neither of them were going to last long, that much Richie knew.

“Ri- Master! Please can I come?!” Will asked.

“Yes baby, lift your butt, I’ll let you come in my hand.” Richie lifted off Will, pulling him back a bit to sit on his knees.

Will bit his lip when he felt Richie’s hand wrap around his cock, “Oh! Oh God! Yes! Thank you!” Will cried out as Richie stroked him while he fucked Will.

“Come for your master.” Richie ordered.

Will shivered, and gripped intensely around Richie as he suddenly climaxed in his hand with a screeching moan. “Thank you!”

Richie couldn’t take it another second, and released inside of Will with a guttural groan. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! You’re so good… So good…” Richie panted heavily as he finally stopped spewing.

“Mmm…” Will went limp again the moment Richie removed his hand.

“God, you’re so fucking hot in that collar. How did you get so good at this slave roleplay?” Richie asked a bit stunned.

“I don’t know, I just like it. It feels natural.” Will smiled looking back at him, “I really like what we just did. It’s torture, but in the end, it’s all worth it.”

Richie grinned, “It’s torture for both of us. Trust me.”

Will laughed a little, “I don’t know if I’m ready for classes to start back up tomorrow. I like staying home, and fucking you.”

“That should be a class. We’d both fucking ace it.” Richie pulled out of Will carefully, and climbed off him.

Will undid the collar, and took it off. They washed up in the sink in their room, and cuddled together under the thick comforter of their bed. “I’m going to finish up inking part two of my comic tomorrow after class.” Will told him.

Richie held Will to his chest. “That’s awesome! I can’t wait to fucking read it!”

Will smiled and closed his eyes, “You’re always my first reader. You’re the most important reader.” Will kissed Richie’s chest.

“I’d like to think so.” He kissed the crown of Will’s head, “You should really look into publication you know?”

Will nodded, “There’s a few places I did some research on. When I find more information, I’m going to contact them.”

“Good, because the world needs your comics in it. You’ll hit it big, and forget who I am.” Richie winked.

“I’d never forget you. Not in a million years.” Will kissed him lovingly.

“Good, because if you did, I’d have to spank you.” Richie teased.

“You’re welcome to do that anyway.” Will giggled.

“That’s just the perks of being a dom.” Richie kissed his lips, “Get some rest. We’ll get some dinner after our nap.” Richie promised as it was almost that time.

Will nodded and rested his cheek in Richie’s chest, “I love you.”

“I love you too, baby.” Richie smiled, eyes closed as he allowed sleep to take him.

Notes for the Chapter:

Did you like this chapter? Let me know!

13. Power Outage

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will spend Valentines Day together despite the power outage.

Chapter 13

February brought some harsh snow storms, and Valentines Day to their door. Unfortunately, it was all at the same time. A power outage had started early in the day, leaving classes cancelled.

Richie and Will returned to their dorms and snuggled together under their comforter. “This isn’t exactly the romantic Valentines Day I had hoped for… but it isn’t the worst.” Richie said as he held Will close to keep him warm.

Will smiled at him, “Hey, I’ve never celebrated Valentines Day before, so this is the best one I’ve had.” Will giggled a bit, “Maybe we should start lighting the Candles Eleven gave us?”

“Yeah, it’s starting to get fucking dark anyway.” Richie got out of the bed and went to his desk drawer to pull them out along with a lighter.

Will watched as Richie set the lit candles around the room the illuminate the place in an orange glow. “This is pretty romantic.” Will looked around the room.

Richie smiled at him, and slowly stripped off his Hawaiian shirt, tossing it aside dramatically. Will watched him half confused, and half amused as he grabbed the bottom hem of his shirt before pulling it over his head in a strange attempt to look sexy. Will giggled, “Should I start throwing dollar bills at you?”

Richie grabbed his belt strap, and pulled it loose before tugging it off, and dropping it to the floor. Next, he undid his jeans and shimmied out of them. “Don’t stop there, take those boxers off big boy.” Will winked with a giggle.

Richie laughed, and carefully took them off. “You’re next.”

“Do I have to do it sexy like you? I think it would just look awkward.” Will smiled at Richie.

“Slow, and sensual, babe.” Richie winked.

Will sat up on his knees, and carefully unzipped his Maine University sweater. He let it slide from each shoulder slowly, trying hard to maintain a composed expression. Finally, he let it slide off his arms. His shirt was next to be pulled from his torso, and he tossed it aside. Richie held out his hands to help Will off the bed, pulling him to his feet so he could remove the final articles of clothing.

Standing before Richie, just as naked, Will was pulled in by his hips for a kiss. “You’re pretty smooth. You keep coming up with creative ways to get us both naked.” Will grinned at Richie.

Richie rubbed Will’s arms gently once he spotted the goose bumps forming. “Let’s get back in bed, it’s cold in here.” Richie suggested.

The two climbed into the bed together, and Richie held Will close. Their foreheads pressed together and Richie gently kissed Will’s lips, “This is probably the perfect way to spend Valentines Day together. In bed naked with the hottest boy in the world.” Will traced Richie’s jaw with his fingers as he spoke.

“Good thing I’m in bed with the fucking hottest boy then.” Richie grinned, his hands making their way back to Will’s hips.

“You’re complimenting me a lot… something tells me you’re going to ask me something very important soon.” Will grinned.

“Correct!” Richie laughed, “Did you want to have sex in the dark?” Just as Richie spoke, the lights came back on, and a sound indicating the heater was coming back on rang in his ears. “Well… never mind.”

Will laughed loudly, and kissed Richie, “We can still have sex, but you should probably blow out the candles. I don’t want a fire in here.”

Richie got up and turned off the lights, “Actually, we’ll leave the

lights off, but at least with the heat coming back on, we won't have to fucking freeze if we go outside the blankets."

Will nodded, "I like this plan." Richie climbed back into the bed.

"I want to put my mouth all over you." Richie cupped Will's face, and kissed him sweetly, "Everywhere."

"Isn't your mouth usually everywhere anyway?" Will laughed, and kissed him back, a hand snaking down to rub Richie's erection.

Richie moved his hand away, and Will looked at him a bit confused, thinking he had done something wrong. "Let me massage you first before we do anything. Consider it a Valentines Day special." Richie winked.

This put Will at ease. "Alright." He let himself lie on top of the covers on his stomach. Richie pulled their lubricant out and poured some into his hands. He warmed the liquid in his hands before he straddled Will's hips and began rubbing the lubricant onto Wills back. "Mm…" Will groaned softly as Richie's hands were extremely capable of bringing bliss to his back.

Richies thumbs circled a few knots that were forming on his shoulders, and he carefully worked them out for Will. Working his way down Will's back, he used his palms to massage his lower back. Will made several pleased noises to Richie's delight. He liked making Will feel good, and this wasn't something he did nearly often enough. He shifted back more and began kneading at Will's ass which Will was surprised felt good.

Will could feel Richie change position again. Richie's hands carefully spread Will's cheeks, and he felt Richie's tongue slide over his opening. He whimpered a bit at the feeling; he didn't experience it often, but when ever Richie licked him there, he was surprised how effective it was.

Pressing his face into the pillows, Will shivered, and moaned softly. Richie was taking his time, and trailed his tongue to Will's balls. He licked at the sensitive underside before trailing back up to Will's opening, probing carefully with his tongue. "Richie, please fuck

me…" Will begged, getting more worked up the longer Richie stayed back there.

Richie smacked his ass to silence him, and Will gasped with another shiver. His erection was pressing into the bedding, but completely exposed to Richie. He felt a lubricated hand wrap around the head, rubbing him gently. "Oh my God, Richie!" Will moaned, his fists balling up around the pillows, his face still buried.

Licking up towards his lower back, Richie placed gentle bites on his skin. Will felt Richie climbing up his body, his hands on the headboard before he reached down to line himself up with Will's ass. Carefully, he slid his erection inside, returning his hand to the headboard. Will's body took him in easily, and he gripped around Richie.

"Oh yes… that's it babe." Richie groaned as he began to thrust his hips. "Take it all in." Richie bit his lip rather pleased.

"Mmm…" Will moaned into the pillows, his back arching with pleasure.

Richie's teeth bit into Will's shoulder gently, sending pleasure through his body. "Richie… I love you." Will moaned, his face red already.

"I love you too, Will." Richie curled his arms around Will's body, lying comfortably on top of him as he continued to thrust.

Will intertwined his legs with Richie's, enjoying being completely covered by his tall lanky boyfriend. They moved together in sync, and the room was getting much warmer by the minute.

Their bodies became more sweat covered as their moans echoed off the walls of the room. Their fingers intertwined together as Richie continued to pump in and out of him, "Let me ride you." Will asked after a bit.

Rolling off, Richie let himself lie on his back as Will climbed on top of him. Carefully, he began to bounce at a similar pace Richie had been thrusting. "Oh yes… you feel so good babe." Richie groaned as

he gripped Wills hips.

Will braced himself on Richie's chest, rocking his body eagerly as he knew they were both reaching their climax together. "I love your cock so much! Fuck!" Will moaned as his back arched with each wave of pleasure soaring through him.

Richie sat up, and licked up Will's chest gently, still keeping Will on top of him. Will gripped his shoulders and kissed down the side of Richie's neck as he moved. "God… I love that fucking mouth of yours…" Richie sighed as he felt his lips gently suck at his skin. "I'm going to come soon." Richie warned.

"Me too. I'll ride you harder, lie back." Will gently pushed Richie's shoulders, so he let himself lie back on the pillows.

Will braced himself and began rocking much faster. "Oh God! You weren't kidding!" Richie gasped as Will moved quickly, making his cock push deeper inside of Will.

"Richie! Yes! Yes! Come in me babe!" Will cried out before he suddenly released hard, painting Richie's abdomen in his seed.

Richie arched his back and gripped the pillows as he suddenly came hard inside of his boyfriend. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Will!" He cried out.

"Oh God." Will panted heavily, sitting still for a moment.

"We're so fucking good at that…" Richie laughed a little.

Will smiled with a giggle, and carefully climbed off Richie, lying on his side next to him. "We really are. Here let's get clean you up." Will grabbed the tissues next to them and wiped off Richie's abdomen carefully.

Richie watched him, "Have you ever considered fucking me before?" Richie asked almost making Will drop the tissue with a surprise.

"What?" Will looked at him surprised, "You'd want me to?"

Richie shrugged, "I mean, just to try it out."

Will thought about it for a moment, “I could do that. Just not right this minute.” Will laughed a little as he tossed out the tissue.

“That’s fine. I’ve done it like that once before, and it felt good. I just figured if you ever wanted to try it, I’m open to the idea,” Richie shrugged.

Will snuggled into him, “Do I get to make you wear the collar?” Will giggled.

Richie laughed, “I’d let you, but then I’d have to kill you.”

“Aw, you’re no fun.” Will kissed his shoulder, “You’d make a great bitch.”

Richie laughed and put an arm around him, “I think I’m rubbing off on you. I’d totally wear it if you wanted.”

“Maybe if we both like it the first time, then we can try the collar.” Will decided.

“I should brush my teeth, I want to kiss you.” Richie said before sliding out of bed carefully.

Will smiled, “Yeah, I’m a little surprised by how you started that off… I liked it though.”

Richie grinned, and put his tooth paste on the toothbrush Joyce got for him, “I was hoping you would. You make the best noises when I do that.” He winked before brushing his front teeth in the mirror.

The next several days went by fairly normal, and the temperature outside got a lot less uncomfortable. Will found Richie after class in the cafeteria and sat next to him. “Hey babe. How’s your day?” Richie smiled at him as he ate his mac and cheese.

“Good, I’m excited for tonight.” Will said with a smile.

Richie looked at him curiously, “Oh yeah? What are you doing?”

“You. In the ass.” Will said casually, making Richie nearly choke on his food.

Will patted his back, “Don’t die on me.”

“Are you fucking sure you aren’t trying to kill me?” Richie looked at him, “You want to do that tonight? I’m up for it, but I’d like to shower first.”

“Yeah, me too. Let’s just eat first.” Will told him as he took Richie’s free hand in his.

They talked about their classes, but they were both a little excited to try something new together. It would be a first for Will, and Richie loved everything about being the person Will did everything with first.

After they ate, the two of them headed to the showers together. They both got into one stall like they usually did. Will washed Richie’s hair, giving him a relaxing head massage as he often liked to do. Richie returned the favour, nearly turning Will to jelly in the process.

By the time they were finished the sun had began setting. Richie looked at Will, “How did you want to do this?”

“I’m not sure. How is it most comfortable for you when you fuck me?” Will asked him beginning to feel inexperienced.

“Either way is comfortable for me, but I guess the real question is, do you want to look at my face or not?” Richie asked as he pulled out the lubricant from the drawer.

“Yes. I want to look at your face, so I know if I’m hurting you or not.” Will said honestly. “I want you to enjoy it.”

Richie smiled, “Alright, then I’ll lie on my back.” He handed Will the lube.

Will looked at the bottle, “Should I stretch you first?”

“Probably a good idea. It’s been a while.” Richie nodded.

Will carefully lubricated his fingers, getting between Richie’s legs to carefully rub lubricant around his opening. He gently pushed one of his fingers inside just at the tip. “Is this ok?” Will asked nervously.

Richie nodded, “Yeah, you’re good. Just be slow, and you’ll be fine.”

Will nodded, and carefully slipped the rest of his finger inside. He made a ‘come hither’ motion with his finger until Richie let out a moan. Will grinned, “Prostate?”

“Yep.” Richie nodded looking at him.

Will carefully slipped in a second finger, and rubbed on the spot that gained Richie’s reaction before. “Fuck! You’re a real tease.” Richie groaned.

Will giggled, “How many fingers do I put in before you’re ready?”

“I don’t know, like three?” Richie looked down at him.

“Can I put my whole fist inside?” Will tried to maintain a serious expression, but his face twitched into a sarcastic smile.

“Sure, then next time I can put my entire foot up your ass.” Richie rolled his eyes, “You’re a little shit.”

“Says tonight’s bottom…” Will bit his lip amused before he slipped a third finger inside.

Richie made a little bit of a pained expression as Will stretched him out more. “Ow…”

Will stopped moving his fingers, “Is this hurting?”

“It’s normal. I’ll be ok. Just give me a moment.” Richie assured him.

Will nodded and kept still, when Richie nodded, he inserted his fingers all the way inside, rubbing his prostate gently. Richie’s erection twitched with excitement as he continued to rub it. “Fuck…” He groaned as Will gently thrust in and out. “I think I’m ready.”

Pulling out slowly, Will lubricated his erection, noting that it was already very stiff with excitement. Climbing over Richie, Will grabbed the base of his erection, and carefully slid himself inside just the tip first. Richie groaned softly, and locked eyes with Will. “Alright, I can take a little more.”

Pushing more inside, Will stopped to let Richie adjust to his size. “You’re doing good, babe.” Richie nodded to Will, “Just a little more.”

Will pushed himself inside entirely, and immediately felt Richie clenching around him, “Oh my God… that’s what it feels like…” Will sighed with relief.

Richie smiled at him, and ran his fingers through Will’s hair, “You ready to fuck me good?”

“Oh yes.” Will smiled with determination as he angled his hips.

“Go on, babe. I’m ready.” Richie cupped his face and kissed him gently.

Will thrust his hips slowly, and groaned as he experienced a new type of pleasure he wasn’t quite used to. Sure he’d masturbated, but this was much more intense than a hand. Moving steadily, Will made sure to press into Richie’s prostate with each movement. “Oh yeah… that’s it Will.” Richie moaned, a vulnerability in his eyes as Will had the power this time.

“Richie. You feel amazing.” Will thrust a little harder, and Richie responded with a pleased gasping noise.

He didn’t want to hurt Richie, but it seemed Richie was taking to everything very well. Will moved at a steady pace that felt good. “Oh yes… Oh my God…”

“Fuck! Will, go harder!” Richie begged him.

Will obliged, slamming into his prostate with each thrust. “Fuck! Yes! Oh fuck!” Richie groaned as he tugged at Will’s hair.

Will clenched his teeth, enjoying the small tugs. He leaned down pressing his lips to Richie’s as he continued to move hard inside of him. The two of them moaned loudly, and it sounded different than their normal sex sounds. Will was making aggressive grunting sounds, while Richie was the one moaning and gasping. Will enjoyed the begging Richie did.

Arching his back, Will could feel himself coming close to climax. “Richie… I can’t hold on.”

Richie gripped his shoulders, “It’s ok, babe. If you need to come, go ahead. I’m close.”

Will pounded into him eagerly, allowing himself to let go a little as Richie was perfectly happy with each thrust he made. The moans that came out of Richie were making him more and more excited. It didn’t take long for Will to come spilling out inside of Richie, “Oh God…” He groaned and pulled out after a moment.

Richie watched as Will sunk lower and wrapped his mouth around Richie’s erection. “Oh fuck…” Richie’s eyes rolled back, and he gripped the bedding below him.

Will sucked hard, moving his head quickly knowing it was driving Richie mad. “Mm! Will!” He moaned out, “I’m gonna come! I’m close! Fuck!”

Will kept going, and Richie came into his mouth with a loud whining moan. “Oh, fuck yes! Oh…”

Swallowing, Will watched Richie go limp beneath him. “Yes… I liked that… a lot.” Richie was half delirious.

Will was shaking a little from using muscles he wasn’t used to using. He let his body lie beside Richie. “That felt so good. I didn’t know it would feel like that… I feel like I was a virgin and didn’t know it until now.”

Richie laughed a little and wrapped his arms around Will, kissing his forehead, “You were a lot better than expected. It came natural to you. I didn’t experience any pain really. The first time for me hurt a little, but you were much gentler. I fucking loved it.”

Will smiled, feeling quite proud of himself for not hurting Richie. “Thank you.” He kissed Richie. “Mmm… can we have a nap. I’m worn out.”

Richie chuckled, “Fucking will do that to you. Rest up, babe.” Richie played with Will’s hair gently, allowing Will to fall asleep with his

head on Richie's chest.

Notes for the Chapter:

Did you enjoy this chapter? Let me know what you think!

14. March 7th

Summary for the Chapter:

> It's Richie's birthday, and Will is spending it with him. He has some surprises in store for his boyfriend.

Chapter 14

March 7th was a day Will had been waiting for since he found out it was Richie's birthday. Will was pleased that Richie always slept through his alarm. Richie was sleeping on his back, snoring rather peacefully. Will looked at his handsome face for several moments before he slid under the blankets and wrapped his mouth around Richie's erection.

Will didn't move, he just kept his mouth around it, allowing the warmth of his mouth to cause Richie's erection to grow. It did as he expected, and Will kept still.

Richie began to stir, his groaning catching Will's ears. "Wha… oh fuck… Will?" He lifted the blankets to make sure it was indeed Will's mouth around him. Richie pulled off the blankets, and looked down at Will, he immediately noticed once the blankets were off that Will had put on the collar. "Fuck, I love this wake-up call… Go ahead baby, suck master off." Richie melted back into the pillows as he stared down at Will as he began bobbing his head, hollowing his cheeks around Richie.

"Mmm…" Will began humming around him, listening with amusement as Richie moaned a little higher pitched than usual.

"Fuck! You're so fucking good with that mouth…" Richie arched his back, gripping the sheets in his hands.

Will licked down the underside of his cock in a circular motion, allowing the back of his throat to massage the head of his cock. Will stuck out his tongue, licking at his balls. "That's it pet, you know

what master likes…" Richie's chest was heaving as he panted heavily.

Will allowed his mouth to get wetter, and more slippery as he moved his head. He knew how well it blissed Richie out when he did that. "Oh shit…" Richie's eyes closed, and he bit his lower lip as Will maintained a steady pace.

"Fuck! I'm gonna come, babe. Ready for it?" Richie asked opening his eyes again to gaze down at Will.

Moving his head faster, he listened as Richie groaned, his back arching before finally he could feel the liquid flowing into his throat. Swallowing it down, Will sat up, and licked the head a few times, "Good morning, master. Happy Birthday."

Richie rubbed the sleep from his eyes, and looked back down at Will, "You're the fucking best ever."

Will smiled at him cutely, "Did you want to go get breakfast?"

"Yes, I do." Richie nodded, tugging Will closer by the collar to kiss him. "I love you."

Will smiled, pecking his lips again, "I love you too."

Richie got up, and dressed himself in black jeans, a white t-shirt, and a red Hawaiian over shirt. "So, I wonder what the cafeteria has on special today, seeing as I'm the king today." Richie winked.

Will smiled sweetly as he took off the collar, setting it aside, "Actually, I wanted to take you out somewhere."

"Oooh." Richie looked at him, "You must really like me." Riche adjusted the collar on his over shirt.

"Kind of. Well, not really, but I tolerate you." Will said keeping a straight face.

"Well that's all anyone can ask for in a relationship, surely." Richie kept a straight face, "So, where did you want to take me for breakfast?"

“I considered just squirting toothpaste down your throat and calling that your breakfast, but I guess I should really just take you to Marla’s Diner, and let you pick something off an actual menu.” Will sighed with fake annoyance.

“I mean, if you think that’s best…” Richie’s lips started to twitch into a smile.

Will started to laugh, and Richie joined in, “I can’t be mean to you very long. It just doesn’t work.”

Richie kissed his temple, “I’m so lucky to have such a cute boyfriend like you.” Richie kissed his face multiple times, causing Will to giggle and attempt to push him away.

“Stop that! You’re smothering me!” Will giggled loudly as Richie finally stopped kissing him.

Will finished dressing in light jeans and an olive-green sweater. They got into Richie’s truck, and drove to the restaurant together. It was busy, but not so much so they couldn’t find a booth. “What are you going to get?” Will asked as they looked over a menu.

“What am I allowed to get?” Richie quirked a brow at him.

“What ever you want, it’s your birthday!” Will smiled at him.

Richie chuckled a bit, “Alright, I’ll go nuts then.”

“You’re already nuts.” Will giggled, rubbing his feet against Richie’s under the table as Richie shook his head at the terrible joke.

A waitress in a cream coloured uniform came over to their table and took their orders. Richie ordered a breakfast special which had scrambled eggs, bacon, pancakes, and sausages. For his drink he ordered a coffee.

Will ordered for himself, opting to get a spinach bacon and cheese omelette with bacon and toast on the side. He got himself a coffee as well. The waitress took the menus and headed off, bringing them their coffee first.

Watching with amusement, Will observed as Richie poured one milk, and three packets of sugar into his coffee. “That’s going to be so sweet.” Will made a face.

“That’s how I like it.” Richie grinned, “That’s why I like you so much. So fucking sweet.” Richie winked.

Will smiled at him, “I’m really glad you haven’t gotten bored of me yet.”

“When the fuck would that ever happen?” Richie looked shocked at the very thought of it.

Will shrugged, “I don’t know. You’re just so cool, and you could really have anyone you wanted.”

“You’re fucking cool too, Will. I love you, and I want to be with you forever. I mean that.” Richie peered into his eyes, “You make me happy.”

Will smiled at him, “You always know just what to say.”

The waitress brought their food over, and Will began cutting into his omelette. Richie doused his pancakes in syrup and let them soak in it. “This is a really fucking good morning, babe. Thank you for taking me out.” Richie smiled warmly at him.

“I’ve been waiting for months for this day to come.” Will smiled.

“Wait… what does that mean?” Richie eyed him suspiciously.

Will looked away, a smirk playing on his face, “Nothing…”

“What do you have planned?” Richie stared at him, narrowing his eyes.

“Something…” Will wasn’t giving him any clues.

“You really went to this much trouble for my birthday?” Richie’s eyes were softer now, and he held a genuine expression on his face.

Will smiled at him lovingly, “Of course I did, I love you.” Will smiled,

“It’s no trouble either.”

“I want to kiss you right now.” Richie smiled warmly at him.

“You can kiss me after you see your surprise.” Will assured him, forking some food into his mouth.

When they finished their breakfasts, Will looked up at Richie, “Ready to go home, babe?” Will asked him.

“Yeah, let’s head out.” Richie nodded as Will grabbed the check and paid for their breakfast.

Richie got into the truck with Will, and the two headed for their dorm room. When they got inside Will headed for his own dresser before pulling out a box that was wrapped in blue wrapping paper with little yellow stars sprinkled over it. “So, I hope you like this.” Will looked a bit nervous.

“Baby, if you got me a gift, I’m going to love it.” Richie assured him, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

Will smiled and watched him open it. Richie noticed a small mix tape on top of everything. It was labelled ‘Richie and Will Songs’ which made him look at Will questioningly, “I named it that because there’s just certain songs that remind me of our relationship, so I wanted you to have that. It’s silly, but I put a lot of work into it.” Will rubbed his arm.

“It’s not silly. It’s really sweet. Thank you.” Richie smiled and put the tape aside, “I’m going to put it in my truck so that I can listen to it every fucking day.” He smiled.

Richie pulled out a small notebook next. The front cover was just plain black, but there were silver stickers in the form of words on the front that read, ‘To Do List, and Then Some’ in bold. “A to do list? And then some?” Richie looked a little surprised.

“Open it…” Will looked nervous.

Richie opened the notebook and saw tabs with various colours sticking out the side of the pages. “The yellow tabs are for things that

I know you want to accomplish, and I wrote inspirational notes on them, and there's a check box for you to check off once you've done them. The Blue tabs are things I want to do with you someday. The green tabs are secrets I've never told anyone, and some are hard to say so they're better to read. The Pink ones are love notes, and things I've written for you trying to be romantic." Will told him with a smile, "As for the red ones, they're sexual things I either know you want to do, or things I want to do with you."

Richie looked at him, "You really wrote all this? This has to be hundreds of pages." He looked amazed.

"I have been writing it for a long time now. I didn't get it done in time for Christmas, so I wanted you to have it for your birthday." Will smiled at him.

Richie hugged him warmly, "You're so fucking sweet. I love you so much, babe." Richie pressed his lips to Wills.

"I was worried you'd think it's stupid." Will told him looking relieved.

"This is anything but stupid, I love it." Richie opened the book, and turned to a red tab, "You want to do some slave stuff in public huh? Fuck, I'm down!" Richie shouted; Will laughed at how excited Richie looked.

"That shouldn't surprise you too much." Will smiled, wrapping his arms around Richie's middle, "You're a really good master."

Richie kissed his lips gently, and Will kissed back before pulling away quickly, "Oh! There's more!"

Richie looked surprised, "There's more?! How much did you do?!" He was shocked.

Will got onto the floor and reached under the bed before pulling something else wrapped in the same blue and yellow star wrapping paper. "This is the last thing, I swear." Will smiled handing it to him.

The item was long and solid like wood. Richie looked at it curiously before unwrapping it. "Oh wow… it's us." Richie smiled brightly

once he realized what it was.

Will had gotten their pictures from his family, and they were framed in a four-photo wooden frame. One was of them posing in their ugly Christmas sweaters, another was one of them cuddling on the couch together at Joyce's place, and the other two were pictures of them at the wedding together.

"I was wondering when I'd get to see these. Now people might believe me when I say I'm dating the cutest boy in school. I'll actually have pictures to prove it!" Richie laughed.

Will giggled, "You're silly." He kissed Richie's cheek looking them over, "Jonathan got some copies made for us both, and for mom."

Richie immediately went looking for a hook from his junk drawer. He had brought a few with him for his hanging items. Pulling one out, he placed it above his desk in the corner with a smile, "This is perfect. Thank you, baby. You didn't have to go through so much for me." Richie kissed his face repeatedly before kissing his lips.

"I wanted it to be special." Will smiled wrapping his arms around him.

"Now that I've seen all you had planned for me can I ravage you?" Richie waggled his brows.

"Well that's not all exactly…" Will looked at him sheepishly.

"What?!" Richie's brows ascended on his forehead, and he looked shocked.

Will giggled at the expression on his face, "I wanted to take you to a movie and dinner too."

"If we're going to a movie, it's going to be one we don't care to see, because I'm going to be so busy making out with you I won't even see it." Richie said lifting Will up and sitting him on Richie's desk.

Will felt Richie lift his sweater up, so he allowed Richie to take it off him. "I could wear the plug… the one that vibrates." Will suggested.

“Fuck yes! You are fucking wearing that! We’re gonna get to ticking some shit off that list tonight!” Richie said excitedly, before pressing his lips to Will’s.

Will kissed him, enjoying how deeply Richie was kissing him; he wanted Will bad, and it was quite flattering. “Mmmf.” Will leaned back, “What did you want to do for dinner?”

“I want you covered in fucking toppings, and I want to devour you.” Richie said before undoing Will’s pants and kissing him heatedly.

“Richie, I’m not really in the mood.” Will said suddenly.

Richie paused, and let go of him, “Oh, I’m sorry!” Richie looked a bit alarmed.

Will suddenly smirked at him, and got off the desk, “I’m messing with you, I’m very in the mood.” Richie glared at him.

“That was cruel!” Richie gestured to the massive erection holding up the front of his jeans, “Look at this! I almost ran to the fucking washroom to go jerk this monster off! Do you know how many people would stare at me?! They’d think I’m selling fucking hotdogs!” Will laughed loudly at that.

Will shimmied out of his pants, “Would it help if I let you bend me over your desk now?” Will leaned over his desk, looking back at him.

“Fuck!” Richie ran over to grab the lubricant before wrenching his clothing off quickly. “You’re so mean! I’m going to fuck you hard, and I expect an apology!” Richie lubricated his penis the moment he was fully naked.

“Do your worst, babe.” Will said cutely.

Richie carefully lined himself up with Will’s opening before sliding in. Will moaned and pushed back on him, so he could fully impale himself on Richie. Richie groaned loudly, gripping Will’s hips. “Fuck, I love your eagerness…” Richie grinned before he began bucking his hips at a slow, but steady pace.

“I thought you said you were going to fuck me hard?” Will looked

back at him tauntingly.

Richie bit his lower lip, and started bucking harder into Will, “You want it hard, huh? I’ll show you hard…” Richie pumped into Will’s prostate, and the blonde couldn’t contain his sounds.

“Oh God! OH Richie!” He cried out, gripping the desk below him as pleasure washed over him. “Fuck yes!”

Richie grinned, and smacked his ass, listening to Will yelp in response. “You gonna apologize yet for teasing your master?” Richie grinned.

“Oh! Oh God! I’m so sorry master!” Will cried out, his back arching.

Richie smacked his other ass cheek, “You don’t sound sorry to me… I guess I’ll have to fuck a real apology out of you.” Richie moved faster, drilling against Will’s prostate as his hips moves quickly.

It was a lot of concentration not to come. Everything felt so good, but he knew the more he held of, the better his final climax would be. Will was a moaning mess on the desk, “Richie! Fuck! Richie oh God!” Will gasped and panted heavily, his fingers turning white as he gripped the top of the desk.

Richie gripped his hair, and pulled a little, not letting go of the blonde locks between his fingers, “Are you really sorry, pet?”

“Yes master! I’m so sorry! Please, can I come?!” Will’s voice was doing something he’d never heard before; it was cracking under pressure and Richie loved it.

“Master comes first, then you, pet.” Richie warned him, “I’m not quite ready yet.”

“Oh God! Richie please!” Will begged.

“What did you just call me?” Richie stopped moving entirely, leaning over Will to press on his wrists dominantly.

“I-I mean Master! Please master don’t stop! Let me come! Please!” Will begged, hardly recognizing his own voice as his dire need to

finish was invading his mind.

Richie went back to bucking his hips hard into Will, “That’s better… also you may not.”

Will groaned with frustration, and bit the back of his hand as he tried to hold off a little longer. “Oh fuck! Here it comes…” Richie groaned before he suddenly released inside of Will.

“Come now, pet.” Richie commanded, still thrusting hard into Will’s prostate.

Will made no hesitation as he let go, his body shaking, and his legs giving out. Richie caught his hips and held him up. “Oh my God…” Will held his arms firm against the desk.

Richie picked him up carefully once he pulled out. He laid Will on the bed, the both of them panting. Cupping his face in both hands, Richie kissed him, and smoothed out his hair, “You ok, baby?” Richie asked concerned.

Will looked spent, but he had a smile on his face, “Yes. That was so intense…” He let his head fall back on the pillows, “You are so good when you take control like that.”

Grinning, Richie climbed into the bed beside him, “You never use the safe word, but sometimes I think you should.”

“Not when I’m enjoying it this much.” Will smiled at him, “Cuddle with me?”

“How could I say no to that?” Richie climbed into bed with Will and wrapped his arms around him gently.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Did you enjoy the chapter? What did you think? Did Will do a good job for the birthday boy?

15. Preparation Day

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will go to Derry for Spring Break. Beverly gets the boys ready for an outing!

Chapter 15

Richie and Will were packed up an entire week before spring break. Both were extremely excited to go back to Derry together. They had both saved up some cash and booked a rented room together in Derry.

Packing up the truck the morning of their trip, Richie and Will were on the road before ten in the morning. The drive was a relaxing one as both Richie and Will began singing along with the tape in the deck. “I am so excited to see what Bev does to your face. She said she was going to put make-up on you next time you were down.” Richie grinned.

“I doubt I’m going to look that good.” Will shook his head, “I’ll let her do it, but I don’t have high hopes.”

“You’re fucking hot to begin with how can this go wrong?” Richie grinned with amusement.

Will smiled at him, “You’d be pretty hot too, you know? Dark eyeliner. I’d be into that.”

Richie looked over at him, “Sounds like you already have some fantasies about it. You should really fucking share.”

Will giggled a bit, “I have Rockstar fantasies about you. I love when you play that guitar.”

“I could give you a free concert, and you could be my groupie.” Richie grinned as they pulled into Derry.

“How could I ever say no to that?” Will smiled as they headed for the hotel straight away.

They managed to get a double bed together in their hotel room. Will and Richie were most excited about the mini fridge and the microwave. They had a home away from home and that pleased them.

“Where to next?” Will asked curiously.

“Pip pip tally ho! We’re off to the Denbrough estate, darling!” Richie grabbed Will’s hand as they headed out of the room together.

Will laughed, “You do the best impressions, Richie.”

Richie looked at him so fast he thought his neck was going to snap. “What? Really?”

Will nodded, “Yeah, they’re so funny.”

Richie wrapped both arms around Will as they headed to the truck, “You’re the best for saying so!” Richie kissed his cheek repeatedly, causing Will to laugh some more.

“Richie!” Will giggled as he managed to push Richie away.

They got back into the truck, and immediately drove to Bill’s place. His parents were out for the day, so they had some time to hang out there. Everyone was on the porch together when Richie and Will arrived.

“Hey, what are you fuckers doing outside? Who let you out?” Richie grinned as he walked up with Will.

“Hey R-Richie. Hey Will!” Bill smiled as Eddie sat on his lap looking relaxed.

“Will! I’m so glad you’re back!” Beverly smiled waving at him as she sat next to Ben on one of the fold out chairs.

“What about me?” Richie stared at her in awe.

“Oh of course I’m glad you’re back!” Bev giggled at him.

Will smiled at them, “Hey everyone.”

“So, what are we doing today?” Richie asked curiously.

“We’re going to the quarry. We’re gonna skinny dip.” Eddie looked at Richie and Will.

“Yeah right.” Stan rolled his eyes.

Eddie began to giggle as Bill tickled his sides, “You c-c-can skinny dip. We’ll wuh-watch.” Bill laughed.

“Are you kidding me? I’d freeze my dick off.” Eddie smiled at Bill amused.

“You d-don’t use it anyway. I fuck y-you remember?” Bill smirked.

Eddie’s jaw dropped, “Oh, that’s it Billiam. You’re dead!” Eddie began trying to bite Bill’s neck as Bill fought him off.

“I’m surprised you guys are even outside. It’s a little cold out.” Richie commented as the small snow mounds were leaking onto the grass in Bill’s yard.

Mike held his arm around Stan’s shoulders as they sat next to Bill and Eddie. “I do have something to ask you guys.” Mike told them.

“Shoot.” Bill nodded to him as he finally had a death grip on Eddie’s wrists.

“If it involves taking off my clothes, and my dick, I’m in!” Richie grinned.

Will giggled a bit, “I don’t think that’s what he needs.”

“He’s got me for that.” Stan smiled a little.

Mike laughed, “I was hoping to get some help on the farm tomorrow. It’d just be for one day. We’ve got some cows to transport onto the farm, and we need some extra drivers.”

“I’m in.” Bill nodded to him.

“I’d be down, but Stan has to blow me as payment.” Richie winked.

“My lips are not going anywhere near your dick, Richard.” Stan glared daggers.

“Alright, just the one blowjob.” Mike said receiving a smack to the arm from his boyfriend.

“Sweet!” Richie pumped his fists in fake celebration.

“I’d be in for helping.” Ben nodded to Mike.

“Good, that’s all we need.” Mike nodded.

“The rest of us can have a spa day.” Bev smiled brightly.

“A spa day? How?” Stan looked sceptical.

“That’s perfect, babe. You can have a day of pampering yourself.” Mike smiled, “I’ll pay for what ever you get done.”

“I’m not getting anything done, Mike.” Stan shook his head, refusing to accept the offer.

“We can have an at home spa day. We don’t have to go to salon or anything.” Bev suggested, “I have all the stuff we need with us. That and I considered we could go shopping for our bar clothes. I’m still planning to do all three of you cuties up as girls.”

Mike handed Bev some money, “Get some something sexy.” Mike winked.

“No! Don’t you dare!” Stan scolded Mike.

“Make me.” Mike challenged.

Stan just stared at him for a moment, a blank look on his face before he gave in and rested his head on Mike’s shoulder quietly.

Bev smiled putting the money in her pocket, “I’ll make him very sexy, Mike.”

“I’ll have to shave or wax his legs but I’m pretty sure I can get him into a nice mini-skirt of some sort.” Beverly suggested, “That goes for

all of you."

Eddie laughed a bit, "I shave my legs already, so no worries."

"I've never had my legs shaved before." Will looked a bit worried, "Won't it feel weird?"

"At first, but it'll be a good weird." Bev assured him.

"I trust you." Will smiled a little.

"I was just telling Will today how excited I am for this fucking make-over you've got planned. He's going to look so hot." Richie wrapped an arm around Will.

"Believe me, I'll make you three look amazing. I've learned a lot in class." Beverly assured them.

"If you say so." Stan didn't sound so convinced.

"He's just not aware that he's already hotter than Hell." Mike told Beverly.

Stan rolled his eyes, "No, you're the one that has all the good looks in this relationship."

"Don't say that, Will and I would both tag team you." Richie grinned.

"It's true." Will nodded with an amused smile on his face.

Stan blushed a little, "Stop it!"

"Rude, you left Bill and I out of that equation. We'd all tag team Stan." Eddie said watching a Stan covered his face with both hands, letting out a frustrated sigh.

"You're not gonna win these arguments, Stan." Ben smiled a little.

"Definitely not." Beverly laughed, "He's a beauty."

After relentless teasing of Stan, the group headed down to the movie theatre and saw one of the newest movies together. Will was happy to get a chance to see Derry a little more. When the two arrived back

at their hotel room, Richie and Will were quite tired, and very full of pizza from the local shop.

“I’m hoping Bev makes you look like a hot prostitute.” Richie said as he and Will cuddled in bed together.

“What? Are you insane?” Will laughed.

“I might be, but I want to see you in hooker boots, fishnets, and a crop top.” Richie grinned.

“I’m not letting her turn me into a hooker. I want to look classy.” Will laughed.

“A classy hooker?” Richie suggested with an amused expression.

“No.” Will laughed, and kissed Richie’s neck, “I could act like a hooker for you, but I don’t plan to look like one.”

“Oh, believe me, I know you can act like one.” Richie grinned.

Will giggled, “A classy one though, right?”

“Absolutely.” Richie laughed.

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Beverly had borrowed Ben’s car for the day, and picked up Eddie, Will, and Stanley for their shopping adventure. “Alright, so this store has a lot of really great clothes that are relatively cheap.” Bev told them as they headed inside.

“I have no idea what to do in here…” Stan held his arms crossed as he walked.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got this under control.” Beverly assured him.

The guys followed Beverly around as she pulled random items off hangers and held them up to each of them with a determination in her eyes that Will had never witnessed before.

“Do you want me to hold any of that for you?” Will asked as Beverly

had loaded her arm up with at least ten or more items.

“You’re a sweetheart.” Bev winked at him, handing Will the items she had picked up.

Beverly led them all to the change rooms at the back of the store. Will, Eddie and Stan were all handed an outfit to try on while she held onto the rest of the items. “Go put this on, and then come out so I can see.” Beverly instructed.

Stan sighed dramatically before heading into a change room. Will closed the door behind him and looked at his outfit sceptically. It was a tight looking navy dress with some designs on the upper portion of it.

They all walked out in their first outfits. Bev assessed them thoughtfully before adjusting the fabric on their bodies. “Wow, Stan… I never really thought about how nice your body is for female clothing. You have almost an hourglass figure.” Beverly held onto his hips, moving her hands up to his waist that dipped in a bit.

Stan sighed, “I feel like a piece of meat.”

“A piece of meat that Mike is going to want to tear into when he sees you.” Bev said making Stan blush. “Here, try this outfit instead.” Beverly handed him a bar top and a skirt.

Stan went back into the change room immediately. Eddie was next to be assessed. “You know… I could be wrong about this whole skirt thing for you. You’ve got the body for something tighter. I think I know what you should wear instead.” Beverly handed Eddie another outfit to try on, “This will look so perfect on you.” She decided.

“As for you…” She looked over Will with a confident expression, “I know just the thing to drive Richie wild.”

Will was tempted to say he was scared, but he didn’t want to offend her. She handed him a tight black dress, and a black leather jacket that stopped at the ribcage. “Try this out.”

Will nodded and headed back into the change room. He looked over the dress and changed into it. He noticed from the mirror inside the

change room that it hugged his hips more than the other one. Pulling the jacket over himself, he was a bit amazed at how it looked on him. He knew it wasn't a complete look, but he could see where she was going with it. He looked rather punky, but in a stylish sense.

Stepping out of the change room, he spotted Eddie who was wearing tight white short shorts, and a scoop neck halter top in a bold shade of red. "I don't know, Bev…" Eddie made a face at his outfit.

"Trust me, once you're wearing a bra, hair extensions, and make-up it will all make sense." Beverly assured him.

Eddie shrugged, "I hope so."
Beverly looked over Will, "Oh my, that outfit is definitely the one." Beverly nodded to him.

Will smiled a little, "Cool. I think I like it."

Beverly knocked on Stan's door. "I'm not coming out in this." Stan called back.

"Oh, but Stanley I want to see it." Bev tried.

"No way!" Stan replied.

"Just a peak." Bev tried.

Stan sighed, and opened the door, but didn't come out. Will couldn't see how he was dressed, but Bev's eyes lit up, "Oh, that is definitely the one. It suits your body so well."

Stan slammed the door shut, and Bev smiled at the other two, "Go change, and then we're off to get some shoes, and accessories."

The group sat down together on a bench as Beverly grabbed them some shoes to go with the outfit she had picked out for them. "I don't think I can do heels." Will said before she brought him anything to try.

"That's ok, for your outfit, I have something else in mind." She smiled warmly at him.

“Heels, I can do so long as they aren’t stilettoes.” Eddie nodded, “I’ve tried them before.”

“Good, because I found the perfect shoes for your size, Eddie.” Bev smiled bringing over a pair of strappy gold sandals with a heel on them.

“Stilettos are easy.” Stan muttered.

Eddie tried them on and took a few steps in them. “Wow, these are cute.” Eddie walked in them easily, and Will was amazed.

Beverly handed Will some black boots that went up just below the knee. They were flat overall with a small lift in the heel. Will tried them on and was pleased to say they were comfortable. “I can definitely wear these.” Will nodded at Beverly.

The shoes for Stan were black pumps. He tried them on, and they fit well. He walked gracefully in them to everyone’s surprise. “I used to walk on my tippy toes all the time when I was younger. It’s still more comfortable, but I try not to for medical reasons.” Stan explained to them.

“Now for the accessories.” Beverly smiled as she let the boys carry their shoes while she carried the outfits.

Will, Eddie, and Stan both looked over the rack of different accessories together. Stan picked up a silver bangle bracelet, and a long silver heart necklace. Will picked up a black velvet choker with small studs, and a black beaded bracelet. Beverly seemed to approve of his selection but then grabbed a dainty silver bracelet with a moon charm hanging from it as well for Will. Eddie grabbed himself up a red and a yellow plastic bracelet and a butterfly necklace in a gold like his shoes.

“I think we’re done here, boys. Let’s go to check out.” Beverly smiled as they headed to the check out together.

They all pooled their money together, and easily bought the items. Beverly drove them back to her aunt’s place knowing it was the best place for them to get the rest of their looks sorted out.

Beverly had a bunch of hair extensions she had brought specifically for each of them to try. She clipped the blonde extensions into Wills hair, and he was nervous of how it would look. It took some time, but when she was done, she nodded at him. “This looks good and matches your hair almost perfectly. I only had a photo to work with, but I’m so glad I did good.” Bev gushed.

“Can I see it?” Will looked at her curiously.

Beverly held up a hand mirror and pointed at him. The hair went down to a little past his shoulders. It was long and straight with a silky feel to it. Will was quite impressed as he’d never seen himself with long hair, “I like it.” He smiled at her.

“Stan’s already tried on his extensions, because they were the hardest to match, so Eddie, you’re next.” She went over to the brunette before carefully placing the extensions in his overgrown hair.

They watched as Eddie was transformed along with Will. “You’re looking so good! No one will know that it isn’t your real hair.” Will stared over at Eddie amazed.

“We’re going to be the hottest bitches in the club.” Eddie grinned at them.

“I’m not so sure I will even resemble a woman.” Stan shook his head.

“Mike told me if you start acting negative about yourself that I am to remind you what he will do if he finds out, and if the negativity persists I am to tell him.” Beverly said without looking at Stan.

Will had no idea what any of it meant, but Stan blushed quite hard and looked away. “What is she talking about?”

Stan didn’t answer, but Beverly did, “Mike and Stan have this kinky dom and sub thing going on. It started initially so that when Stan was away at school, Mike and Stan were still able to affect each other romantically. Mike would tell him to do things over the phone, and if there was anything Ben or I could confirm, he’d have us relay messages back to Mike. I don’t exactly know what Mike does to Stan, but it makes him blush, and start acting a little more uplifted.”

Will looked a bit amused, “That’s alright, Richie and I do some games like that too. They’re probably not the same, but it’s fun.”

“Bill is like, such a fucking dom. I love it.” Eddie rolled his eyes back as he thought about his boyfriend, “Spankings were never fun as a child, but they sure are now.”

Will giggled a bit. “I’ve never really tried that stuff, but it sounds like you three are well into it.” Bev smiled at them.

“It’s fun.” Stan smiled a little but declined to say more.

“There you go, you’re all done Eddie.” Beverly smiled showing him the mirror.

“Wow, I do look good.” Eddie laughed a bit, “I never thought I’d say that after looking into a mirror.”

“Bill is going to love it.” Will looked him over.

“Tomorrow, I’ll your bras and panties figured out.” Beverly told them as she removed the extensions from Will’s hair.

“Bras and panties?” Stan raised a brow.

“Yes, I want you to look like actual women as much as humanly possible. Then of course, the day off I’m doing your nails, hair and makeup.” She informed them.

“That’s going to be so awesome. I can’t wait!” Eddie smiled brightly.

“I hope I can actually do things in fake nails.” Stan looked at his fingers.

“Well one thing you’ll be able to do is drag your nails down Mike’s back. He’ll love it.” Bev winked making Stan go a bit red again.

Eddie laughed a bit, “I think Richie and Bill might like that too.”

“You guys are all perverts.” Stan smiled.

“At least I wasn’t caught in the bathroom getting-“ Stan covered

Eddie's mouth before he could continue.

Beverly laughed, "Something tells me that's the thing Mike does to him when he's acting up."

Eddie nodded vigorously with the hand still over his mouth, "I'm just glad these idiots haven't spilled the beans to the rest of you." Stan rolled his eyes.

Notes for the Chapter:

> What did you think? Reviews are always appreciated!

16. Drag

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will, Stan and Eddie go to the bar with the rest of the losers in drag. They are very convincing.

Chapter 16

Will was hoping the black nails Bev had given him would be easy enough to remove when the night was over. They had all had their legs shaved as well as anywhere else that might be seen in their outfits. Will felt strange shaving his armpits for the first time, but he sort of liked it better that way. They changed into their outfits at the hotel room Will and Richie rented, and Beverly brought everything she needed over to get them all ready. The bras had been an interesting new look for them, not to mention the things they were wearing beneath their clothes to keep from showing any panty lines.

Beverly had already managed to dress herself and do her hair. She was wearing a green velvet dress that went perfectly with her vibrant short hair. She wore silver hoop earrings, and an anchor charm on a silver necklace. Her lips were painted cherry red, and she had natural makeup on her eyes.

The three guys in the room were letting their freshly painted nails dry while Beverly put extensions in their hair. She had taken before pictures, so she could use them for her beauty portfolio. Stan had been given a French manicure while Eddie had his nails painted a vibrant shade of red.

Stan's curls looked good with a little extra length on them. Will immediately understood why Stan was so self conscious about his outfit. He was wearing a shimmering silver and black zebra style tank top that stopped just below his belly button. There was an inch between where the top ended and the leather black skirt started. His hip bones were exposed, and that made Stan uncomfortable. The skirt around him stopped mid thigh, and it was extremely tight.

Beverly pinned back their hair once she finished adding the

extensions. She got out her make-up kit, and immediately got to work on their faces. Shadowing and highlighting was something she was extremely good with, and it made a lot of difference. Will was amazed to watch Stan and Eddie being transformed into women right before his eyes. She let the others give input on what colours might look best, and together they made good decisions.

Stan was given more natural colours on his face. His eyes were painted with skin tones and browns that seemed to suit him. Beverly gave him a set of false lashes, and winged black eyeliner on top, and dark liner on his water line. His eyes stood out the most as she intended. Finishing him off, she put a soft peachy nude lip gloss on his lips. He looked quite beautiful, and even though Will knew it was Stan, he wouldn't have guessed Stan was a man if he'd just met him that evening.

Eddie was done up with a soft gold on his eyelids, and a plum purple as a crease colour. It was blended beautifully, showing just how talented Beverly was. He was given a set of false lashes, and natural liner. Eddie's lips were then painted in a light red gloss. Beverly had to put some freckles back onto his face once she'd realized she covered them up entirely with foundation. Eddie looked less like a man, and more like a natural born woman, and Will was anxious to see what Bev would do to him next.

Will was a bit nervous as she started on his foundation, but he had complete faith in her. Stan and Eddie both watched. They gave some advice, and the three finally came to a consensus that Will was going to have dark smoky eyes. It felt good letting someone apply make-up to his face. He couldn't explain why, but it relaxed him.

Beverly finished off with his lips, and sat back to look him over, "Wow. I'm good." Beverly grinned.

Will watched as she held up a mirror to his face to let him see. Grabbing the mirror Will was shocked to see a woman staring back at him with dark shadowy eyes, and dark red lips.

"I've never looked so pretty before. This is amazing!" Will smiled brightly.

“Now let me finish with styling your hair, and you’ll be all set.” Beverly winked before she began working on their hair.

Their hair was left down but styled neatly to look more flawless. All the extensions went a little past their shoulders, but it was all manageable. When Beverly was done adding hair spray to their heads, she smiled brightly. “Alright, I think we’re ready to go see your boyfriends. They should be getting ready at Bills” Bev grinned excitedly.

They got their shoes and accessories. Stan had a black sweater that only covered his arms above the elbows, and his shoulders. Eddie opted to go sleeveless while Will pulled on the black leather half coat. The footwear went on next, and Stan walked out of the room in heels like he was born walking in them.

“Stan, you’re making me feel like a lesbian. You look so good.” Beverly ran her fingers through his curls on the way to the car.

“It’s weird, I’m not normally attracted to women, but you do look pretty good. Both of you.” Eddie giggled.

“I’m so nervous for Mike’s reaction.” Stan told them as they walked out of the building, and towards Ben’s car.

A group of guys walked by and stared at them, one of them whistling. “Oh, fuck off!” Stan yelled at them, surprising the men with his voice.

Beverly broke into laughter as she got into the car with them. “Is that honestly what women go through? That’s sickening.” Stan grimaced as they drove off towards the Denbrough house.

“Often, yes.” Beverly nodded.

When they pulled up to the house, the guys were dressed up rather nicely. Richie was in his leather jacket, jeans and his converse shoes. Mike wore dark jeans, and a clean white t-shirt. Bill wore black jeans, and one of his flannel red shirts over a black t-shirt. Ben was dressed in blue jeans and a navy sweater. They looked good.

The three guys looked at one another nervously before stepping out of the tinted car. Bev watched amused as Bill, Richie and Mike stared

a bit awestruck. “W-Wait… Y-Y-You look s-so good.” Bill stuttered more than usual looking Eddie over.

“Holy fuck, I’m getting an erection already.” Richie looked over Will who smiled at him gently.

Mike looked over Stan’s long legs, and then up towards his face, “My God… you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.” Mike licked his lips, and looked Stan over again, making him blush a little.

Ben looked at Bev, “You’re always beautiful like this so I’m just lucky all the time.” Ben smiled at her as he hugged her close.

The guys looked a bit nervous to touch their freshly done up dates. The sexual tension was so thick, Beverly was sure she could cut it with a knife if she had one. It was as though if they touched their boyfriends, they might ravage them in the street.

“Jesus fuck… holy shit…” Richie did a motion with his finger, “Can you turn around, I want to see it all.”

Will laughed a bit, “That’s not very gentleman-like.”

“When have I ever been a gentleman? Let’s get fucking real here.” Richie laughed.

“Do a spin, ladies.” Beverly encouraged them.

They so, and Bill, Richie and Mike seemed quite satisfied with the turn out. “Beverly, can you do this like once a week to them?” Mike asked with a smile.

“I’ll have to charge you.” Bev winked.

Eddie walked over to Bill, breaking the barrier between them. He rubbed his shoulders, “Do you like my booty shorts?” Eddie grinned amused.

Bill nodded, “Y-yes. Yes I-I-I do.”

“Let’s skip the bar and have a good old-fashioned orgy instead.” Richie looked around, receiving a glare of daggers from Stan.

“This ride to the bar is going to be awkward. I’m going to be slightly uncomfortable to sit on, I won’t lie.” Mike told Stan who looked a bit amused.

The group decided to have a few pre-drinks. Eddie decided to have a few too many, but he drank with a straw, so he didn’t ruin his lipstick. Stan and Will followed suit. By the time they’d had three drinks each, Beverly was adamant they head out together.

“Come on, let’s get going. I want to dance!” Bev told them as she got into the passenger seat.

Mike, Richie and Bill all sat in the back together first. It was difficult, but their three partners climbed in, sitting on their laps for the drive. “Richie… can you move your… um… boner? It’s poking me.” Will said awkwardly.

“Sorry.” Richie adjusted himself carefully.

They were more than ready to climb out of the car when they were finally at the bar just outside of Derry. It was nice looking, and it seemed to be thriving. The group headed inside together. Beverly was extremely amused by the fact that Richie, Bill and Mike were almost acting as if they were on a first date with their boyfriends. It just seemed so odd how they were trying to be impressive to someone who had already been dating them a while. Ben seemed to notice this as the three were quick to pay their way inside. Richie and Mike fought over who would get the door next making Beverly laugh so loud her stomach was hurting.

Once they were inside, Stan naturally went towards the seating area only for Mike to tug him towards the dance floor with the rest of them. Even Will decided to start dancing with Richie. They all looked a lot like how Eddie looked on the dance floor on a regular basis. That night was no exception as Eddie danced against Bill’s body, grinding eagerly with his back to Bill. Alternatively, Will had his arms around Richie’s shoulders, their fronts grinding together as they danced. Mike held Stan to him, Stan’s backside against Mike’s front. Stan got a little more into the dancing much to everyone’s amusement. Beverly and Ben danced much less sexual together, but still very close.

“Mike! Can I take Stan back to the apartment with Will and I?” Richie winked.

“You will have to pry Stanley from my cold dead hands, Richie. I’m taking him home tonight, and only Stan could stop me on that.” Mike told him very adamantly.

Stan ran his manicured fingers along Mike’s cheek, “What are you going to do to me when we get home?”

Will was amused with how confident Stan seemed to be all done up. He was much flirtier, and very sexy as he spoke. “I’m bending you over every piece of furniture I own for starters.” Mike purred kissing Stan’s jaw.

Will smiled at Richie, “I’m looking forward to going home with you as well.” Will grinned.

“I am going to fuck you like you’ve never been fucked before.” Richie winked, “You’re so beautiful.”

“I wish I could kiss you, but I’m afraid to smudge my lipstick.” Will giggled cutely.

Bill’s hands were very much wandering Eddie’s body as they danced. Eddie gasped as Bill pressed his lips to Eddie’s neck, leaving hickey’s as he sucked on his skin.

They all danced for a while, and Richie bought them all a round of shots. After the first hour, Stanley got some more alcohol to drink, and everyone was rather pleased to be introduced to ‘Party Stan’ as he danced around more freely, his body moving against Mike in a sensual fashion that would have made sober Stan embarrassed to witness.

Ben and Beverly were kissing as they danced together, and it seemed everyone was having a good night.

Richie leaned in and kissed Will’s neck slowly, sending a round of shivers up his spine. “Wanna go to the bathroom?” Richie whispered.

“Yes.” Will nodded.

Richie grabbed will's hand and pulled him off quickly. Bev could be heard shouting "Sluts!" at them much to Richie and Will's amusement.

The guys bathroom had plenty of stalls, and none of them were occupied at all. Richie pressed his lips to Will's not caring in the least that Will's red lipstick was smearing on his mouth as they kissed deeper. Richie pulled up Will's dress, and paused the moment he realized Will was wearing a thong. "Oh, fuck me… that's so fucking hot." Richie groaned before he hooked his finger in the sides of it, pulling it down.

Will stepped out of one side of his panties, and Richie pulled a lubricated condom out of his wallet. It was specifically put there for times they couldn't carry around lubricant. He opened it, tossing the wrapper behind the toilet carelessly before rolling it onto his erection. Will lifted a leg, wrapping it around one of Richie's hips as he was pressed into the door of the stall. "Mmm!" Will moaned as he felt the hard erection press its way inside of him.

"Fucking Hell, I love you so much." Richie kissed Will as he began thrusting hard up into him.

Will moaned loudly, his body going through blissful waves of pleasure with each drunken thrust inside of him. "I love you too, Richie." Will moaned, kissing along his jaw slowly.

Richie moved up into him repeatedly and looked into his eyes. He studied the green rims around Will's brown eyes. Hazel. They were a gorgeous hazel. "You've got the most beautiful fucking eyes I've ever seen."

"This is crazy romantic considering we're fucking in a bathroom stall." Will giggled, and kissed Richie's lips, "You're so beautiful, Richie. Those dark eyes, and full lips. I love everything about you."

Richie felt himself getting close, "Babe, I'm not gonna last much longer. You're too hot." Richie grinned a little as he panted.

Will could feel himself getting close as well. "Me too. Let it all go. I love the sounds you make." Will smiled.

Richie bit his bottom lip and thrust harder into Will, the door of the stall threatening to bust open any second. He drilled hard up into Will's prostate. "Oh God! Oh Richie! Richie! Fuck!" Will squealed and gripped his erection to keep his climax from getting all over Richie's shirt as he released hard into his hand.

Moaning loudly, Richie let himself release hard into the condom. "Fuck…"

Richie pressed his forehead to Will's as he panted. Will cupped his face gently, "Kiss me." Will spoke softly, only have his request met almost immediately after.

They remained in their position for several minutes, Richie still inside of Will as they kissed lovingly against the bathroom stall. When they finally pulled apart, Richie carefully slid out of will, tossing the condom in the toilet. "This is one of the dirtiest places I've ever fucked someone." Richie admitted with a grin, "I'm glad it was with you."

"Me too." Will smiled amused, "Oh shit, let me clean your face off. My lipstick is everywhere."

Richie smiled and the two of them adjusted their clothes before exiting the stall and heading over to the mirror to clean their faces. When they returned to the others, they were all seated at a circular booth table, drinking together. "How was th-the b-b-bathroom?" Bill asked amused.

"These two assholes were fucking against the door of a stall. Can you believe that shit?" Richie winked.

"Yeah, they were really loud too, and absolutely obnoxious." Will joined in with a grin.

Richie noticed that Mike and Stan were making out heavily in the booth. It was amazing to see Stan using so much tongue in public like that. "That's hot." Richie nodded approvingly.

"I don't think they can wait to get home either." Beverly commented.

"At this point, I can wait, but only because I can't go two rounds that

fucking fast." Richie grinned.

Mike's hands were rubbing up Stan's thighs, and it looked like any minute they were gong to undress each other. "I've never seen Stan like this before." Eddie commented.

"It's like we're in the Twilight Zone." Ben nodded.

"As long as they're having fun, who cares?" Bev smiled.

Mike's hand disappeared under Stan's skirt, and Mike paused for a moment, and looked into Stan's eyes, "Are you wearing a thong?" Stan just smirked.

"Can I see?" Richie asked.

"Beep beep, Richie." Stan said before Mike was back to kissing him heatedly.

"I think more of us should join in on the make out train. Eddie? Will? Please commence making out." Richie waved a hand as if magic would make it so.

Richie didn't actually expect them to kiss, but he had to throw in his perverted train of thought anyway. Will was a little surprised when Eddie climbed onto his lap, straddling his legs as he cupped Will's face in both hands and began kissing him.

Bill and Richie watched, each having the best view of the two. Will placed his hands on Eddie's sides gently, and kissed him back, his eyes closed. Their lips parted, and Eddie's tongue made its way into Will's mouth.

"This is beautiful." Richie said staring at the two as they kissed slowly.

"I ag-agree." Bill nodded watching intently.

"You guys are hopeless." Bev sighed propping her head up with her hand as Ben gently stroked her back.

"Why? Because we're enjoying two beauties making out together? I'd

say our dreams are coming true if anything." Richie fist bumped Bill over their boyfriend's heads.

Mike kissed down Stan's jaw and Stanley took a glance at Will and Eddie, "This is like watching two girls make out… dresses and all." Mike pulled Stan's chin back in his direction to kiss his lips again.

"This is the b-b-best idea you've had all night, Richie." Bill decided.

"I think all my fucking ideas are the best." Richie responded.

"You would say that." Ben laughed.

Eddie was grinding his pelvis against Will's. The blonde let out a surprised sound, and then a soft moan. "Yeah h-he does that." Bill nodded a bit.

Richie leaned in and kissed Will's neck gently, causing more sensual sounds to come from Will. "We sh-should take them home together." Bill said watching them kiss excitedly.

"God I wish…" Richie sighed stroking Will's hair gently.

Within the hour everyone decided it was time to go home. The car ride back was getting a little sexier than Ben and Beverly expected as everyone in the back seat was locking lips with their partner. Stan and Mike were dropped off first, "What parts of Stan's look do I have to give back?" Mike asked Bev.

"The extensions only. Everything else is his now." Beverly told him.

"I'll make sure not to destroy them, but I can't promise the same for the clothing." Mike winked before they exited the car.

When Richie and Will made it back to the hotel Bill laid Eddie down in the back seat. "We'd better drive them home fast." Ben sighed, "See you, Richie and Will."

They waved looking amused as Bill climbed over Eddie excitedly. "Good luck with that." Will giggled as they shut the door and headed inside.

Richie got their hotel room opened up, and led Will inside, locking it behind them. “God, tonight was the hardest night to keep it in my pants. You’re so hot…” Richie wrapped his arms around Will, kissing him eagerly.

“Well you didn’t actually keep it in your pants. You fucked me in the bathroom remember?” Will giggled as Richie kissed down his neck.

“Can I fuck you again?” Richie asked between kisses.

Will didn’t answer, he simply began undoing Richie’s pants, tugging them down as they kissed. Richie groaned, and pulled down his boxers. Will let himself lie back on the bed. Richie leaned down, and grabbed the panties from Will’s hips, pulling them completely off. “Fuck, you should wear these more often for me.” Richie grinned.

“They’re really comfortable, so definitely.” Will smiled and watched as Richie lubricated himself before leaning over him.

“You’re a fucking blessing.” Richie before inserting himself inside Will.

Will watched Richie pull his ankles up to his shoulders, “Make it hard, babe.” Will purred, even more excited with alcohol in his body.

Richie moved hard into him, “Your wish is my command.”

Will moaned, his back arching as Richie moved into his prostate roughly, “Richie! Fuck!”

His legs began to go numb as Richie’s thrusts hit his prostate just the right way. “Bend me over, please Richie, bend me over!” Will begged.

Richie nodded, “Keep saying sexy things like that, and they’ll fucking happen.” Richie grabbed Will’s hips and turned him onto his stomach.

Once Will was on his hands and knees, Richie got on to the bed behind him, abandoning his remaining clothes before inserting himself again, “Oh God… How are you so fucking good?” Richie asked as he moved hard into him.

Will was a mess of moaning and screaming. The feelings of pure pleasure took over his body, and he was having a hard time being coherent when he screamed out. Richie's legs were aching with each movement he made, but he couldn't stop, he was too worked up. "Fuck! You're so tight! God damn!" Richie moaned loudly.

Arching his back, Will bit his lip, feeling a wave of pleasure that nearly sent him over the edge. "I can't hold on! Oh God Richie! You're going to make me come!" Will moaned, gripping the bedding in his fists.

"Come for me, babe. I fucking love the sounds you make…" Richie grinned, gripping Will's hips harder.

Will panted heavily and arched his back as his insides clenched hard around Richie, "Oh God! Yes! Richie!" Will let out loud orgasmic noises as he came hard.

Richie's eyes rolled back and he released into Will. "Fuck! Will!"

Will went limp, and felt Richie pull out of him. Will rolled onto his side, and Richie let himself lie down facing Will. "You really do make a hot girl, Will." Richie smiled at him, his cheeks a bit red from both arousal and the alcohol.

Smiling at him, Will cupped his face, "You're probably really hot done up like a girl too, and I don't even like girls."

Richie smiled and took Will's hand from his face, examining his nails, "You should have totally ran these down my back. I would have let you."

"No way! I'd probably slice you up." Will laughed a little.

"Nah, I can take it." Richie grinned.

"Maybe tomorrow?" Will smiled at him.

"I hope so." Richie kissed his lips. "Want me to help you get undressed?"

Will nodded, and Richie got to work undoing the dress, and pulling it

off. Will got up and wiped the make-up off his face. There was some residual liner left over on his face, but it didn't look bad. Richie lifted Will up bridal style and placed him on the bed. "There's my beauty!" Richie kissed all over his face making Will giggle.

"Thank you for appreciating my real face." Will laughed.

"Always." Richie grinned before wrapping his arms around Will.

Dragging his nails gently up Richie's back, he watched Richie shiver, "You can do that any time you want…"

Will laughed, "Tomorrow you better be ready for it."

Notes for the Chapter:

Thoughts? Comments? Leave them with me!

17. Home Sweet Hell

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will take a visit to Richie's childhood home. Will gets to meet Maggie Tozier for the first time.

Chapter 17

Will carefully removed the fake nails as Richie checked out his long pink back scars in the mirror. “I have to show everyone these…” Richie grinned before putting a shirt on.

“I am really glad you like them.” Will smiled as he took the final nail off. “Thank God, they’re gone.”

“I liked them.” Richie smirked.

“I know you did, but it was impossible to do normal things in them.” Will laughed.

“What did you want to do today?” Richie turned back to look at him curiously.

“Well… could I… see your house?” Will asked, a bit concerned about Richie’s reaction.

“You really want to see that?” Richie asked.

Will nodded, and Richie shrugged, “I mean, I we can, I just don’t think you’ll enjoy it. My parents are dicks.”

“I know, you’ve told me. I just really want to see where you grew up.” Will explained.

“That’s fair. I’ll take you right now if you want?” Richie suggested.

Will nodded, and the two got ready, Will making sure his makeup from the night before was entirely gone before exiting the hotel. They both headed to Richie’s truck together and got inside. Richie started

the engine and began driving out of the parking lot.

They passed Bill's place driving through the residential area. Will watched as Richie slowed down the truck and pulled up outside of a white house with nice siding. "That's it there. Want to go in?" Richie asked, "We may get kicked out, just a warning."

Will nodded, "Yeah, I'd like to see."

Richie and Will got out of the truck and walked up to the front door. Will was a bit surprised to see the door was unlocked. Richie stepped into the first room which happened to be the living room. Will followed, and spotted a woman sitting on the couch; she looked a lot like Karen Wheeler. "Wentworth?" she asked, looking drunk already and it was only eleven in the morning.

"It's Richie, mom." Richie told her.

"I thought you were dead?" She looked confused.

Will furrowed his brows realizing how out of it she was. "Why would you think that?" Richie questioned her.

"Wentworth said there was a car accident." His mother had a bottle of whiskey in front of her that was a third empty. "I'm so glad you didn't die." She slurred.

"That would be a first. Last time you told me you wished I was dead." Richie scoffed a bit.

"Richie… is this your mother?" Will asked him softly.

Richie nodded, "Yes. This is Maggie Tozier. My drunk mother."

"Did she drink most of the bottle already?" Will asked concerned.

"Probably. She wakes up early and starts the moment she gets up. My father usually gets her a couple of bottles every night after work. He's probably at work now." Richie spoke casually.

"Wentworth?" Maggie spoke suddenly, "Can you run out and get me another bottle of whiskey?"

“Mom, it’s Richie. I’m not getting you any more whiskey, you’ve got some right in front of you.” Richie pointed to it on the coffee table.

“Oh…” She laughed a bit, but it seemed like a dead laugh as she picked up her bottle, drinking straight from it.

“She’s not ok, Richie.” Will tried to tell him.

“I can see that.” Richie furrowed his brows at Will.

“No I mean… you told me your parents hated you… I don’t think she knows what’s going on to hate you.” Will tried to get it through to him.

“She’s always been this way ever since I can remember. I barely know what she was like before she got deep into alcoholism.” Richie sighed.

“Then you can’t see how bad this really is, because you’re used to it. Why does your father keep giving into this? I can understand how someone living alone or with children can become an alcoholic, but this… he’s aiding her alcoholism.” Will touched Richie’s arm, “You don’t even know your own mother, you just know this.”

Richie thought about it for a moment and swallowed, “Nothing I can do for her. My father won’t help her. I wouldn’t know where to begin.”

“What I don’t understand is why he lets her do this. If he loved her, he’d have stopped this a long time ago.” Will furrowed his brows as she watched the TV before her.

Richie looked at Will, “He doesn’t love her. He doesn’t love anyone.”

Will looked at him sadly, “Richie… is he abusive?”

“He hurt me occasionally as a child, yes. Ever since I turned sixteen, he hasn’t touched me.” Richie shrugged.

It hurt Will to hear Richie respond so casually. He was so used to abuse that it didn’t stir any sort of normal response. “Does he yell? Is he verbally abusive?” Will questioned, feeling a bit bad for prying but

it was necessary.

“Yeah, he yelled at us all the time.” Richie nodded.

Will felt like he might have understood. “So, he liked yelling at her from what you can tell? He liked to fight with her?” Richie nodded, and Will swallowed, “Can I use your phone?”

Richie furrowed his brows, “Sure. It’s in the kitchen.”

Will followed Richie and walked over to the white phone on the wall. He picked up the receiver and began dialling a number. Richie watched silently as Will waited for someone to answer. The phone was answered at the third ring. “Karen Wheeler speaking.”

“Karen? It’s Will Byers.” Will said into the receiver, his hand shaking a little.

“Will? It’s nice to hear from you. Were you looking for Mike? He and Eleven are at your house visiting.” Karen told him.

“No, I called to talk to you actually.” Will told her.

“Oh? What’s the matter?” She asked sensing something was wrong.

“Karen, I’m at Richie’s right now. I just saw Maggie, and I didn’t know who else to call, but Maggie needs help.” Will said abruptly.

Karen paused for a moment, “What do you mean? What kind of help?”

“She’s an alcoholic, and she’s not coherent at all. She doesn’t know Richie from Wentworth, and I doubt she even knows what year it is.” Will explained.

“Can I talk to her?” Karen asked.

“I’ll try to get her to come on the phone.” Will nodded before looking to Richie, “Can we get your mom on the phone?”

Richie nodded, and walked into the living room, “Hey mom, your sister is on the phone.”

“My sister?” She looked excited, “Oh, I miss Karen!” She looked excited, and it made Will want to be sick as he remembered Karen telling him that Wentworth always told her she didn’t want to speak to Karen.

Richie helped her up and had to hold her slender arm to keep her from staggering into the furniture. She was so sickly thin, it made Will worried about her eating habits. Will handed Maggie the phone, and she pressed it to her ear, “Hello?”

Will bit at his bottom as he watched Maggie speaking to her sister. “I don’t know what you mean… I’m fine… no Wentworth is standing right here; do you want to talk to him?” Richie rolled his eyes at that and shook his head, “I’m not sure what you mean... I’ve never said that, I always like talking to you… Will? Who’s Will?” Richie took the phone from her and held it out to Will.

“Come on, mom. Let’s get you back to the couch.” Richie took her arm carefully.

Will put the phone to his ear, “It’s Will.”

“This explains so much.” Karen sounded like she was crying on the other end of the phone. “Will, I’m coming to get her. When does Wentworth work? I don’t want him to interfere with this.”

“I’ll ask.” Will looked to Richie, “When does your father work?”

“He’s a dentist, and ever since I was little, he’s always worked nine to five on week days.” Richie told him.

“I heard Richie, its going to take a bit for Ted and I to get there, but we’re going to take her away from that place. Tell Richie to pack up anything important and take it with him. When I come, I’ll have to pack up what I can, but if there’s anything I miss, he may never see it again.” Karen warned him.

“I’ll let him know. Thank you.” Will said relieved.

“No, thank you for letting me know, Will. I wish I had known this long ago.” Karen told him honestly.

“It’ll be better now.” Will assured her.

“I think so. Goodbye, Will.” Karen said.

“Goodbye.” Will hung up the phone and looked at Richie.

“What’s going on?” Richie asked.

“Karen’s coming to get her. It’ll take them some time to get here, but she’s planning to get your mother away from your father. Karen told me if there’s anything you want to keep from this house, take it. She’s going to pack what she can of your mom’s, but she might not get everything important.” Will relayed the message.

Richie looked thoughtful and nodded. “Alright. Let’s go upstairs then. I should see if I can get some of my mom’s things.”

Will followed Richie upstairs, and noticed that the house didn’t really seem clean nor dirty. It just seemed to exist in a constant state of barely-cared-for without reason in Will’s opinion.

Richie led Will into a bedroom that seemed to be his parents. “My mom has a jewellery box that has a lot of really important things in it. I’ll take that for her.” Richie walked over to the dresser and picked up a mahogany box that was a fair size.

“Do you have any photo albums? We could try to take those for her too.” Will suggested.

“Good idea.” Richie nodded, handing Will the box as he opened her closet.

Will watched him rummage through a few things before he pulled out two photo albums that looked to be very old. “These should be all of them. Anything else, I don’t think she cares that much about.” Will had to admit, it was noticeable that there were no photos on the walls of the family, just paintings of flowers and landscapes.

“I hope you’re ok with me doing all of this.” Will said feeling a bit strange.

“Of course, I am. I guess I just feel a bit odd.” Richie admitted,

making Will feel a little less crazy for feeling something was off.

“Odd how?” Will asked as they left her room to take the items downstairs.

“Well, I guess I should have done something a long time ago… I just didn’t know… you know?” Richie looked at him honestly.

“I get it. You didn’t see it like it was.” Will nodded.

“All those times she told me she wished I was dead, she probably didn’t even know who she was talking to… I guess I just thought she was aware of what was going on to some degree. I was convinced she hated me, but maybe she just doesn’t even really know me.” Richie looked down as they entered the living room.

Will rubbed his back gently, “She’s gonna get some help now. Her sister cares about her a lot. You might actually be able to meet your real mom, and not this thing your father made with abuse.” Richie nodded.

“I’m going to take these to the truck. I’ll be right back.” Richie said to him before heading outside.

Will headed into the kitchen and looked in the fridge. He pulled open the cupboards and looked around to see what kind of food was present. He wound up pouring a glass of orange juice and making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. He was halfway through the sandwich when Richie returned. “What are you doing?” Richie asked with curiosity.

“I’m making her some food. She’s really thin, I doubt she’s eating well.” Will explained.

Richie smiled at him, “Thank you. That’s really sweet.”

Will finished the sandwich and handed it to Richie on a plate along with the orange juice. “Can you take this to her?”

Richie nodded, and headed into the living room with the food. He set it in front of Maggie, and sat down beside her, “Mom, here’s an sandwich for you.”

She picked up the sandwich, and began to eat it, her eyes focused on the television as she took a bite. Will sat beside Richie and watched as she ate quietly. She got a few bites in before Richie handed her the glass of orange juice, “Here’s something to drink.” Maggie took the glass and looked at Richie before she took a drink.

“I miss Richie.” She said suddenly.

Richie looked at her for a moment, a sad expression on his face, “Mom, I am Richie.” He told her, sounding almost ready to cry.

Maggie put the glass down, and cupped his face in both hands, looking into his eyes, “You’re so handsome. How long has it been?” She asked confused.

Richie held her hands gently, “Mom, I’ve only been gone a few months.”

She looked a bit sad, “I thought I lost you years ago.”

“No mom. I’ve just been at school.” Richie tried to tell her.

Maggie let go of him after a moment, “I’m happy you’re still going.”

“Eat your sandwich.” Richie reminded her and watched as she picked it up to finish it.

She stared at the TV as she finished her food, and Will felt better that she was eating something. “Richie, we should make sure to get the things out of your room that you want to take with us.” Will reminded him.

“Yeah, I will.” Richie said picking up his mom’s orange juice and handing it to her, “I just want to make sure she gets this orange juice into her.”

Will nodded in agreement and watched her slowly drain the glass. Once it was gone, Will and Richie took the plate and the glass to the kitchen before heading upstairs. Richie opened his bedroom door. “Welcome to the place I masturbated for like eighteen years.”

Will smiled for the first time since they entered the house, “Richie…”

“It’s true, I did that a lot in here.” Richie grinned at him.

The room was a navy blue, and he looked to have taken a lot of his wall decorations to the dorm with him. Will did notice there was an old swimsuit model calendar on his wall stuck on the month of August. “You didn’t bring this to the dorm with you, I’m surprised.” Will pointed at it.

Richie laughed, “I felt like my slutty babes would make you a bit uncomfortable.”

“I can handle your slutty babes, Richie.” Will smiled and unpinned it from the wall to take with them.

“This is why I love you.” Richie wrapped an arm around his waist and kissed his lips gently.

Will smiled and looked around his room. “Is there anything you want to take with you?”

Richie looked around, and mostly anything left behind was worthless to him. His shelves were empty, and the only things left behind seemed to be random cut outs from magazines, and a few nick knacks that didn’t seem meaningful. “Nah, just the slutty babes.”

Will smiled as they headed downstairs together, “Should we stay with her for a bit?”

“I don’t know. She usually just watches TV all day.” Richie shrugged, conflicted about what to do.

“We don’t have to, there’s no pressure. I just didn’t know.” Will looked at him, “Are you sure that’s everything we need to take with us?”

Richie looked around the living room and picked up a small porcelain piggy bank with rose designs on it. “Maybe this… I remember it being here since I was little.”

Will nodded, “Alright then.”

Richie said goodbye to his mom and headed out the front door. They

got into Richie's truck and closed the doors. "I'm really glad we came here." Richie told Will who was still holding Richie's calendar.

"I am too." Will smiled gently at him.

Richie leaned over and cupped Will's face, "I really love you." He told Will with a serious expression, "You really are the best thing that's ever happened to me."

Will leaned in and kissed Richie lovingly. A few tears fell from Richie's eyes and hit Will's cheeks as they kissed. Will pulled back and cupped his face, wiping the tears away. "It's going to be alright, baby." Will told him.

Richie nodded, sniffling. "I just wish I had done something before now…"

Will looked at him, "All that matters is something is happening now. Don't beat yourself up over this. You could only do so much with what knowledge you had."

Richie nodded and sat back in his seat normally, "Let's go see if anyone else wants to have lunch or some shit. I need to take my mind off all this."

Will nodded, "Yeah, let's see who's still hung over from last night." Will smiled at him.

"My money is on Stan to be honest." Richie laughed a bit.

"Why Stan?" Will asked, "Wouldn't Eddie have been the drunkest?"

"Eddie drinks a lot on a normal basis, but Stan never drinks." Richie reminded Will with a smile.

"That's a pretty good point. Eddie seems like he knows how to handle his liquor anyway." Will nodded.

"You two looked pretty good together last night. Damn, I wish I'd had a camera. That was some good shit." Richie grinned.

"You're just hoping for a repeat." Will looked at him knowingly.

“I would give anything for a repeat. I would also love to take Bill up on his suggestion of the four of us going home together.” Richie winked.

“Maybe if you’re lucky.” Will smiled, “Bill’s cute after all.”

“Oh, someone wants that Denbrough dick I see.” Richie nudged him playfully.

“I didn’t say that, I just said he’s cute.” Will laughed.

“Well let me tell you, Bill would try to give it to you if he got his way.” Richie pulled onto the road with a smirk, “You’re just his type.”

“Short and good looking?” Will giggled.

“Exactly!” Richie pointed a finger at him.

Notes for the Chapter:

> What did you think of this chapter? Let me know in the comments!

18. March 22nd

Summary for the Chapter:

> It's Will's Birthday, and Richie makes a big to do out of it. Will much appreciates it.

Chapter 18

Will felt fingers running through his hair, and lips gently pressing into his neck on the morning of March 22nd. It was a school morning, and it was also Will's birthday. Will hadn't made any plans or even mentioned his birthday to Richie for months. He normally didn't care much for his own birthday, but his mom always made a big to do over it.

He had been dreaming of being at a zoo with Richie. Their hands clasped together, and they walked together through the crowds of people who didn't jeer them or make disgusted faces as they held hands. It had felt so nice not to be judged in such a public place.

It often bothered Will when they'd go out together, and hold hands only to be given dirty looks, and cold remarks. It made Will wonder why people cared so much as it didn't have anything to do with them. Still, Will knew the world wasn't going to change very quickly, but hopefully one day it wouldn't be viewed as disgusting.

Will smiled a little in his sleepy state as Richie spooned him and pressed his lips into Wills temple. "Morning beautiful." Richie spoke softly.

Turning his head, Will pressed his lips into Richie's. "Mm… good morning handsome."

Richie held Will as he turned to face Richie with sleepy eyes. "Is it almost time for class?" Will asked.

"There's no way I'm letting you go to class on your birthday, babe." Richie smiled at hm.

Will rubbed his eyes and looked at Richie, "You remembered." He

smiled.

“Why wouldn’t I? You’re only the most fucking important person in my life.” Richie kissed his lips.

“I don’t know, I usually don’t do much for my birthday. Mom usually makes a bigger deal than anyone.” Will shrugged.

Richie stroked his hair softly, “Well I wanted to make a big fucking deal out of today, because I love you.”

Will ran his hand up Richie’s arm gently. “Let’s go find some food.”

Richie got up with Will, “As you wish ma’ lord.” Richie made an old English accent as he spoke.

They pulled on some clothes, Will wearing his campus sweater over a pair of jeans. Richie put on his jeans that had several rips in them along with a black band t-shirt and a white and blue Hawaiian shirt. “What are you feeling for breakfast?” Richie asked curiously.

“What ever the cafeteria is serving I suppose.” Will giggled a bit, “It’s probably going to be eggs, and bacon.”

“What if I were you tell you that I am taking you on a super fucking amazing adventure down to the bakery for your birthday?” Richie looked at him curiously.

“Well, I’d have to kiss you.” Will told him before leaning up and pressing his lips to Richie’s. “Thank you, Richie.”

The raven-haired man kissed him back and hugged him, “Anything for you, Will.” Richie smiled.

They left the dorm together and headed for Richie’s black truck. The moment they got inside, Richie started up the vehicle. Will stared out the window as the scenery passed them by. Orono was a rather nice area to live, and Will appreciated the effort the home owners seemed to put into their front lawns as they passed.

They pulled up outside of the bakery that was quite close to the record store Richie worked in most nights of the week. They had

some of the best baked goods in all of Orono, and Will could hardly wait to try something new.

It was fairly busy as they stood in line together. Everyone shuffled their way up to the counter as Will looked up at the menu, “What did you want to get?” Richie asked him.

“Maybe the raspberry danish. I haven’t had one in forever.” Will suggested.

Richie nodded, and placed their orders, “A raspberry danish, and a chocolate éclair, please.” Richie said adjusting his glasses.

“Anything for drinks?” The lady at the counter asked.

“Two coffees.” Richie responded.

They walked over to a free table near the window with their orders. “So, I was thinking about the end of the school year a lot lately. I hate that we have to move out for the summer.” Richie said to Will a bit sadly.

Will nodded, “Yeah, I thought about that too.”

“It got me to thinking, we’ve both been working, and putting money aside. Mostly yours has been at the campus coffee shop, but still… did you want to think about an apartment for next semester?” Richie asked him curiously.

Will looked at him for a moment, “Are you sure we could afford that?”

“I think we could. We might have to work a little bit more though.” Richie told him. “It might mean we see each other less, but we’d have our own home.”

Will stared into Richie’s eyes, “You really want to live with me?” Will couldn’t help but smile a little at the idea of it.

Richie smiled handsomely and nodded, “Yes. I fucking want to live with you forever if I can.”

Will grabbed Richie's feet with his, and held onto them, "I'd love to. I was thinking of finding something that had better pay anyhow."

"Please say you're going to try out stripping." Richie smirked.

"Actually, that's exactly what I was thinking." Will kept a straight face.

"Well thankfully I already sent in your resume to every since strip club in town. They're all interested it turns out. I enclosed some naked ass photos of you sleeping." Richie responded in a serious tone.

"Looks like I have a few jobs lined up then. This is going to be great!" Will giggled, breaking the serious expression.

Richie laughed, "Actually, how would you feel about working in the book store near the grocery store? I saw they had a sign up for part time." Richie suggested.

"A book store would be nice. I'll see about handing a resume in there." Will nodded before taking a bite of his danish.

Richie began putting far too much sugar in his coffee while Will watched amused. Richie eyed him, "Quit judging me.'

Will giggled, "I said nothing."

The two ate together, enjoying the good food they'd ordered. "I want to go to the park today if that's alright with you. I know it's still cold, but its sunny so it will be tolerable down there." Will suggested as they went to Richie's truck.

"I can take us there now if you want." Richie opened will's door for him before going to his driver side door.
"That would be awesome." Will got into his seat, and buckled in.

Richie popped open the glove box surprising Will as there was a wrapped gift in green paper sitting there for him. "Richie, you're so sweet." Will smiled, and pulled out the oddly shaped present, setting it onto his lap.

“I wanted to get something nice, especially after all you did for me at my birthday.” Richie told him as Will began to unwrap it.

Will realized it was a video camera. “You got me a camera? That’s awesome!”

“I got it for a couple of different reasons. One, so we can fucking film awesome movies together. Two, so I could record you a few things for viewing.” Richie hinted.

Will turned the camera on and opened the side panel curiously to view the small screen. He pressed play and it was at the beginning of the tape already. Watching curiously, he saw Richie with his guitar as the first video.

Richie remained silent as Will watched the video on their way to the park. “Hey Will, I wanted to do something thoughtful for your birthday, so I wrote you some songs. This first one is called Wildfire.” On the tape Richie began strumming his guitar to a beautiful tune that felt flawless, and from the heart.

“Richie, this is so wonderful.” Will looked over at him, feeling the emotions bubbling in his chest.

Richie smiled at him, “You deserve it, babe.”

Will watched the videos Richie made as they pulled up to the parking area of the park. Richie turned off the truck and watched the video with Will who was very invested in what was on screen. “You have such a beautiful singing voice, Richie… you should sing more often. Maybe even professionally.” Will smiled at him, love brimming in his eyes.

When the videos were over, Will wrapped his arms around Richie’s neck. “This is hands down the best birthday present I’ve ever gotten.”

Richie kissed him gently, “Don’t say that yet, you haven’t even seen me cover myself in whipped cream, and dance naked for you yet.” Richie winked.

“Oh baby, that’s going to be so hot.” Will giggled kissing him lovingly.

They spent a little more time in the truck kissing before Will pulled back, “Let’s go for a walk.” Will suggested.

Richie got out with Will and followed him. They brought the camera with them, and Will held onto Richie’s hand despite the people who frequently passed them by. “I was reading the present you gave me last night while you were sleeping.” Richie told Will as they walked.

“Yeah? What did you read?” Will asked curiously.

“I read that someone likes public affection but is afraid of what people will do or say. I also read how much you enjoy being around nature together with me.” Richie said squeezing Will’s hand gently.

Will looked down, and then up at Richie, “Yes. I just want to be able to kiss you and hold you anywhere. I hate that some people can be so cruel about it as if it’s wrong.”

“Fuck them. Who cares what they think? Let’s make out on that bench over there.” Richie pointed at a wooden bench under a small sun shelter.

Will smiled a little, looking up at Richie, “You know, that doesn’t sound like a bad idea.”

The two walked over to the bench and sat down together. Will felt a bit nervous initially; it was a busy place that day. Richie glanced at Will’s camera with a strange look on his face, “What is it?” Will asked.

“We should make out on video and watch it later.” Richie grinned.

Will rolled his eyes and giggled, “You’re so dirty.”

“You think that’s dirty? Wait until you see my suggestion for our next romp in the sack.” Richie smirked.

Will cupped Richie’s face in both hands and leaned in to kiss him. Richie was pleased to see Will taking the plunge despite the people around them. Richie wrapped his arms around Will, holding him closely as they kissed slowly.

It had been quite some time since they kissed the way they were. Will had fond memories of their first date as he kissed Richie deeply. The way their tongues worked together was like magic and they knew what felt good after so much practice. Will's fingers found their way to Richie's black curls. Will let his fingers wrap in the soft strands.

Will felt himself heating up inside as their mouths moved together sweetly. "Mmm…" Richie groaned pleasantly.

Tugging on his hair a little, Richie grunted before pulling back, "You're traipsing in dangerous territory now, mon amore." Richie said in a horrible French accent.

"Your Peppy La Pew voice isn't turning me on, oddly enough. Your tongue is though." Will grinned a little.

"You wanna go find somewhere a little more private?" Richie suggested, "I think we killed about twenty minutes here anyhow."

"Let's go back to bed and stay there for a few hours." Will suggested.

"I might be persuaded to do a few dirty things there with you, Mr. Byers." Richie nipped Will's lower lip before getting up with him.

"You better, Mr. Tozier." Will giggled, lacing their fingers together again as they walked back to the truck.

A few people shot them dirty looks, but Will just smiled and waved at them making them uncomfortable. Richie found it amusing and struggled to stop himself from laughing each time Will did this. By the time they made it to the truck, Will had pissed off three old ladies with it.

Richie got into the truck with Will, and the two of them burst out laughing, "That was so good. They looked more shocked by your reaction to them than us holding hands." Richie snickered.

"You'd think once you get that old you'd just be over worrying about who is sleeping with who." Will smiled a little as Richie started the engine.

"Fuck, I'd be more worried about stealing little blue pills from the

pharmacy if I was that old." Richie pulled out onto the road. "Should I make any stops before we go home?"

"Can we stop and get cherry flavoured lubricant? I want something to lick off you." Will said surprising Richie a little.

"Are you sure this is your birthday and not mine?" Richie smirked.

"It might be hard to tell once we get started." Will smiled as Richie kissed the back of his hand gently.

"Well thank fuck for you being just as horny as I am." Richie laughed pulling up to the sex shop. "Anything else you want in here?"

"I should be ok." Will giggled, "Hurry back."

"Oh, I fucking will." Richie shut the car door behind him and headed inside quickly.

Will didn't have to wait long as Richie was back out, and in the truck before five minutes had passed. Richie drove back to their dorm room, both very eager to get back. They headed inside as quickly as possible before locked the door upon entry.

Will turned on the camera, and Richie looked at him questioningly. "What are you doing?" Richie questioned.

"I thought you said we could make a movie." Will bit his lip looking amused.

"Oh fuck, you really want to? I mean, fuck I'm down!" Richie tossed the lube on the bed and watched as Will aimed the camera at their bed before hitting record.

Richie and Will walked into frame together. Richie wrapped his arms around Will. He pressed his lips to his neck, and slowly pulled off Will's shirt and sweater. Will stripped Richie out of his shirts and undid his pants and pulled them off along with his boxers off his body. Will was next to lose the bottom portion of his clothing.

Will gently pushed Richie back onto the bed with a cute grin on his face that Richie drank in like wine. "You want to play rough huh?"

Richie grinned at him as he let himself lie back.

“Maybe I want to make the movie interesting.” Will giggled.

Richie popped open the lubricant with his thumb and Will straddled his hips taking it from him. He poured it onto Richie’s chest, and rubbed it in with both hands all the way down to his naval. Richie enjoyed the feeling of being massaged by his boyfriend. “Fuck, are you sure this isn’t my birthday?” Richie smiled as Will leaned down, and licked up Richie’s chest slowly, allowing his lips to suction around his skin.

“Mmm… definitely my birthday. I’ve always wanted to taste a cherry flavoured Richie.” Will winked as he moved lower sucking on his abdomen gently.

Richie watched Will add more lubricant to his hands as he remained propped up on his arms. Will stroked the lubricant into Richie’s hard erection, giving him a quick hand job before Will’s mouth replaced his hand. Richie groaned, and tilted his head back as Will eagerly blew him; the fact they were on camera made Richie’s body tingle with excitement.

It felt so good what Will was doing with his tongue to ensure he got all the flavouring off. Richie moaned out, his eyes closing blissfully. “Oh… you’re so good with that tongue babe…” Richie praised.

Will continued to suck until all the flavouring was gone. He added more lubricant to Richie’s erection before he slid down onto it. “Shit!” Richie grabbed his hips, surprised and delighted Will was going to ride him.
Will gripped Richie’s shoulders, and began bouncing on top of him, steadily. “Oh my God… you feel so fucking good…” Richie rubbed Will’s hips and let himself lie back on the bedding.

Leaning down, Will pressed his lips to Richie’s while he rolled his hips to keep the pace exciting to Richie. The taste of cherry on Will’s tongue was both enticing and satisfying to Richie, “Mmm…” Richie moaned into his mouth, and rolled them so he was on top.

Will stared up at him when they broke their kiss, “That’s not fair. I

was just getting started." Will looked into his eyes.

"Don't worry birthday boy, you're in good hands." Richie winked, and gripped both of Will's legs so he was in the 'L' position on his back.

Richie began thrusting his hips hard into Will, angling his cock so it rubbed hard into Will's prostate. Will gripped the bedding below him, "Oh! Richie!" Will moaned to Richie's delight.

"That's it. Scream for me baby." Richie panted heavily as he moved his hips quickly, knowing the pace drove Will crazy.

Will's toes began to curl, and he felt like he was building up too fast. "Richie! You're a fucking God!" Will cried out as bliss ran through his veins with each thrust Richie made.

"I'm so glad we're recording this." Richie grinned, biting his lower lip before he slowed his hips, pumping slow but deep thrusts into Will to keep him from going over the edge.

Will gripped the bedding desperately, "Oh my God, Richie… this feels so good…" His chest heaved as the excitement bubbled within him.

Richie opened the lubricant and began pouring some on Will's torso. He let Will's legs down, and Will wrapped his legs around Richie's hips in response. Richie leaned over him, and began dragging his tongue along his torso, collecting the lubricant on his tongue. "Mm..." Richie licked his lips and pressed his mouth to Will's as he kept thrusting at a steady pace.

Will let his fingers get lost in Richie's dark mane of hair as they kissed heatedly. Richie kissed him deeply, before he began kissing down his jaw slowly. Will gasped for air, moaning as Richie made it to his neck, kissing slowly.

"Harder… please fuck me harder…" Will moaned in a more submissive tone.

"As you wish, baby." Richie braced his hands above Will's head and began thrusting hard into him.

Will let his arms fall back onto the bed above his head. “Oh Richie! Please make me come!” Will begged.

“Always.” Richie grinned as he reangled himself a little to ensure he was hitting Will’s prostate head on.

The sounds that came out of Will next indicated Richie was hitting all the right places. After a bit of indistinguishable begging, Will’s nails dragged down Richie’s back, sending a round of pleasure through Richie, “Oh fuck, Will!” Richie moaned.

“Richie!” Will arched his back off the bed, his mouth hanging agape, “Oh God! Yes! Fuck!”

Richie felt Will’s erection start to spew his seed all over his abdomen. The warmth of the liquid flowing over him satisfied him, and he found himself coming as Will’s inner walls flexed around him repeatedly during his orgasm. Richie came hard, filling Will up with his seed as he panted heavily over Will. “Shit… fuck… oh Jesus… you’re so good, babe.” Richie leaned down and kissed him lovingly.

Their lips and tongues were connected for several minutes as they allowed each other to come down from their high before Richie pulled out slowly. “Mmm… should I turn the camera off now?” Richie grinned, reminding Will once again they were filming.

“Oh, yeah I forgot about that… please.” Will nodded as Richie got off him, and walked over to the camera, ending the recording and turning it off.

Will moved up to the pillows and rested his head back against them. He had the lubricant in his hand, “We are going to go through this stuff so fast.” Will smiled a little putting it on his night stand.

Richie wiped the semen off his abdomen before he climbed onto the bed and pulled the covers up over them both. “Damn straight we are. It gives me another excuse to lick your body all over.” Richie held him close, and kissed his lips, “So how much sex did you require today, my dear?” Richie grinned at him.

“Once we’re able to, I definitely want to do it again. Maybe this time

I could fuck you?" Will smiled a little.

"Of course, you can, I love when you top even though it's rare." Richie hugged him warmly, kissing his neck, "You're so cute when you fuck me."

Will giggled, "I'm not sure if that's a compliment or not but thank you."

"Oh, it's a compliment. A huge compliment." Richie smiled kissing his lips, "Cute turns me on, and you my lovely boy, are cute." Richie booped his nose.

Will shook his head with a smile, "You're killing me here." Will giggled, "I guess if that's what you're into though, I am glad I fit the bill."

Richie kissed him, "Sort of like how you find tall dark and dorky attractive." Richie laughed.

"The dorkier the better." Will giggled, leaning into him, "Best birthday ever." Will sighed, a satisfied expression gracing his face.

Notes for the Chapter:

> What did you think of Will's big day? Let me know in the comments!

19. Orphaned No More

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie gets a call from his mother for the first time since she was removed from Derry by her sister. It gets emotional.

Chapter 19

Richie had been lying on the bed, strumming his guitar while Will inked a few pages of his latest comic at his desk. When the phone rang, Will got up and answered the phone, “Hello?”

“Hi, is Richie there?” A female voice on the other end asked.

“Who’s calling?” Will asked.

“His mother.” The voice responded, and Will paused for a moment before looking a Richie.

Will’s hand covered the microphone as he looked at Richie who was staring at him curiously, “It’s your mother.”

Richie set his guitar aside and sat up, taking the phone. “Hello?”

Will sat down at his desk again but watched as Richie spoke with her on the phone. “Congratulations on being clean for thirty dates, mom.” Richie said with an unreadable expression on his face.

Richie was quiet for a while as Maggie seemed to be speaking on the other end of the line. He looked thoughtful, and he nodded his head a few times. Will noticed tears welling in his eyes, but Richie remained silent and still even as they rolled down onto his cheeks. “Yeah, I understand. I don’t hold anything against you…” Richie told her softly.

Will walked over to Richie, and sat beside him, holding his hand gently. Richie squeezed a little, and allowed Will to sit with him, hand in hand. “Yeah, we will probably be back in Hawkins for the long weekend in May. I’ll visit you for sure.” Richie told her keeping

the composure in his voice much to Will's surprise.

"Alright. Keep doing what you're doing, mom. I love you too." Richie's eyes watered some more as tears streamed down his cheeks. "Bye."

Will hung up the phone for him, and looked back to see Richie sitting cross legged, his elbows propped on his knees as he covered his face in both hands. His glasses were abandoned on the nightstand. "Richie… are you alright?"

Will sat down next to him, his hand gently rubbing Richie's back. "Yeah… I'll be ok." Richie whispered so his voice didn't crack.

"Was it a good call at least?" Will was sure it was, but with the way Richie was crying he had to wonder.

Richie nodded and wiped his eyes before pulling his glasses back on, "Yes."
Will understood if he wasn't ready to say much, he got the information he needed from Richie. Wrapping his arms around Richie warmly, Will sat in silence with him as Richie cried for several minutes. Will ran his fingers through Richie's hair, and kissed his forehead gently.

Richie finally looked over at Will, ready to speak it seemed. "My mom, she's been in a rehabilitation facility in Hawkins. Today was her first month sober. She didn't want to talk too much about the rehabilitation, but she said once she regained her mind again, she wanted to talk to me." Richie's mouth twitched as he fought back more tears, "She needed to make sure I-I knew… she loves me." Richie let out a choked sob, removing his glasses again to wipe his eyes.

Will rubbed his back, "It's ok babe, I'm here."

Richie spoke again through sobs, "She needed to let me know, because she was s-scared I thought she hated me… which I did for so long… so fucking long…"

Will hugged him, pulling Richie's head to rest on his shoulder, "It

was the alcohol talking, not her."

Richie nodded his head, "She apologized for not being the mother I needed, and she asked me if I'd be willing to try again."

"You accepted I take it?" Will ran his fingers through Richie's hair soothingly.

Richie nodded his head, "Yeah. I get to see her next month." Richie sighed, allowing the weight off his chest to disappear.

"I'm so happy we went to see her." Will smiled gently.

Richie sat up, and pulled Will in for a tight, warm embrace. "Will, thank you so much." Richie pressed his lips to Will's gently, "If it hadn't been for you… my mom would still be like that, and… I'd never have known how she actually feels. You're seriously a blessing, and I don't fucking deserve you."

Will cupped his face, "Baby, you deserve to be happy. Don't ever think you don't." Will kissed him again.

Richie locked their lips together, and they kissed each other slowly, comfortingly. The kissing turned into a steady make out that neither Richie or Will wanted to break from.

The feeling of being gently pushed back made Will comply, his back resting on the bed. Richie broke the kiss to pull off his glasses one final time, tossing them in the night stand before looking down into Will's eyes, "Did you…" He wasn't sure if Will was in the mood or not, but he felt the need to ask.

Will nodded, "Yes."

Richie pulled the t-shirt from Will's body slowly before tossing it on the floor. Will ran his hands up underneath Richie's shirt before pulling off the black band t-shirt. Richie leaned over Will again, pressing their lips together for gentle kisses before Will worked at getting Richie's belt undone.

They didn't speak. There was a certain heaviness to words that would just weigh them down if they uttered a single word to one another.

The heaviness that filled the air was one of love, and compassion. It was all they needed.

They removed their remaining clothes and pressed their lips together. Will wrapped his legs around Richie's waist, and guided Richie's erection inside of him. Richie let out a soft moan as he was pressed all the way inside. Wills mouth kissed its way down to Richie's neck, his teeth gently grazing against Richie's shoulder as they moved together slowly.

Running his fingers down Richie's back, Will enjoyed every bump and dip in his skin as Richie's hips moved slowly, but forcing him deeper into Will's body. The only sounds in the room were the soft creak of the bed springs, and their breathing. Will cupped Richie's face looking into his eyes as they moved together. Richie placed a kiss on Will's lips, smoothing out Will's hair gently.

The feelings running through them were pure emotions of love. It was intense for both of them, but they continued their mutual silence.

Richie felt Will gain a little force as he pushed on Richie's shoulder, sending him on his back, Will on top of him. Will sat so Richie was deep inside of him as he straddled Richie's hips. Letting his fingers gently brush over Richie's skin, Will lightly dragged his fingers down Richie's chest towards his abdomen as he began moving at the same pace Richie had been going.

Hands moved to his hips, and Richie's eyes fluttered shut as he helped guide Will's hips. He was starting to get the hang of being on top, and it seemed an appropriate time to ride Richie. Moaning softly, Richie bit his lip, moving Will's hips a little faster, indicating how fast he wished Will to go.

Moving a little faster, Will was following the signs Richie was giving him visually. Cupping Richie's face, he leaned down and kissed him, their tongues mingling together deeply. Richie let out a few moans as Will kept the pace as they kissed. It sounded to Will that Richie was going to go any time.

The point of it was to get Richie off, at least that's how Will felt. He

wanted to make him feel good and give him a release. It didn't matter to Will either way if he got off. It felt good to just love Richie rather than just have sex to get off.

Richie inhaled sharply through their kiss, and Will sat up, looking into the dark obsidian eyes below him. Richie's eyes were struggling to stay open, and he rolled his eyes back as he moaned loudly, his body finally releasing. Will could feel the warmth spilling into him, and he remained where he was seated. He kissed Richie softly on the lips for a few minutes, allowing Richie to come down from the high.

"Y-You didn't come." Richie opened his eyes as they parted lips.

"I don't need to." Will assured him as he carefully slid off Richie, lying next to him, "I just wanted you to feel good." Will assured him, rubbing Richie's chest gently from the place beside him.

Richie ran his fingers through Will's hair, "I love you so much. I really can't imagine being with anyone else, but you."

Will smiled softly at him, "I love you too. I'm pretty convinced there's no one else for me out there. Just you." Will kissed him lovingly.

Richie smiled warmly, and held Will close, "Are you sure you don't want me to help you come?"

Will shook his head, "I don't need to."

Richie kissed Will's forehead gently, "You're a better man than me… I'd be in dire need after that. Hell, I'd probably be fucking the bed if I thought it would get me off."

Giggling a bit, Will felt the room shift to a lighter mood, "Are you feeling alright?"

Richie nodded, and pulled his glasses onto his face, "Yeah, I feel like I have my shit together now. It's just the weirdest thing to go through most of your life feeling like an orphan in a sense, and then one day wake up and you have a mom, and she loves you." Richie shrugged a bit, but Will knew he was playing it off as casual. "Too bad I don't have a dad though."

“As a guy who grew up without a dad in the picture most of the time, I think it’s important to have your mom in your life. Your dad, you don’t need. He’s not worth your time.” Will assured him.

“You’re right about that.” Richie nodded to him.

Will hugged him close, “You know, it’ll be nice to see her in Hawkins. It’ll give you another reason to come home with me.”

“That’s a good point. I really hope everything works out with my mom. I’m just super worried she’ll get clean and then go back into her old ways.” Richie admitted.

“I think if she’s living in the same place as her sister, she’ll be ok. She’s got someone around who loves her. Who knows, maybe I can introduce her to my mom and they can spend some time together. My mom doesn’t have too many friends ever since everything that went down when I was a kid.” Will explained.

Richie nodded, “I think they’d get along from what I can remember of my mom.”

Will smiled, “This is going to be a good thing.” Will held Richie’s hand, “You’re going to get to have a mom. I’m so happy for you, babe.”

Richie kissed him gently, “Me too.”

They remained cuddled together for a long while before Richie glanced over at Will’s desk. “Are you almost done the next issue of your comic?”

“Yeah, I’m just inking the last couple of pages. Can’t wait to read it?” Will smiled at him.

“You fucking know it. Have you tried to look into any publishers yet?” Richie asked periodically.

“Not yet. I want to get more done before I think about publishing.” Will explained to him.

“Maybe if I talk to Bill, he’ll know someone to send it to when the

time comes.” Richie told him.

“That would be cool.” Will nodded.

“Come on, let’s go celebrate my mother’s incredible rehabilitation journey with some milkshakes at the diner.” Richie smiled at Will.

“That sounds like a good idea. I could use a means to refuel after having sex anyway.” Will said as they both got up off the bed together.

“Last one to the truck gets a spanking!” Richie said as he pulled his clothes on quickly.

“So… does that mean you want me to hurry or not?” Will smiled a little, “I’m half tempted to give you a head start.”

“This is why I keep you around.” Richie pointed at him.

Notes for the Chapter:

> What did you think about this chapter? Let me know in the comments!

20. Maggie

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie head to Hawkins to see Maggie Tozier after her initial recovery.

Chapter 20

Will and Richie headed to Hawkins for the long weekend of May together. Their train ride was cozy as most people were at the opposite end of the train. They cuddled together with their heads touching for most of the ride.

By the time their train pulled up in Hawkins, they were ready to stretch their legs. Pulling their bags onto their shoulders, they headed outside to see Jonathan's car waiting for them. "Oh God… I don't think I'm ever going to get over the fact my brother knows we had sex twice." Will told Richie as they walked to the car.

"I'm sure he knows we fuck like rabbits by now." Richie grinned amused.

Will grumbled, and got into the front seat, tossing his bag in the back. "Hey guys, how was the trip down?" Jonathan asked smiling as he hugged his brother.

"It was good. Thanks for picking us up. Mom was going to, but she ended up unable to cancel for a shift." Will thanked Jonathan as his brother pulled out of the train station.

"That's no problem." Jonathan responded before glancing at Richie in the rear-view mirror, "You been staying out of trouble, Richie?"

"I would, but then life wouldn't be interesting." Richie grinned, his sunglasses shielding his eyes.

Jonathan laughed a little, "Good answer."

"We're going to see his mom this weekend. It's sort of the main reason we're home." Will explained.

“His mom is in Hawkins?” Jonathan looked surprised.

“Yeah, she’s in rehabilitation for alcoholism. She’s doing a lot better now. She called me and asked me to come visit her. This is the weekend she would be allowed to spend with my Aunt Karen.” Richie informed Jonathan.

“Well I’m glad to hear she’s doing better.” Jonathan said as he dropped them off at Will’s place. “Did you guys want me to drop you off anywhere before I head back into town?”

“Well… maybe the Wheeler house?” Will suggested.

Jonathan nodded, “Of course. Just get your stuff put inside, and I’ll take you.”

Will and Richie headed inside together and dropped their bags off in Will’s room. Will pulled out his latest comics for Jonathan as they headed out of his room. “Do I look ok?” Richie asked as they passed the mirror in his room.

It was sweet that Richie wanted to look good for his mom. Will gently smoothed out some hair on his head and smiled at him approvingly, “You look good. Your mom is going to think you’re so handsome, just like I do.”

Richie kissed Will gently, “You’re getting a secret blowjob tonight for that.” Richie winked.

“Oh, one of those silent under the blankets at two in the morning blowjobs?” Will asked amused.

“You better believe it. If we hear your mom though, it’s mission abort!” Richie joked as they headed back out to the car.

They got back into the car and drove towards the Wheeler house. “How’s Nancy doing?” Will asked curiously.

“She’s happy with her new job. We’re both still getting used to living in a house together, but it’s a nice change for both of us.” Jonathan smiled.

“That’s good. You two deserve it.” Will watched as they pulled up to the Wheeler’s house, “Thanks for the ride Jonathan. I brought you my latest comics too. Let me know what you think. Sorry for the short time frame to read them.” Will apologized.

“It’s no problem. I’m likely going to finish them tonight.” Jonathan laughed.

“Awesome. Let me know what you think.” Will smiled as he and Richie got out of the car, “See you tomorrow.” Will waved as he closed the car door.

Jonathan smiled and drove off once they were out of the car. Richie decided to be the one to knock on the door as he was blood related. Will stood next to him as Karen opened the door, “Richie! You have great timing, we just picked up Maggie.” Karen hugged him warmly.

Karen pulled Will in for a hug next. “I’m so glad you see you, sweetheart.” She smiled at Will warmly. “Thank you again.”

Will looked at her gently, “It was the right thing to do.”

Karen nodded at that and let them both come inside. Sitting at the table, hands wrapped around a cup of coffee was Maggie Tozier, her dark hair looking much cleaner than the last time Will had seen her.

Richie looked at her and froze in his spot. It was definitely a weird moment for Richie, but Will didn’t speak, he stood nearby and waited for Richie or Maggie to do something. Maggie stood up and wrapped her arms around Richie’s shoulders. Will saw Maggie’s eyes glistening with tears as she pulled her son close. “My baby… I’ve missed you sweetheart.”

Richie’s arms wrapped around her, and Will could see his hands shaking a bit. “I’ve missed you too, mom.” Richie spoke softly, his voice so close to breaking, but only Will could tell.

Karen placed a hand on Will’s shoulder, catching his attention, “Let’s give them a minute.” Will nodded and followed Karen into the living room.

They sat on the couch together, and Will worried about Richie, even

though he was just in the other room. Karen placed a hand on his. “I’ve talked to Maggie a lot since we went and picked her up. I visited her almost every single day. She was so lost when I first came and got her, not like I remember her at all. I find it hard to believe it was almost thirteen years since I had last spoken to her.” Karen spoke quietly, but loud enough Will couldn’t mistake the sorrow in her voice.

Will’s eyes were locked on her face as she spoke to him. “My sister never should have married Wentworth. I never liked him growing up, but I never realized he was going to lead her down this path.” Karen looked emotional, Will could feel it in his chest.

“Richie told me a while back Wentworth had thrown out the invitation to Nancy’s wedding. Richie just happened to spot it in the trash. His father was mad about him noticing the letter, but Richie decided to come to the wedding anyway. It makes me wonder how many letters Wentworth threw out.” Will sighed sadly looking down as he considered the fact he could have known Richie sooner.

“He intercepted calls, I know that much. He liked the monster he created out of her. He could abuse her, and there were no consequences.” It makes me sick to think about it.” Karen looked down sadly, “I should have gone with my gut, and gone there instead of hoping she’d call me back one day.”

Will pulled Karen in for a hug. “This isn’t your fault. You did what you could once you knew the truth. That’s more than I could say for most people.”

They let go of one another, and Karen had a tear rolling down her cheek that she quickly wiped away, “I just feel so bad for Richie. The poor boy never had real parents to raise him…”

“He turned out pretty good considering.” Will looked at her softly.

“He did.” Karen smiled, “I think things are going to be a lot better now.” She nodded her head at Will.

“How is she? I mean… how far along in her recovery?” Will asked a bit nervously.

“She’s able to reside with family, but she’s not recommended to live on her own just yet. She’s staying in Nancy’s old room for now. Holly has been excited to have her here, and I think it will be good for Maggie to be around her niece during this time. We’ve done our job or purging all alcohol from the house, and even things like rubbing alcohol and hand sanitizer are locked up so she isn’t tempted.” Karen explained.

“Does she ever go through withdrawals at this point in her recovery? That’s the part I’m most worried about.” Will confessed.

“She’s past the worst of it. Maggie gets the cravings, but the actual withdrawal is over for her. I can’t imagine the pain it caused her to go through it, but it was necessary.” Karen sighed a bit.

“Was Wentworth gone when you arrived?” Will questioned.

“He was. I haven’t received a call or anything from him, and we certainly didn’t leave any clues as to where Maggie went. He probably is still there, wondering what happened.” Karen shrugged, “She’s not going to be returning to Derry, and she herself expressed she’d rather be in Hawkins. Derry holds nothing but bad memories for her now.” Will nodded, and Karen looked at him gently, “I didn’t know until after the wedding you and Richie were together. I think you two make a lot of sense together.” Karen smiled warmly.

Will smiled immediately, “You do?”

Karen nodded, “He’s loud, and craving attention. He’s always been that way. You’re quiet, and you listen to people. You care more than most people I’d say. You’re both smart, and kind-hearted people. You’ve been through a lot in your life, and I think it’s about time you found someone that makes you happy.”

Will smiled and looked down as he considered her words, “I’m much happier since I met him. It’s been hard for so long coming to terms with the fact I’m gay. I had to accept the fact that not everyone was going to understand. I hated it at first, and I just wished I could like women, so no one would say anything bad about me. Since meeting him though, I just feel like it all makes sense. He makes me happy to wake up every day. I can’t think of a time when I was that happy

before him."

"That's love." Karen smiled, rubbing his arm gently, "Who cares what everyone else thinks? In my opinion, they're just jealous because they'll never be as in love as you two."

Will smiled at her, "I'd like to think so too."
When they heard laughing coming from the kitchen, Will and Karen decided to come back into the room together. Maggie and Richie looked up from the table, and smiled at them, "Hey, welcome back." Richie smiled.

"Are any of you hungry? I was thinking of making something for lunch." Karen told them.

"I'm starving. I never thought you were going to feed me." Maggie joked.

Karen rolled her eyes, and smiled, "Well I was working on egg salad last night. We could have it as a side or on sandwiches."

"Oh my God, Aunt Karen, I love your egg salad sandwiches!" Richie perked up eagerly.

Will laughed, "That does sound good." Will smiled back at her as he took a seat next to Richie.

Karen began crafting sandwiches for everyone out of the egg salad. Richie put an arm around Will, "Mom, this is my boyfriend, Will Byers. He's sort of the reason you're sober right now."

Maggie looked at Will, "So you're the fucker I was wanting to strangle my first week in recovery." Will's eyes got bigger for a moment before he realized she sounded exactly like her son.

"Maggie!" Karen scolded looking over at her.

"Oh, I've heard you say much worse growing up." Maggie scoffed.

Will laughed a little, "Now I get where his sense of humor comes from."

“I am fairly certain I developed this sweet sense of humor on my own but thank you for giving her credit anyway.” Richie grinned.

“So how long have you been together?” Maggie asked them before leaning towards Richie, and looking into his eyes, “Is it too late to give you the talk?”

“Much too late.” Richie nodded.

Will went bright red the moment he said it and averted his eyes. “Now you’ve made him uncomfortable, Richie.”

“I’m ok.” Will shook his head a little.

“Me? You’re the one who brought up the talk!” Richie stared wide eyed.

“This is true. I mean you two could have been waiting for marriage for all I knew, so I suppose it’s really Will who gave it away.” Maggie eyed Will, “Now I know what you’ve been doing with my son.” Will covered his face.

“This is really not appropriate lunch conversation.” Karen eyed her sister.

“Shall I talk about that time in high school when you went out with Louie Jacobs?” Maggie asked.

“No!” Karen pointed a knife at her sister, “You said you would never speak of it again.”

“I want to hear about Louie Jacobs.” Richie grinned.

“Do you want your sandwich or not, Richie?” Karen threatened.

Richie looked down sadly, “I never want to speak of Louie Jacobs for as long as I live.”

Karen placed the plates down in front of them, “Smart boy.” Karen smiled a little.

“Does Ted know about Louie?” Maggie asked as Karen sat down with

them.

“Do you know the meaning of ‘shut your trap’ Maggie?” Karen asked.

Maggie grinned a little, “I’ll be nice.”

Will laughed a little. “To answer your question from before, we met last summer, and we’ve been together ever since.”

“Well I approve. You both seem really happy together.” Maggie smiled at Will, “You’re such a cute couple.”

“That’s what they say.” Richie nodded with food in his mouth.

Will ate his sandwich, feeling proud of himself for having helped Richie’s mother out. She seemed like a fun, and lively spirit. It was nothing like the shell of the woman he had first met months ago. He chose to bury those memories of Maggie as they were not the real Maggie Tozier. The woman sitting before him at the table was and she approved of them dating.

“Is there anything fun to do here in Hawkins?” Maggie asked as she drank the iced tea from her glass.

“Not really. I mean it’s very similar to what I’ve seen of Derry.” Will made a face.

“We have the library, the movie theatre, and the kids all spend their time at the arcade.” Karen explained.

“I’d like you to meet my mom sometime.” Will told Maggie, “I think you’d like her.”

“His mom is really hot.” Richie joked receiving some eye rolls.

“Keep it in your pants.” Maggie scolded him before turning to Will, “I’d love to meet your mother sometime. Aside from seeing Karen, I haven’t really spoken to anyone outside of my house in over a decade.”

“We’re staying there tonight, so I can ask her about it.” Will informed her.

“What’s her name?” Maggie asked curiously.

“Joyce.” Karen answered.

“You tell Joyce if she wants to go see a movie some time, I’d be interested.” Maggie smiled warmly.

“Great.” Will smiled radiantly.

“I can see why my son is so taken with you. You’re adorable, and you have a beautiful smile.” Maggie smiled, enjoying how Will blushed.

“Don’t worry, mom. I tell Will he’s beautiful all the time.” Richie smiled.

“Good, because if you didn’t, I’d have to hang you upside down by your toe nails.” Maggie said earning a round of laughs.

Will liked Maggie. Will liked Maggie a lot more than he expected he would.

Notes for the Chapter:

What did you think of this chapter? Let me know!

21. Reminiscing

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie's mom shows off some baby photos before the boys goes back to the Byers home for some quality time together.

Chapter 21

Richie had brought Maggie's things over the following day. She went straight for the photo albums the moment she saw them. "Will, did you want to see some baby pictures of Richie?" She grinned.

"Oh fuck…" Richie groaned when he realized what he'd started.

Will spent most of the afternoon looking through Richie's baby photos much to his amusement. Richie was an adorable child. It made Will's heart feel like it was bursting as he saw pictures of him before he was even old enough to walk yet. Richie piped in with the odd negative comment here and there, but Will was enjoying his time with Maggie Tozier; she was a cool person.

"Let me tell you, he used to rip his diaper off all the time on me. I'd find him running around butt naked constantly. He hated clothe in general." Maggie told Will as Richie ate the chicken Caesar salad Karen had put out.

"He's still like that. He would rather be naked than clothed most of the time." Will giggled.

"I'm sure you don't mind that much." Maggie winked making Richie laugh.

"Being naked is much more comfortable. Why wear clothes unless you are leaving the home? That's my motto." Richie said as if it was law.

"So, you don't mind if your dear old mother runs around the house naked?" Maggie asked watching as Richie made a face.

“Fuck that, you can keep your damn clothes on!” Richie shouted making Will laugh loudly.

Maggie smiled, “How the tables have turned.”

“Yeah, yeah, you win that round old woman.” Richie scoffed as he continued to eat his salad contentedly.

“I’m looking forward to seeing Mike when he comes home. Richie and Mike looked so similar all their lives. It’s almost a wonder they aren’t twins.” Maggie smiled as they found a picture of the two playing outside as young kids.

“Mike is a lot different from Richie, but they do look a lot alike.” Will agreed, “Mike tends to be a little more serious about things, but it’s something I’ve come to admire about him.”

“What’s the deal? Quit gushing about my cousin while I’m sitting right here.” Richie joked.

“Why? You jealous?” Will faked a serious tone.

“I am! He’s so tall, and good looking and… oh… oh wait… so am I!” Richie laughed almost maniacally, which made Will lose composure as he laughed.

“You’re such a dork.” Will laughed.

“Mike doesn’t call nearly as much as I’d like him to.” Karen told Will, “Maybe you should tell him to call his mother next time you hear from him?” Karen smiled a little.

“Oh, I’ll tell him, Aunt Karen. I’ll give him shit for not calling you more often.” Richie was a little hyper it seemed, but Will didn’t mind as it meant he was comfortable and happy.

A knock at the door caught their attention. Karen got up and headed over, unlocking it. “Oh, hey Joyce. Nice to see you.” Karen smiled letting Joyce in.

“Am I too early picking you boys up?” Joyce asked as she realized they were still eating when she walked in.

“No, it’s ok.” Richie said looking up at Joyce, “Joyce this is my mom, Maggie Tozier.” Richie introduced her.

Joyce smiled, holding out a hand. “Hello, I’m Joyce Byers.”

Maggie shook her hand, “It’s nice to meet you. You’ve got a lovely son.”

“Oh, well thank you. He is pretty lovely.” Joyce ran her fingers through Will’s hair, messing it up a little.

“Mom…” Will complained as he fixed it carefully.

“Will was telling me we should spend time together. I’d be interested if you are.” Maggie told Joyce.

Joyce nodded, “Absolutely, he mentioned this last night. I work a fair bit, but I am available Sundays for the most part.”

“Any day of the week works for me. It’d be nice to get out for a bit.” Maggie smiled.

“Maybe you’d like to come with us sometime, Karen?” Joyce offered.

“That would be nice.” Karen smiled.

Will and Richie waited around as the three women spoke for a while longer. When they finally got to her car, Joyce looked at them, “Your mother seems nice. I’m sorry she had to go through so much recently.”

“It’s better for her.” Richie nodded, “Besides, she wasn’t happy in her alcohol coma.”

“I’m not surprised to hear that. It’s sad what addictions can do to people.” Joyce sighed as she drove them to her place, “I’m sorry about this honey, but I’ve got to cover for Joe for three hours at the store. I’m going to drop you two off, and then head over to the store.”

“That’s ok. When will Hopper be home?” Will asked curiously.

“Not until five if you’re lucky. You know him, he’s always late.”

Joyce shrugged as she pulled up her driveway.

“We’ll see you tonight.” Will smiled at her before climbing out of the car.

“Have a good shift.” Richie bid her as he got out.

She waved at them before heading off to work. Will walked inside with Richie, “So, that was sneaky of you to ask when someone else would be home.” Richie grinned.

“You caught that did you?” Will smiled at him.

Richie pressed Will into the front door, kissing him eagerly. They’d had a little fun that previous evening, but it wasn’t the same when there was the possibility someone might hear them. Will wrapped his arms around Richie’s shoulders, and melted into their kiss. “Mm.” Will pulled back to speak, “Shower.” He said before Richie caught his lips again.

“Good idea.” Richie breathed as he headed down the hall with Will, the two of them shutting themselves in the bathroom together.

They pulled off their clothes and started the water, waiting for it to become the right temperature to get in. Richie cupped Will’s face. Looking into Will’s eyes longingly, “You’re amazing, you know that? You’ve done so much for me, and my family. I don’t know what I can ever do to pay you back for all this.” Richie looked at him gently.

Will smiled, and shook his head, “You don’t owe me anything, I love you.”

Richie grazed his thumb over Will’s beauty mark on his upper lip. “I fucking love that mark above your lip. It’s so sexy.” Richie kissed him, “You ready to get in?”
Will nodded, “Yes.” Richie got into the shower first, and Will stepped in next.

They pulled the curtain across to keep the water out of the bathroom. Richie wrapped his arms around Will’s waist, pulling him close. Will rested his hands on Richie’s shoulders, pressing their lips back together. They enjoyed showering together, but on campus it just

wasn't private enough.

Richie broke their kiss, and pressed Will's front against the wall. Feeling Richie slide inside carefully, Will moaned softly. "Gentle or rough?" Richie asked, kissing along his neck.

"Rough." Will responded before Richie began moving his hips hard into him. Will's eyes teared up as Richie slammed hard into his prostate, sending a wave of pure pleasure through him. "Oh God! Richie!"

Richie grinned, "That's it, scream it baby."

Will groaned as he bit his lower lip, "I love your cock so much, Richie…" Will arched his back as Richie continued moving hard into him.

"Oh fuck… keep talking like that…" Richie moaned gripping Will's hips tighter.

"It feels so good! Oh God! Don't stop!" Will braced himself against the wall, the position he was in made every single movement of Richie's hips send him into pure bliss.

Richie reached around with one hand, and gripped Will's erection at the base. "Richie! You're going to make me come too hard…" Will whined.

"That's what I want." Richie grinned as he slammed hard into Will, another round of orgasmic moans escaping the blonde.

"Richie! Oh God! Fuck!" Will cried out desperately as he felt the building up of his body intensify.

Richie felt Will's insides spasm around him. Leaning in, he pressed kisses up Wills spin as he jerked his penis off. Will began to cry out louder, his body shaking as he reached his peak. It didn't take much longer before Will released, his semen coating Richie's hand. "Fuck, I love your orgasm noises." Richie kissed his shoulders slowly.

Will panted heavily, gasping for air desperately. "Richie… did you come?"

“Not yet. I can finish myself.” Richie suggested.

“No, just fuck me.” Will said half dazed.

“It won’t be too much stimulation?” Richie asked.

“I don’t care… I want you to come.” Will told him, still catching his breath.

Richie moved quickly, knowing he was close anyhow. Will moaned softly, gripping the wall. Richie licked his neck, tasting the water droplets on his tongue. “Mm… fuck, you’re so hot…” Richie moaned before bucking his hips a little faster, “Fuck!” Richie groaned as he released hard inside of Will.

Will felt him slide out, and he shakily turned around with Richie’s help. “God… now it’s time to fucking really shower…” Richie smiled a little.

Will poured some shampoo into his hand before rubbing it into Richie’s hair gently. He moved his fingers in a circular motion, massaging Richie’s scalp lovingly. “I feel so good after that…” Will sighed with relief.

“Thank God you love fucking as much as I do.” Richie closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of Will’s fingers on his scalp.

“I can’t even believe I spent most of my life sexless… now that I’m having it almost every day with you, I don’t know how I would ever go back to that. It’s so relaxing, and so amazing.” Will giggled.

“I wish we had gone to high school together…” Richie said seemingly out of the blue after Will rinsed Richie’s hair.

“Yeah?” Will asked curiously as Richie began massaging his scalp gently with shampoo on his hands.

“I read one of your secrets you left for me the other night. You said you had a crush on someone in your grade ten science class?” Richie reminded him.

“Oh, yes. Todd.” Will nodded, “What about that?”

“If I could, I’d totally have gone back in time and just swept you off your feet. I could have taken you to prom and everything.” Richie smiled at him.

Will smiled back, “That would have been nice.” Will let his hair rinse off before he grabbed the body wash, rubbing it gently onto Richie’s torso. “I would have said yes.”

“I also read what you fantasized about doing to Todd… you dirty boy.” Richie winked.

Will rolled his eyes, “I’ve done that with you already, and even more than that. I don’t think that one fantasy compares to our sexual history in the slightest.” Will laughed as he gently rubbed soap along Richie’s privates.

“I also enjoyed the part about you getting super erect in the boys locker room the first time you saw people changing for gym.” Richie grinned, “You reminded me of myself, only that was every single time I went in that fucking change room.”

Will sighed, his eyes rolling a bit, “That was the worst time ever for me. I was really lucky no one saw that I had boner. I could have had my ass beat back in grade nine for being gay.”

“Hey, I got my ass beat all the way back in grade five. It wasn’t even for being bisexual either. Kids just like beating up other kids. I would have protected you though and offered my dick as a source of comfort.” Richie winked.

“The worst part is, I probably would have accepted that as a source of comfort. Grade nine was the worst year for me. My hormones were going crazy, and I was almost constantly horny. I couldn’t even look at my English teacher without getting stiff.” Will grumbled as Richie carefully soaped Will’s body.

“Ah yes, Mr. Lochley. The teacher with the tight tan pants?” Richie grinned.

“You really have been reading that thing.” Will smiled at him amused.

“I like learning your deep dark secrets. It’s fun, because I can tease you about them in private.” Richie grinned.

Will shook his head, “You’re the worst.”

“Or the best, depending on the subject matter.” Richie laughed.

“So, what would little virgin Will Byers have done to me in grade nine? I’m curious.” Richie asked.

“Probably stare at you in class and fantasize about you. If you got to close to me in the hall I’d probably speed walk away nervously.” Richie laughed a little at Will’s answer.

“That’s valid. I had really long hair in high school, and I refused to cut it for like a year. Stan finally took the scissors to me, and he’s surprisingly good with hair.” Richie thought back.

“Had you gone to school in Hawkins, I’d have never had a shot with you. All the girls would have been all over you. Mike nearly had to fight them off with a stick.” Will smiled a little.

“You know, that would only last until I opened my mouth.” Richie said thoughtfully.

Will laughed, “You might have a point, but I do like hearing you speak.”

“You’d be the only one.” Richie smiled.

Will giggled and the two rinsed off together. “Let’s get dressed and sit on the couch. I want to snuggle.” Will smiled.

“I’m in.” Richie kissed him before climbing out onto the mat.

They dried off and went to Will’s room with their dirty clothes in hand. They changed into something clean and relaxed together. They put on the movie channel, and although they weren’t sure what they were watching, it was nice to just spend time together on a couch.

Notes for the Chapter:

Comments? Questions? Leave them here!

22. Recorded Memories

Summary for the Chapter:

> It's June, and Richie has been off studying plenty, leaving Will alone at the dorm a lot. Will misses Richie, but improvises until Richie can return home.

Chapter 22

With the month of June came a lot of studying and working hard on term papers. Richie and Will went several days with only seeing each other just before going to bed or when they first woke up for class.

Will missed spending time with Richie, but they both had a lot of work to do. Upon returning to his dorm alone after dinner, he half expected to see Richie, but he came home to an empty dorm room. With a small sigh, he closed the door, locking it behind him.

Placing his bag next to his desk, he pulled off his clothing aside from his boxers, and got into bed alone. Lying on his side, he felt a bit lonely. Richie was normally there with him in the evenings, and for a solid week now, he hadn't come home until the late. He was always tired and worn out by the time he got into bed, making it hard for them to even talk or show intimacy.

Will found himself craving Richie's touch, and the taste of his mouth. Even the smell of Richie seemed to evade him. He rolled over to the side Richie usually slept on. When he smelt the familiar shampoo scent. Will would have been embarrassed had anyone else been in the room, but he let himself melt into the pillow, hugging it warmly. He sighed and wondered when Richie would be home that night.

Spotting the camera on his night stand, he rewound through some of the footage before noticing their sex video. Spotting Richie's naked body, he bit his lower lip, and felt himself starting to erect. He was feeling a little desperate. Climbing to the edge of the bed, Will reached under the bed for their box of toys. Pulling out the thicker silicon vibrator, Will brought it and the lubricant to the top of the bed. He pressed play on the video and allowed himself to view he

and Richie having sex.

Will lubricated the toy, his eyes hard pressed to look away from the screen. He pulled his boxers down to his thighs and began inserting the toy inside of himself. He switched on the vibrator, and a soft moan escaped him.

The way Richie's hands moved over his body in the video sent shivers through him as he slowly moved the toy inside of himself. He tuned himself completely into the video, almost allowing himself to feel like he was there again with Richie.

Seeing the lips moving down his own neck in the video made him long for those plush warm lips. He'd never felt so aroused watching sex happen on a screen, but this time was different. It was his own sex with the person he loved the most. It was quite pleasing emotionally and physically.

Pumping his wrist harder, he watched Richie's hard erection sliding in and out of him, he tried to match the pace with his wrist, but it still didn't feel the same. There was a big difference between a real penis and a silicone vibrator.
Something about masturbating just wasn't the same for Will. He reached down and began rubbing his erection as he worked the toy. With a sigh of relief, he felt a little better with the double stimulation.

The way Richie moved his tongue along Will's neck in the video was so hot to him. He'd never seen it happen before, he'd only felt it. Those long arms, and legs on the screen were tempting, and sucked in his bottom lip as he felt the numbing wave of pleasure wash over him, "Oh fuck! Oh yes!" Will suddenly moaned out, even though he was the only one to hear it.

His body was heating up rapidly, and he knew he was coming to his climax. "Oh God… Richie…" He moaned as he squeezed his eyes shut, allowing himself to release hard in his hand.

Panting heavily, Will took out the toy, and turned it off. He let himself lie there recovering before getting up to clean off his toy, and his hands. He adjusted his boxers so they were back on correctly

before he got back into bed. Rewinding the tape back further, Will decided to enjoy the videos of Richie playing his guitar. It was nice to have the videos of Richie, and he'd never appreciated them more than that moment.

After coming, he felt the need to cuddle. He settled for hugging Richie's pillow, and lying on his side. Richie's voice, paired with his guitar were perfection to Will. He loved watching the tape, and he had done so over a dozen times since he got his camera.

Once the video was over, Will fast forwarded the tape to things they had recorded together. Richie didn't know Will was filming him as he intently played on their Nintendo system. The focused expression on his face, and the way he stuck his tongue out of his mouth always made Will laugh, so he had to record Richie at least once.

Will giggled a little as he stared fondly at his boyfriend on screen. He wondered again how he'd gotten so lucky. The phone rang suddenly, and made Will jump. Reaching over, Will picked up the receiver, and put it to his ear. "Hello?"

"Hey, it's Richie." Will felt his heart thud faster in his chest as happiness poured from his chest.

"Richie! Where are you?" Will asked curiously.

"I'm outside of the library right now. I'm kind of tired of studying, and I really miss you." Richie said as if he'd been reading Will's mind.

"I miss you too, can I see you?" Will asked.

"Yeah, you want me to come home?" Richie asked, "I could bring dinner home if you're hungry."

"No dinner, just you." Will smiled a little.

"Aye aye captain! I'll bring the vessel back to the dock at once!" Richie said in a silly accent.

"I hope you're on the hunt for booty… because you might just find some when you get here." Will played along.

“Oh fuck, I’m so horny you’re going to make me go right here. I’ll be home in like five minutes.” Richie promised before hanging up.

Will smiled and hung up, tossing Richie’s pillow back into its spot. He turned off the camera and pulled off his boxers. The moment Richie unlocked the door, and came inside, Will pounced on him.

Richie was backed into the door as their lips pressed together. It seemed, Richie didn’t mind at all as he pulled his bag from his shoulder and tossed it aimlessly out of the way. Will’s tongue slipped into Richie’s mouth, and he enjoyed the familiar feeling of kissing his boyfriend again.

Will undid Richie’s pants, and pulled them off along with his boxers, “Damn, Will. You read my mind…” Richie drew in air before Will’s mouth met back up with his. The feeling of Richie’s erection poking him in the hip only excited Will further.

The two parted long enough to pull Richie’s remaining clothes off along with Will’s. Richie leaned down and threw Will over his shoulder much to Will’s amusement, and put him down on the bed, “Come on, babe. Let’s make up for lost time.” Richie said before dragging his tongue up Will’s chest slowly as he climbed his body.

Will was more than relieved to feel Richie’s mouth and hands on his body; he felt so happy he could cry. Richie glanced over by the sink and paused, “Did you use a toy?” He noticed the silicon vibrator sitting upright on the counter.

“I missed you…” Will looked at him sheepishly.

“You’re getting it good tonight.” Richie grinned, lifting will’s legs up so they hooked over his shoulders. He noticed the lubricant shining around his opening and decided he might not need more.

Richie wasted no time at all inserting himself into Will. “Holy fuck, that’s what I’ve been needing all day.” Richie groaned before sliding the rest of the way inside.

“Me too, oh my God…” Will moaned his back arching.

Richie gripped Will’s thighs and moved hard into him, “Who did you

think of while you were masturbating?" Richie grinned.

"You." Will moaned gripping the pillowcase.

"Good, because I'd have to kick someone's ass if it was anyone else." Richie smirked, gently kissing Will's leg.

"I love you so much, please come in me." Will begged.

"I love you too babe, I can't wait to finish inside of you." Richie moved harder, Feeling Will's walls clenching around him with each motion.

Will pushed Richie onto his back and straddled him desperately. Richie watched as Will braced against the bedding above Richie's shoulders as Will moved on top of him, sliding Richie's erection in and out of him deeply. "Oh fuck! Will! I won't last long with you on top…" Richie bit his lip and moved up into Will.

"I'm close, please come with me." Will begged, kissing Richie's lips.

The heat in the room was rising as they moved together. Their moaning and panting echoing off the walls of the room. "Richie…" Will moaned, getting closer to the edge.

A familiar feeling of bliss rushed through Richie's body as he finally was unable to hold back as he began to release hard inside of Will. "Will…" He groaned.

Feeling Richie releasing inside of him was what drove Will to the point of climax. He moaned loudly, and orgasmic noise coming from him as he came hard onto Richie's stomach. Grabbing a tissue, Will cleaned he and Richie up before tossing it aside. The two of them panted heavily, and Will slid off to lie beside him.

Richie wrapped his arms around Will, pressing his lips to the blonde's forehead gently, "I think I've been studying too hard. I've neve really studied before, but this year I felt like I should since it's university." Richie explained.

"I don't have as much to study for my art classes, and I have everything from science class memorized for the most part, so I've

spent a lot of time just inking my comics at night. I've missed being around you. I felt like I as going insane." Will smiled at him with a gentle look in his eyes.

"Tomorrow after class, why don't we just spend time together? I'd much rather do that than anything else." Richie smiled at him sweetly.

"Absolutely." Will nodded, "Can we just lie here for now?"

"Fuck yes." Richie grinned, pulling the covers up around them.

Will felt safe in the cocoon of blankets, huddled into Richie. It didn't take him long to fall asleep.

***

Will was alone, walking through the corridors of Hawkins Middle School. It had been years since he set foot in that school, but he remembered it clear as day; it was one of those places that stuck to his mind like glue. He could see the vines, and decay along the walls, and the floors. Even the ceiling looked ready to fall in. He was in the upside down, but how had he gotten there?

The cool air surrounding him made him shiver, and he could see his breath. Everything about that place was damp, and uncomfortable. The smell of mould residing in his nose; he'd never forget that scent.

He heard a few noises up ahead, but he couldn't tell what it was. He hoped it was Richie, or someone else he knew. Maybe even Eleven? He wasn't sure, but he wanted to make sure they knew he was there.

"…Hello?" He called out nervously. "Richie? Eleven?"

A growling off in the distance sounded; it didn't sound like any animal he'd ever heard before. He felt his breathing growing shallow, and his feet nervously took him down the hallway towards the sound. He wasn't entirely sure why he was looking for it, or what he was going to find.

Swallowing down his dry throat, he grabbed the fire extinguisher off the wall. He wasn't much of a fighter, but at least he had a weapon.

His feet took him further down the hallway, and he was starting to see a shadow of something on the wall. It skittered away with a sickening sound like insect legs. Will stopped moving, but only for a moment. He leaned around the corner, spotting nothing in his path. He relaxed a little.

The sickening sound of insect legs by the thousand assaulted his ears, and he turned around quickly to see unidentifiable creatures moving towards him, ready to start engulfing him in darkness.

Will ran, dropping the fire extinguisher to the ground as it weighed him down. He could feel his heart thudding in his chest as he ran for the doors of the school, the blackness outside leaving him nothing but questions as to where he was going, or what was up there.

He expected to go through the doors when he slammed his body against them, but inside, they stopped him in his tracks. “No! No!” Will cried out and looked back down the hall.

The black mass of creatures scurrying towards him was nearing him. Closer, and closer they came. Will crouched down to the floor, covering his head in fear, “No!” He screamed out.

Sitting upright in his bed, he was covered in sweat, and Richie was there, pulling him back down, “It’s ok, baby. It was a dream.” Richie tried to ease him.

Will let out a sob, and turned away from Richie, his hands covering his eyes as tears began soaking his pillow, “I don’t want to go back again! I just want it to leave me alone!” Will’s fragile voice broke Richie’s heart.

“No one is making you go back, it’s ok, Will. I’m here.” Richie spooned him, trying to keep him calm.

“They got me… those things…” Will sniffled, “I can’t take these dreams any more…”

Richie stroked his head gently, understanding what he was feeling exactly. “I’m sorry. I wish I could take those fucking dreams away. You called my name, were you looking for me in your dream?”

Will nodded a bit, “Yes. I wanted to see if you were there, but I was being stupid… in the Upside Down, there is no one. Just monsters, and corpses.” Will shook hard as he laid there.

Richie stroked his hair, “Is there anything I can do?”

“Just… hold me?” Will asked before adding, “Sing to me?”

Richie nodded, “Of course, baby.” Will turned to face Richie, burying his face in Richie’s warm bare chest.

Richie began singing the song he’d wrote for Will. Feeling his shoulders start to relax, he sighed peacefully, holding onto Richie like he was a lifeline. Richie’s fingers gently stroked his back, leaving tingling trails along his skin.

Will had witnessed Richie having nightmares since they lived in the dorm together, but Richie always snapped out of it a lot quicker. Will couldn’t understand why he was so afraid, and unable to move right after. He felt like he wasn’t as strong as Richie for being so scared, but he knew Richie would argue that point.

Feeling Richie’s lips press into his temple was relaxing. He felt ready to fall back to sleep, but his brain wasn’t quite over what he’d just dreamt. Sometimes he wondered if it was a dream at all, or if he was really in the Upside Down again.

“Richie?” Will asked.

“Yes?” Richie asked softly.

“If I ever end up back there for real… please don’t try to find me.” Will said sadly.

“You know I can’t promise you that.” Richie rubbed his back, “I’d never be able to forgive myself if I didn’t find you again. I need you.”

“No… you’d end up dead. It’s a horrible place. The monsters are strong there.” Will spoke in a quiet voice.

“All the more reason to come get you out of there.” Richie reasoned with him.

“I’d be fine.” Will lied.

“No, you wouldn’t. Don’t feed me that bullshit. I’d come for you. I promise you I would.” Richie cupped his face, looking into Will’s eyes. “You’re not alone so long as I’m here.”

Will looked at him sadly but nodded. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Richie kissed his lips gently, “Get some sleep, babe. I don’t want you up all night, and tired tomorrow.”

Will nodded, and closed his eyes, allowing he and Richie to remain tangled together. After several minutes, he felt Richie’s breathing change, indicating Richie had made it back to sleep. He listened to Richie’s breathing, and felt it sooth him back into dream land. Fortunately, he didn’t have any more nightmares when he did finally pass out.

Notes for the Chapter:

What's your thoughts?

23. The Day Will Byers Got Arrested

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will have their very first fight. Will then gets arrested.

Chapter 23

Will packed up the remaining items he'd brought with him to campus and looked back at the room one last time. It looked so bare, and empty without all their posters, and pictures of friends. One thing Will was happy he was bringing home with him was Richie.

They piled everything into Richie's truck, and climbed in together. They were going to have to stop at a hotel for the night in Massachusetts, but otherwise, Will was looking forward to the drive.

"Ready to jam to some fucking awesome tunes for an entire day?" Richie asked with a smile on his face.

It was a relief to know Richie enjoyed the driving part of their travels. Will could drive, but he wasn't as good with driving long distances. Leaving Orono, Richie made sure Will's birthday present tape was playing in the tape deck as they drove. "I can't wait to see my mom again." Richie told Will, "I can't even believe I'm saying that. After all these years, it's so nice to have a mom."

Will smiled, "It makes me happy that you get to see her when we go home. I'll have my mom, and you'll have yours. I hear they're getting along really well. They keep going on outings with Karen. Mike seems to think it's a bit weird, but I love it." Will informed Richie.

"Mike is fucking weird, so that makes sense." Richie said dryly.

"Hey, be nice. He's my best friend." Will scolded.

"You love me more though, right?" Richie joked.

“I love you very differently than Mike.” Will shot him a look.

“Oh really? How do you love him then? The Lotus? Spanish hanger? Sixty-nine?” Richie asked dryly.

“If it wasn’t for the fact that I know what sixty-nine means, I’d be more confused.” Will scoffed, “I’m not fucking your cousin, just so you know.”

“Well that’s a relief, because he might be my only competition.” Richie grinned, “Good looking lad, Mike is.”

Will rolled his eyes, “I mean he is, but that doesn’t mean I’m into him.”

“What? Why not?!” Richie acted offended, continuing his joking.

“Well for one thing, he doesn’t have your dirty sense of humor. Nor does he wear those wonderful Hawaiian shirts I like so much.” Will giggled.

“You raise a valid point, but I’d still fuck him.” Richie responded, eyes on the road.

“Ew!” Will laughed, making a disgusted face.

Richie laughed, “I was wondering how far I could take it before you’d be grossed out.”

“Congratulations, we made it there.” Will shook his head, a smile on his face.

Richie looked at Will a little more seriously, “Hey, um… while we’re trapped in the vehicle together, I had something I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Oh?” Will looked at him curiously.

“How would you feel about coming with me to California the year after next?” Richie asked him.

“California? For a trip?” Will asked, somehow knowing it wasn’t for a

trip.

“No, for school. UCLA.” Richie looked at him quickly to assess his expression.

“Richie, California is really far from Hawkins… I don’t know about that.” Will felt a tightness in his chest.

Richie chewed on his bottom lip for a moment, “Well… my professor told me if I wanted to get into anything serious, I’d be best off finishing my course in Los Angeles where I’ll be more likely to have bigger audience. You don’t have to come with me, but it’s what I want to do. It’s where I’d like to live someday.”

Will felt a bit sick. Why had they never discussed where they wanted to live in the future? When Richie had brought it up that night during Christmas break, it sounded like a fantasy more than a goal. He wished he’d questioned him on it sooner. “I um… can I think about it?” Will asked.

“Yeah, you’ve got a while to think on it. I just… I figured I’d mention it now.” Richie sounded a bit sad, but he tried to hide it with a forced cheery tone.

Will and Richie didn’t speak for several minutes, and it seemed both of them were replaying the conversation over in their heads. It bothered Will thinking that he’d be so far away from where he called home, and far away from all the other people that were important to him. Sure, he’d have Richie, but he’d only see his family and friends maybe once a year if he went to California.

His heart felt heavy in his chest, and the idea of having to choose Richie over everything he had in Hawkins hardly seemed fair. Still, there was no way with what Richie wanted to do that he’d ever be happy living anywhere in Maine.

They stopped for dinner once they reached Massachusetts, opting for the diner attached to the motel they were staying in. Will and Richie felt a bit like strangers sitting across from each other, their feet not intertwined as usual when they ate. They barely spoke to each other, and there was a hurt in Richie’s eyes that Will hated himself for

causing.

They both looked at each other and said the other's name. "Oh, sorry you go first." Richie said looking at Will.

"No, it's ok. You go." Will insisted.

Richie paused, and outstretched his hand to Will. "Hey, about California. I know you don't want to go, but I don't want things to be weird between us. I… I do want to go, but you're important to me. More important than California. If you don't want to go, I'll find something closer to where we live." Richie told him.

Will listened and felt a bit sad that Richie would risk losing his opportunities for him. He was Will Byers, nothing more. He didn't understand why anyone would trade their dreams for him. "Richie," Will took his hand gently, "I don't want you to give up on what you're dreaming about doing. You want to hit it big, and I think you could hit it big. I know Maine isn't going to do for you what California could. If moving there is what you need to do, you shouldn't let me stop you."

"So, you do want to come with me?" Richie asked curiously.

"I don't know yet. I… I just don't want to leave my family, and my friends so far behind. We'd only get to visit each other once a year or so if I lived in California. I don't like the idea of that." Will explained before taking his hand back slowly, "I just don't want you to think that you're doing something wrong by leaving."

Richie looked like he'd been punched in the gut, "You're breaking up with me?"

"No, I'm not breaking up with you. I'm just saying, when you go… we might have to." Will explained trying hard not to throw up onto the table.

"Then I won't go to California, Will. It's that simple." Richie shook his head looking at his sandwich.

"How long have you wanted to do radio broadcasting?" Will asked him.

“I don’t know… ever since I was a kid I guess.” Richie shrugged, “It doesn’t mean I’d even get any jobs, I’d be better off switching my major to something more practical.” Richie suggested.

“Then you’re not switching majors, and you’re not staying behind just to be with me.” Will looked at him gently, “I love you, and I want you to do what makes you happy.”

Richie looked at him sadly, “Will, I don’t think I can break up with you, whether it be today or a year from now. You mean more to me than you understand.”

Will looked at the table, “Just… give me some time to think, alright?”

Richie nodded, “Alright… time’s good…” He still looked like he was going to fall apart to Will.

When they didn’t have sex or even make out that night before bed, Will knew something had shifted between them. Not in a good way. His chest remained tight on the drive to Hawkins, and it seemed to grow tighter by the hour. They spoke very little, and what they did say to one another felt forced. It wasn’t like them at all, and it hurt.

When they pulled up to Will’s house, Richie looked over at him, “I’m going to go see my mom. I’ll drop you off, and see you later, ok?”

Will nodded but recognized a distance in Richie’s eyes immediately. He didn’t want to be around Will, and Will could understand why. “Alright… tell her I said hi.” Will put on a fake smile that Richie returned before waiting for a moment too long for a kiss goodbye that never came. “I’ll go now.” Will said before getting out of the truck and pulling his bags out of the back of the vehicle.

Richie drove off, and Will forced himself not to cry as he entered the house. “Will? Where’s Richie?” Joyce asked as she looked out the doorway for him.

“He went to visit his mom.” Will said quickly, “I’m going to go put my things away.”

“Oh,” Joyce eyed Will, sensing something was off, “Of course,

honey." Joyce moved aside allowing Will to venture to his bedroom to drop off his things.

Will spent most of the afternoon sitting on the couch talking to his mother. She asked him several times what was wrong, but Will declined to tell her the real problem. He tried his best to convince her he wasn't feeling well.

The phone rang a little after dinner time, and Joyce picked it up before turning to Will, "Oh, it's Richie." She told him.

Will felt his heart thud in his chest as he got up and answered the phone. "Hello?"

"Hey, um, Aunt Karen said I could stay over if I wanted so, I think that's what I'm going to do." Richie told him.

"Why?" Will asked with annoyance in his voice before he could stop himself.

"I just want to spend time with my mom, is that a problem?" Richie snapped a little.

Will didn't answer, he just hung up the phone. It wasn't like him at all, and he felt like he was losing his mind. He needed air, and he needed to scream. He wasn't going to scream inside.

He passed his mom in the kitchen and pulled on his shoes before exiting the house without a word. Everything in his head was spinning around in an extremely uncomfortable circle. He kept replaying their conversations in his head over and over again. It wasn't fair at all that Richie expected him to move so far away from everything he'd known all his life and just start over. It also wasn't fair to make Will feel like Richie was giving up his future for Will. He didn't want Richie to regret it one day down the road and hold it against Will. The entire situation wasn't fair, and he was hating himself more and more as time went on.

Will had made it deep into the woods before he stopped walking and let out a gut wrenching yell into the trees. Birds flew away at the sudden boom of sound, and he sunk to his knees in the dirt, and let

his shoulders shake as his eyes began pouring out his pain.

Everything in him felt like it was screaming in agony. He'd never felt more torn over anything in his life. He didn't know what he needed, but he needed something. Direction. An answer. Anything.

Getting up off the dirt, Will wiped his eyes despite the fact tears kept coming out of his eyes. He walked through the woods, knowing the way he was going led to the heart of town. He had biked it many times as a kid, but he hadn't taken as long riding a bike.

Everything he mulled over in his head was beginning to numb. He was walking without a single thought racing through his mind. By the time he realized where he was, Will had made it to just outside the arcade. He sighed a little, his legs beginning to ache. He wasn't sure why he was still walking, or why he hadn't headed back home long ago. It was quite likely his mother was already looking for him after his disappearing act.

Will suddenly felt bad for worrying her. "Fairy boy, it's been a while." A familiar voice called out to him from the arcade.

Will glanced over and saw Troy and James staring at him with cruel expressions on their faces. Without much more than an eye roll, Will kept walking. "Hey! Where the fuck do you think you're going?" James called out.

"We're talking to you, fag!" Troy shouted.

Will turned around, a pissed off expression on his face as he spotted Troy and James following him down the street. "Funny, I just can't bring myself to care if you're talking to me or not. Why don't you do the world a favour, and fuck off?" Will was certain he was channeling Richie when he spoke, and part of him was angry for it.

"What did you say to us you little disrespectful shit?!" Troy grabbed him by the back of the shirt, pulling him backwards.

Will didn't have time to think, but he reacted my elbowing Troy so hard in the face, the bully was down on the ground, blood gushing from his broken nose. Looking towards James with an angry

expression, he took a few steps towards him, “You want to go next? I’m not in the fucking mood today! So go pull your homophobic bullshit somewhere else!”

James backed off, not ready to mess with Will, even though Will was several inches shorter than he was. Will walked quicker through town, not paying attention to the fact his arm was covered in nose blood from Troy.

He’d made it into the residential area before he heard police sirens as a vehicle pulled up beside him. “You trying to give your mother a heart attack or what?” Hopper’s voice called out to him.

Will didn’t speak, he just kept walking. “Hey! I’m talking to you!”

“I don’t care, just tell her I’m fine, and fucking leave me alone.” Will said as he continued to walk.

“Alright, get in the car.” Hopper told him, still creeping over to him.

“No.” Will replied.

“I said get in the car, this is not a request. I won’t tell you again.” Hopper threatened.

“No.” Will said one final time.

Hopper got out of the car, and grabbed Will, slamming him into the side of the vehicle before cuffing his hands behind his back, “Let go of me! This isn’t fair!” Will shouted angrily.

“You know what’s not fair, kid? Life.” Hopper said before throwing Will in the back seat and closing the door behind him.

Will struggled, attempting to free himself to no avail. Hopper looked at him in the rear-view mirror as he drove, “So, word on the street has it, you broke that Troy kid’s nose, and threatened his friend.”

“So, what?” Will glared up at him.

“So, that doesn’t sound like the Will Byers I’ve known for twenty years. What’s going on?” Hopper asked.

“It’s no one else’s business but mine! I wish everyone would piss off and stay out of my shit.” Will fumed.

“Oh, I see how it is. Having a pity party, are we? Let me guess, the boyfriend?” Hopper asked.

“What do you care? It doesn’t fucking matter!” Will wasn’t even used to hearing himself swearing that much, let alone swearing at Hopper.

“You see, it does matter, because you just caved in another man’s face. Obviously you can’t handle your own shit.” Hopper told him.

“He attacked me! I defended myself.” Will shook his head, “You don’t know anything…”

“Well then tell me so I understand! Jesus!” Hopper glared back at him.

“You really want to fucking know? Ok, here goes: my boyfriend wants to move to California to become a radio host, and I don’t. I want to stay near Maine so I can visit my fucking family more than once a year, but because I’m in love with my boyfriend, I’m a little fucking conflicted at the moment. I told him how I felt, and I told him he shouldn’t give up on his dreams, and he was convinced I was dumping him. Now we aren’t talking, and now he’s avoiding me. Happy?” Will let it all out, feeling oddly better having told someone.

“By you telling him to go while you stay, you pretty much are dumping him.” Hopper informed him.

“No shit.” Will sighed, “I really just…” Will softened a bit, “I really love him. I don’t want us to break up, but I don’t want to move away from everything here. My whole life is here.” Will looked out the window, his eyes tearing up again.

“Look, I’m not the best person to be giving life advice, but what’s really worse? Living without Richie, or only seeing the people you care about at Christmas every year?” Hopper questioned.

Will looked down, “Living without Richie.” The answer was simple.

“There you have it. Didn’t even hesitate.” Hopper looked in the

mirror at him, “Now will you please tell him how you feel so I can take you back to your mom’s and she can stop worrying?” Will realized they were pulling up to the Wheeler house.

“What? No, this isn’t fair!” Will looked up at him.

“You’ll thank me later.” Hopper said before getting out of the truck and going around to the other side to pull Will from the back seat.

“Uncuff me! This is embarrassing!” Will ordered.

“You know what else is embarrassing? The fact that I had to cuff you in the first place.” Hopper reminded him.

Ted opened the door, and looked at the two with a blank expression, “Tell Richie to come out here for a minute.” Hopper told him.

Ted leaned back inside, “Richie!” He closed the door, and Will waited, annoyed as his wrists were still cuffed behind him.

Will kept his eyes on the ground as he saw Richie’s converse come into sight, “Will? What the fuck?” Richie asked.

Will lifted his eyes to look at Richie, an exasperated look on his face. “Will had a little incident this afternoon. He figured a few things out though, and now he’s here to settle this bullshit once and for all.” Hopper started him off.

Richie looked at Will confused, “What is he talking about?” Richie asked looking at Will.

“California. I’m going with you.” Will said.

“There we go. Now to get you home to your mother.” Hopped pulled Will’s arm, leading him to the truck.

“Wait!” Richie said making them both stop as he came over and stood in front of Will, looking him in the eyes, “You don’t have to-“ Richie was cut off.

“Yes. I do. I’m not going to lose you. I want to be with you, and I don’t want to break up, please don’t ever think I wanted that. I just

wanted you to be happy, and to do what you love." Will looked at him sadly, "I'm sorry it didn't come off the way I wanted it to."

Richie wrapped his arms around him and hugged him. Will leaned into the hug, enjoying the scent of Richie's hair once more. "Please come home tonight?" Will whispered to him.

Richie pulled back and nodded with a smile. "Can you take these handcuffs off me?" Will asked Hopper.

"No. You assaulted someone. You're dangerous." Hopper said dryly.

"What?" Richie looked at him surprised.

"No I… Troy tried to grab me, and I elbowed him in the face." Will sighed, "Please uncuff me, this is embarrassing."

"Please don't uncuff him, I like this." Richie gripped Will's hips, pressing his lips to Will's sensually.

"Alright, time to go." Hopper pulled Will into the back seat once again and shut the door on him.

Richie smiled gently at Will, and Will couldn't help but smile back at him. Despite the embarrassment of his situation, Will felt good again. He had Richie again, and that was all he needed to feel alive.

Hopper waved to Richie and drove off down the road. Will rested his head against the window, watching the trees go past. "I hope you've learned a valuable lesson today." Hopper told him.

Will looked up at him in the mirror, "What's that?"

"Don't swear at me and piss me off. I'll arrest you." Hopper told him.

Will shook his head a little and laughed under his breath. Hopper looked back at him as they headed towards his mother's house, "I'm proud of you though, I've never seen you revved up about anything in your whole life. You made the right decision, even if it is a hard one to go."

"Thank you." Will sighed, relaxing against the window, hoping that

once he got home, the handcuffs were coming off.

Notes for the Chapter:

> What did you think of their first fight? Leave me a comment!

24. D&D, Arcades and Slushie Runs

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie enjoy a fun game of D&D together as well as spending time with the party. They also enjoy the back alley for a bit...

Chapter 24

Spending the first half of the summer in Hawkins was going well. Despite the bump they overcame at the arrival of the summer, Richie and Will felt stronger than ever together. Initially talking to Joyce seemed like it was going to be hard, but Joyce turned out to be incredibly understanding about Will moving to California to be with Richie. She even went on to say they have a lot of publishing companies in the area, and Will might be better off there for that reason. Will was doubtful he would become that successful, but he agreed to consider submitting some of his ideas out there.

Mike and the rest of the party were supportive of Will's decision to move, and agreed that when Will moved away, they would all get together once a year to do a campaign together. Richie included.

As for Richie, he was happy to be included in the party campaign Mike wrote up. Richie had shared with Mike his rogue character before he jumped into the game with them. Mike got really into talking with him about it, and Will had never felt prouder of Mike building a positive relationship with his cousin. It touched Will to know two of the most important people in his life were bonding over something finally.

On the night of their first campaign, Mike showed his theatrical side. It pleased Richie to see it. Will sat between Richie's long legs on the floor as they gathered around the coffee table, snacking together as they played.

Will had never had so much fun playing before, and everything felt more complete with Richie around to play with them. "You can't keep trying to sacrifice yourself for Will, Richie. That's not how you

play the game." Mike rolled his eyes.

"I think it's a great way to play. I keep my boy safe, and I look like a totally fuckable hero." Richie grinned.

Will giggled and rolled the dice. "I'm actually pretty capable of handling myself, but thanks, Richie."

"Do I still get laid even if I don't risk my life for yours?" Richie asked amused.

"Please don't answer that." Mike looked warningly at Will.

"Don't worry Mike, he thinks of you in the heat of the moment." Richie said so seriously everyone in the room turned their heads to look at Will.

"I do not! Don't say things like that!" Will's eyes went wide.

"It's ok, Will. I think of Mike in the heat of the moment all the time." Dustin joked. "Oh, brave paladin Mike, bless us with your glorious seed!" Dustin laughed receiving a kick to the leg from Mike who was trying hard not to laugh.
"No way! That's what Will was saying the other night!" Richie looked at Dustin as Will smacked his arm.

"Richie!" Will was going red in the face.

"Oh, calm down, he's knows we're kidding." Richie said hugging Will close, "Besides the truth is we both think of Steve, and that glorious hair."

"Oh my God…" Will covered his face.

"Fuck, who doesn't think of Steve?" Dustin laughed.

"You guys are so gay…" Lucas laughed.

"So gay." Richie nodded in agreement. "You could always join the dark side too, Lucas."

"I'm good where I am now but thank you." Lucas laughed.

“Mike, you know what would be fun?” Richie asked.

“I’m reluctant to ask.” Mike responded looking at Richie wearily.

“If we sandwich Will between us-“ Richie was cut off.

“Ok, I’m going to get another drink. Anyone want one?” Will asked getting up.

Richie snickered loudly, Lucas and Dustin couldn’t help but join in as Mike looked disgusted.

“I’ll have one.” Max smiled a bit.

Will walked over to the fridge, and pulled out two hard lemonades, handing one to Max. She popped it open with ease and drank.

Richie pulled Will back into his lap and snuggled him as Will uncapped his drink. “Quit trying to be cute, you’re on my shit-list tonight for scarring Mike and I for life.”

Richie grinned, “I have to tease, because Mike is the only person even close to this good looking.”

Mike smiled and shook his head, “You would only have to tease if you thought I was going to steal Will away from you, which I’m not.”

“Mine.” Eleven smiled at Mike, leaning her head on his shoulder.

“If he touches your penis, I’m fighting him. Just saying.” Richie joked.

The night continued, and the party won their quest without having to sacrifice Richie for Will. Richie and Will decided to stay over in the basement once everyone else headed home. Mike and Eleven went upstairs and left them in peace. Lying on his back on the futon, Will smiled a little at the fond memories of his first sexual experiences being on that futon.

Richie rolled onto his side, wrapping his arm around Will. He placed gentle kisses along Will’s neck. Will knew this was Richie’s way of trying to get him in the mood. Reaching down under the covers, Will

rubbed at the hardness growing between Richie's legs. "I don't know if I want this inside of me after your harassment tonight." Will teased.

Smiling with amusement, Richie ran his fingers along Will's face. "Well I know for a fact you enjoy my harassment, even if just a little." He grinned.

"Is that what you've convinced yourself?" Will gently ran his thumb over Richie's lower lip, "Maybe after all that I should be the one inside of you tonight?" Will flicked his brows a little, mimicking his boyfriend all too well.

"Well you know I'll never say no to that." Richie wrapped his lips around Will's thumb gently.

Will watched as Richie made a show of sucking and licking at his thumb; it caused Will's body to react to it. Remembering they were at Mike's Will pulled his hand away from Richie's mouth, "If we do anything, we're going to make too much noise. Everyone's home." Will reminded Richie.

"This is the only thing that blows about not having our own place. We have to sneak around to have sex." Richie stroked Will's hair, "Still, we don't have to do anything down here if you're not comfortable. I love holding you and kissing you enough to satisfy my needs."

Will looked at him fondly, "We should definitely look for an apartment in Orono once we've made it to Derry." Will told him.

Richie had a smug look on his face, and Will looked at him a little confused. "What is it?" Will questioned.

"Well, I think I've kept it secret long enough." Richie grinned rubbing Will's arm gently, "I've already got our names put in for a place that is available September first. Once August rolls around, we just have to fill out some paper work, and if everything checks out, we're in." Richie grinned.

Will's eyes lit up, "Why didn't you tell me sooner?! That's awesome news! Where is it? What does it look like?" Will questioned curiously.

“It’s a one bedroom, and its about a ten minute walk from our classes. It looks nice, but it’s nothing fancy. White walls in every room, and a grey carpet in every room except the kitchen and bath room.” Richie described, “Oh, and we’re on the third floor, so we also have a balcony.

Will’s eyes were lit up beautifully as Richie described the place, “We can afford it right?”

Richie nodded, “Yeah, it’s not bad, and it’s all inclusive which helps.”

Will squealed a little, and wrapped his arms around Richie’s neck, pressing their lips together excitedly. Richie kissed Will back with a smile, “You’re cute when you’re excited.”

Will giggled, “I can’t believe we’re going to have our own home… wait.” Will looked concerned for a moment, “How are we going to furnish it?”

“Well… I’m still working on that.” Richie scratched the back of his head.

Thinking about it, Will looked at Richie, “I could always ask mom for the blow up mattress Jonathan and I used to use for camping. It’s a double, and I mean, so long as we have a bed, the rest of the furniture can wait.” Will smiled a little.

Richie looked thoughtful, “I do have something in mind, but the mattress is good. We’ll ask Joyce about it.” Richie nodded.

“I don’t know if I can sleep now, I’m too excited.” Will kissed Richie’s lips.

“Would a head massage help?” Richie asked.

Will smiled, “Maybe…”

Richie pulled Will so he was comfortably resting against Richie’s chest. Richie began running his fingers through Will’s hair, his nails dragging along his scalp. Will groaned softly; he loved when Richie gave him a head massage. It was one of his top favourite things.

Within minutes, Richie heard Will's breathing start to change, and the blonde was out for the count. Richie grinned a little, and held onto Will, closing his eyes as he thought about their new place together.

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Joyce was very supportive when Will and Richie told them about the apartment. "That's great! Looks like you two will get to experience being a couple on a new level. It's going to be good for you two, especially before the move out of state."

"Can we use that blow up mattress until we have a bed?" Will asked.

"Yeah, it's in the shed out back. You can keep it if you'd like. No one else is likely to use it anyhow." Joyce nodded.

"That gift from Hopper will come in handy for that thing. I wouldn't want to inflate that with my lungs." Richie said thoughtfully.

"If you guys are looking for furniture, I can ask around." Joyce suggested.

"No, that's ok. I've got something in mind." Richie assured her, but Will assumed he just didn't think they could transport it.

"Alright, but if there's anything you boys need just let me know. I want to make sure you have everything." Joyce smiled at them.

"Well… do we still have an extra phone around here? Because the one we had belonged to the school." Will realized.

"The green one is still around. I'll get you that one." Joyce smiled, happy to be of some help.

"Thanks mom." Will smiled.

"Yeah, thanks mom." Richie grinned.

"Speaking of mom's, I like yours." Joyce smiled at Richie, "She's a really great person."

“She is. I’m glad I got to find that out for myself.” Richie smiled, “I have your son to thank for that.” Richie held onto Will’s hand, looking at him fondly.

“Will has a good heart, and so do you, honey.” Joyce smiled at Richie.

Will looked at the clock, “Oh, we should get outside. Mike and Eleven will be here shorty to pick us up.” Will reminded him.

Richie nodded, “Yeah, of course.” Pulling on the converse shoes Will had got for him, Richie and Will headed outside to wait.

“I don’t think I’ll ever outgrow the arcade.” Richie said thoughtfully as he looked up at the blue sky above.

Will looked up at the fluffy white clouds above their heads, “Me neither. We’ll be playing video games until they put us in the ground.” Will giggled.

“That’s what I keep saying to myself.” Richie squeezed his hand as they watched Mike pull up with Eleven in the seat next to him.

“Hey Mikey.” Richie smiled getting into the back seat with Will, “Ready to battle at the arcade?”

“I’ll take you down.” Mike smiled as he pulled out of Will’s driveway.

“Are we getting Max?” Eleven asked Mike.

“They’re coming, but Dustin is picking them up.” Mike informed her.

The ride to the arcade was pleasant; Will always enjoyed the scenery that passed them by. It was one thing about Hawkins he never tired of. When they arrived at the arcade, they only had to wait fifteen minutes before Dustin arrived with the rest of the party.

“So, Dustin, you never told us about that girl you were seeing in school.” Lucas pried as they played a game of air hockey.

“She’s cool. She’s a drummer, and she likes video games. We’ve only been on one date so there isn’t much to tell.” Dustin tried to tell him.

“Details. What does she look like?” Lucas asked as he got a goal past Dustin.

“She’s blonde, blue eyes. Pretty.” Dustin smiled a little as he shrugged.

“Her name?” Max asked from the hunting simulator game.

“Jennifer.” Dustin responded.

“Big tits or no?” Richie asked as he and Will played a round of Street Fighter together.

“Big enough.” Dustin laughed a little, “Richie’s over here asking the real questions.”

“You’re a pig.” Max rolled her eyes at Richie.

“I don’t know how many pigs have a dong the size of mine.” Richie grinned.

Max rolled her eyes. “You really shouldn’t feed into it. He just keeps going.” Mike said from beside Max as they both played co-op in the hunting game.

Eleven stood next to Mike watching intently as she drank a green slushie. Content. “I’m not that bad.” Richie grinned, “Although Will sees me being a naughty boy plenty.” Richie winked.

Will shook his head a little, “Good thing you’re handsome or I wouldn’t have a good reason to keep you around.”

Richie beat him at the game, which was no surprise to Will. “I’m going to get a slushie.” Richie smiled at him, “Want one even though you lost to the champ?”

“Sure.” Will nodded, “We’ll be back.” The party gave lazy acknowledgement as the two left the arcade to venture next door to the convenience store.

Richie grabbed Will’s arm, and pulled him past the convenience store, and into the alley beside it. “What are we doing here?” Will

asked, already fairly certain he knew the answer to that.

Pressing Will's back against the brick wall, they were fairly hidden behind a large green dumpster. "Want to have a quickie?" Richie grinned at him.

Will looked out at the opening of the alley before looking at Richie with a sigh, "Are you sure no one will spot us here?"

Richie looked at him, "Isn't that half the fun of public sex? Besides… it's a sex goal we've gotta tick off." Richie smirked.

Will smiled a little, "Fine. Make it quick." Will turned to face the wall, undoing his pants, and dropping them along with his boxers.

Richie undid his pants, pulling his condom out of his wallet before pulling erection out; it was already extremely hard. Richie slid the condom on quickly before lining himself up with Will's entrance. Richie pressed his way inside, and Will groaned, pressing back into him as he braced his hands on the wall.

"God, I miss fucking you…" Richie groaned as it had been a week since their last quickie when Joyce went outside to tend to her rose bushes.

"I missed your dick." Will grinned looking back at Richie as they moved together at a quick pace.

"Fuck… Oh shit… You're so fucking tight…" Richie moaned as he gripped Will's hips tighter with each thrust.

They were fucking quickly, but intensely. Richie wasn't going to last long, and Will could tell by his laboured breathing, and his pace. Will wished they were able to take their time, because there was no way he was going to come before Richie at that rate. "Richie, come when you need to, I don't know if I can focus right now." Will said eyes on the alley opening as he supressed his moans.

"Alright, babe. Don't worry… it's coming very soon." Richie promised, sounding extremely into what they were doing.

Richie liked the idea of being caught fucking, and Will wasn't

bothered by it as much, but with their friends around, he worried one of them might find them, and he'd never live it down.

Pressing his lips to the back of Will's neck, he placed warm wet kisses on his skin. He knew Will had a sensitive neck, and he enjoyed the soft gasps escaping him. Richie leaned over more and nibbled on his skin along the side of his neck, causing Will's eyes to roll back. "Mm…" He moaned a little louder as Richie continued to pound into him, sucking on the side of his neck.

Richie knew it was something Will loved the feeling of and even though he often ended up with hickies because of it, Will let Richie do it when ever he wanted to. Every lick of his tongue, was starting to drive Will insane, and Richie knew it as his insides gripped around Richie repeatedly, a sign of his pleasure. Will felt himself building up quicker thanks to Richie's talented mouth. "Oh God, Richie! Harder!" Will cried out forgetting he was in an alley.

Grinning, Richie angled himself better against Will's prostate, slamming into him hard. "Fuck, you got it, babe!" Richie grinned.

Will was moaning without concern for getting caught as Richie continued fucking harder into him, and Richie grinned as a few people passed by the alley looking a bit nervous. Will arched his back, "Richie! Oh God yes!" Without another moment of hesitation, Will came hard, accidentally hitting the brick wall ahead of him.

It sent Richie over the edge just knowing he made Will come after Will didn't think he could. He came hard into the condom with a low groan. He rested against Will for a moment, kissing his neck before slowly pulling out of Will.

The two pulled their pants back on, and Richie wrapped Will into a warm embrace. "You're good…" Will giggled, "I didn't think I was going to come at first."

"I know what my boy likes." Richie grinned, pressing his lips to Wills.

"Can we get those slushies now?" Will asked with a smile.

"Hells yes." Richie grinned taking Will's hand as they headed to the

convenience store together.

Richie and Will both got cherry slushies together and walked back to the arcade to hear Dustin and Lucas arguing over something in their typical banter. “You can’t use the same special attack multiple times in row, that’s not how the game was meant to be played, Lucas!” Dustin shouted as they played Street Fighter.

“Screw that, if the game allows it, I’m doing it. What ever it takes to whoop your whining ass.” Lucas grinned as his fighter was beating Dustin to a pulp.

Max and Mike both looked up at Will, and their expressions changed. “What?” Will looked at them confused.

“Have a good slushie run?” Max asked with a nod to Will’s neck, “Nice hickey.”

Will quickly pulled up the collar of his shirt and blushed a little. “Sorry…”

“Please, we know you two have sex. Nothing to apologize for.” Max laughed a bit.

Richie grinned with amusement. “Man, they caught us. I guess Mike will have to bend us over the air hockey table and spank us.”

Will elbowed Richie, and Mike shook his head, “I’m good thanks.”

Notes for the Chapter:

> What did you think? Let me know! I love hearing from you guys!

25. Overstimulation

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will make a stop over at a hotel on the drive from Hawkins to Derry... it's a fun night for the two of them.

Notes for the Chapter:

> This chapter is pure sex.... enjoy!

Chapter 25

Heading to Derry from Hawkins required Richie and Will to make a stop over at a hotel as per usual. They stayed at the same motel in Massachusetts as before. Richie had flung their baggage inside carelessly the moment he pulled the lubricant from their bag before tackling Will to the bed. It had been a month since they had a room alone together to do what they wanted with no time limit.

Will was just as eager as Richie, pulling his boyfriends clothes off without a second thought. Richie leaned over Will's naked body, before Will pushed Richie onto his back, and began lubricating his fingers. Richie stared up at him, "Oh… you're going to take the lead this time? I like it." Richie grinned before feeling Will insert his two fingers into Richie, ensuring he was prepared to take Will.

"I want to dominate you tonight, babe." Will kissed him deeply, sliding his tongue aggressively into Richie's mouth.

"Wish granted." Richie grinned once they parted lips.

Richie bit his lip, groaning as Will toyed with his prostate purposely. "How's this feel?" Will smirked a little.

"Feels like you're teasing me." Richie felt Will press harder into it, making him fidget and moan, "Ok, ok… no teasing, I want you in me."

Will shook his head, "Nope. I call the shots this time." Will removed

his fingers and reached into the bag he'd packed some of his toys inside. Pulling out a silicone vibrator, Will held it up, "I want to use this one on you tonight."

Richie watched Will lubricate the toy before pressing it inside of him. "I want to make you come so many times tonight, because for once we have time." Will pressed the button on the toy, making it vibrate on the lowest speed as he pushed it into Richie's prostate.

His heels were digging into the bed as he groaned loudly. "Will… oh fuck…" Richie bit his bottom lip so hard he was leaving teeth marks behind.

Will loved watching the reactions Richie had to being dominated by him. It made him feel good to please Richie in such a way that Richie did to him very well. "Want it faster, babe?" Will asked him and Richie quickly nodded through his panting moans.

Leaning down, Will wrapped his mouth around the erection that was sticking straight up before him. "Mmm…" Will moaned around his cock, enjoying the way Richie rolled his eyes back in sheer ecstasy.

Licking up the underside of Richie's erection, Will looked at him as he pressed the button on the toy, making I vibrate a speed higher. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Richie whined, his back arching as Will moved his wrist much faster.

Richie whimpered loudly as Will began deep throating him while he moved the toy against his prostate, "Will! I'm going to come, please slow down…" He begged.

Will shook his head and began humming around Richie's erection eagerly. "Fuck! Oh God! You're killing me!" Richie moaned, enjoying the fact he was about to get off in round one of possibly many.

Pressing the toy's button one more time, Will put it at full speed, letting it press hard into his prostate while Will bobbed his head faster. Richie was a moaning mess as he gripped the bedding below him, arching his back off the bed as he was getting worked up hard. "Will! Oh fuck! Yes!"

Will felt liquid shoot into the back of his throat, and he swallowed. Taking a few last licks at Richie's cock, he pulled off, allowing the toy to turn off before slowly sliding it out of Richie.

Richie panted heavily. "Fuck… Will that felt so good."

Will smiled at him, "Once you're ready again, I'm going to fuck you so hard into the mattress your head will spin." Richie raised his eyebrows as he let Will's words sink in, "You're so hot when you talk dirty."

Will giggled, and leaned down, pressing his lips to Richie's before he was flipped onto his back. Richie kissed down his neck, listening to Will's soft moans as he made it down Will's chest, "Richie…" Will sighed softly as he closed his eyes.

Richie quickly lubricated his fingers before inserting them inside of Will, his mouth wrapping around the head of Will's cock. "Mm… Richie you're being a copycat." Will smiled down at him.

Richie licked up the bottom side of his erection before looking at Will, "So sue me." He moved his fingers faster, "I want you to get off too so you can fuck me a Hell of a lot longer." Richie said before wrapping his mouth around Will's erection.

Will relaxed back, his body tingling with pleasure as Richie worked his fingers into his prostate. "Oh! More Richie! More!" Will begged loudly, his toes curling.

Richie swallowed around the head of Will's cock and moved his fingers much harder inside of Will. The blonde was wreathing and moaning beneath him, and it pleased Richie to see it, his cock hardening slowly as he observed Will's reactions.

"Richie!" Will moaned his penis pulsating inside Richie's mouth, indicating he didn't have long to go.

Richie pulled off with a pop, "Come for me, baby. I want this nice cock of yours ready for me."

Will arched his back as Richie began humming around him the moment he put Will's erection back in his mouth. "Oh shit! Oh fuck,

Richie!" Will's leg twitched as he finally let go, spilling into Richie's mouth.

Swallowing it down easily, Richie climbed up Will's body, lying over him. The two kissed for several minutes, their tongues mingling together. "Mmm… I've missed spending private time with you." Will looked at him gently.

"Me too, I fucking missed it so much. We're going to get good use out of this fucking room tonight." Richie smiled at him.

"Give me about ten minutes, and I'll be able to start fucking you again." Will assured him before pulling Richie's face close so he could kiss Richie's lips. They kissed slowly, their tongues exploring each other's mouth. It felt good just to kiss, and not have to worry about someone walking in on them. Richie moved his tongue against Will's before wrapping his lips around Will's tongue, sucking on it gently before they broke apart, Will giggled. "That always feels so weird."

Richie laughed, and rubbed his hand against Will's forming erection, "Looks like you're getting hard again."

Will nodded, "I am, but I'm not quite there yet. Still…" Richie was pushed onto his back unexpectedly, "I like being on top of you." Will giggled, pressing his lips into Richie's neck, grinding his pelvis into him.

Richie grunted a bit at the feeling of their erections rubbing together, "Will, you're getting too fucking good at teasing." Richie told him amused.

"Don't worry, I won't be teasing you for long. I'm almost ready…" Will assured him as he got off Richie and rolled Richie onto his stomach. "I'm going to try doing it like this." Will grabbed Richie's hips, pulling him so he was on his knees, his upper body pressed against the bedding.

"Kinky." Richie laughed a bit.

Will lubricated his erection and rubbed it in carefully. He got onto his knees behind Richie, and carefully lined himself up with Richie's

opening. “Ready?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be.” Richie nodded.

Will inserted himself slowly, and felt Richie gripping around him with each push. “Fuck…” Richie groaned as Will began slowly moving his hips.

“I’m not hurting you, am I?” Will asked pressing down on Richie’s lower back as he moved.

“No, it feels good… I’m just still not used to how this feels. I like it though.” Richie looked back at him.

“Good, because I’m going to ride you hard.” Will grabbed a fist full of Richie’s hair, pulling it a little as he began moving his hips hard into Richie.

“Oh fuck! Oh Fuck!” Richie chanted with a moaning whine as his prostate was being attacked repeatedly by Will’s stiff erection.

Will enjoyed the power he had over Richie in that position, he got to listen to all the whimpers and desperate moans Richie made with each tug of his hair or thrust with his hips. “Oh yeah, I see why you like doing this to me…”

Richie arched his back as Will pulled on his hair more, “Oh my God! Will! You’re a fucking beast!” Richie screamed out, enjoying every second of being dominated by his much shorter boyfriend.

Will leaned over Richie, pressing his lips to Richie’s spine. He kept moving at a steady pace, his tongue sliding over Richie’s skin slowly. Richie let out a shivering moan as he felt Will drag his nails down his back without warning. “Fuck! Oh God yes!” Richie moaned loudly.

“You gonna come from being fucked like this?” Will taunted, feeling the power surging through him.

“You’re definitely convincing me to!” Richie responded, biting down on the pillow as Will began dragging his nails down his back again, leaving red lines in their wake. “Fuck!”

Will moved harder into Richie's prostate, feeling his own body building up with each thrust of his hips. "Richie… you're so hot." Will moaned as his hands began gripping Richie's hips again.

Richie buried his face in the pillow, his body beginning to bliss out as he neared the edge of climax. His moans were muffled, but still quite loud. Will grabbed his hair, lifting his head so he could hear Richie clearer.

"I'm close! Oh fuck, I'm so close, Will!" Richie moaned as he braced his arms on the bedding below, "Come in me, babe. I want to feel it." Richie begged, his back arching a little more intensely. "Oh shit! Here it comes!" Will wrapped his hand around Richie's erection, hoping to save the bedspread from being soaked in come.

Will felt Richie's insides flutter around him as he began releasing hard into Will's hand. "Oh God! Yes!" Richie yelled loudly, his voice cracking as he moaned.

Will shuttered and plunged deep inside of Richie before releasing hard into him, "Oh Richie, you feel so good." Will moaned pressing his face into Richie's back.

Richie could feel Will filling him with come, and he bit his lip as he let his body sink into the bedding. Will pulled out and rolled onto his back, panting heavily as he lay beside Richie.

"That was pretty good." Will smiled looking over at Richie who looked overly pleased by what they just did.

"I'll say." Richie sighed with a smile on his face.

Will rolled onto his side and began planting kisses all over Richie's face. "Mmm, I love you so much."

"I love you too. I didn't know you'd be such a good dom, but holy fuck, I loved it!" Richie kissed him back, cupping Will's face.

"I can do that again for you sometime. I enjoyed it a lot." Will offered.

"Please do." Richie kissed him deeply before looking into his eyes,

“Just so you know, I’m fucking you next.”

Will giggled a bit, “I accept. Just give me some time to rest.”

“I think we need a nap at the very least.” Richie suggested wrapping his arms around will.

Snuggling into Richie, Will pulled the blanket over them both. “Wake me up when you’re ready to go again.” Will told him.

Richie chuckled, “Now you’re giving me too much power. I’m half tempted to wake you up with my dick.”

“I’d give you permission.” Will smiled before rolling over so Richie could spoon him.

Richie pressed his pelvis into Will’s ass, “You don’t know what you just signed off on.”

“I think I do, and I will be waiting for it.” Will yawned before closing his eyes, “If you can deliver after how well I just fucked you.” Will taunted with a smile.

Richie scoffed, “Just keep talking…”

Will smiled, falling asleep quickly after so much rigorous activity. Hours passed before Will felt Richie’s penis entering him. Will’s eyes snapped opened, and he looked back only for Richie to push him onto his stomach as he climbed on top of him. “You wanna fuck me into the mattress? It’s your turn.” Richie purred in his ear, wrapping his hands around Will’s wrists to keep him subdued.

The feeling of Richie pressing into him completely was much more intense after having just woken up. Will enjoyed the feeling of being pinned down as Richie dragged his tongue up Will’s neck. “Richie…” Will moaned in a cute sleepy voice.

Richie allowed Will to lie flat on his stomach as he moved into him. Peppering kisses over Will’s shoulders, Richie could feel Will tightening around him as he seemed to be enjoying what Richie was doing.

Removing his hands from Will's wrists, he curled his arms around Will's arms, hugging him lovingly as he moved at a steady pace. He shifted his mood from being dominant to being gentle and loving as Will was still just waking up. "Mm… I love you, babe." Richie whispered, placing small kisses along Will's neck.

Will smiled closing his eyes as he moved with Richie, "I love you too, Richie."

Richie's hips moved much more fluidly when he felt Will loosening his grip around Richie's cock. Will's voice became louder as he moaned. Richie took it as his cue to move more. "You ready for me to go harder?" Richie asked.

Will nodded, "Much harder."

Richie pumped his hips faster, angling himself so he was pressing into Will's prostate more prominently. "Better?" Richie asked, dragging his tongue along Will's earlobe.

"Harder, Richie." Will looked back at him.

"Fuck, alright." Richie slammed his hips into Will, penetrating harder into him. "How's that babe?"

"Harder, oh God please." Will begged.

"How fucking hard do you want this? Shit hold on." Richie pulled out of Will and moved him over to the dresser in the room.

Will leaned over it, and Richie pressed back into him. Richie slammed his hips into him, and Will moaned loudly, "Oh God yes! That's it! Oh Richie!" Will screamed as he braced himself on the wall ahead of him.

Richie grinned, "Fuck yes! Scream my name! I want a fucking noise complaint!" Richie gritted his teeth as he pumped much harder into his blonde boyfriend.

"Richie! You're a fucking God! Oh Richie!" Will arched his back, his body gripping around Richie intensely, "Oh God! Oh what the fuck!?" Will felt his entire body tense as Richie continued fucking into him.

Looking a bit confused, Richie noticed Will's cock dripping fluid onto the floor as Will's body clenched him tightly, adding to his pleasure. "Oh my God, Will… you're really tight, what's happening?"

"Don't stop! Don't stop! Oh my God!" Will slammed his hand onto the dresser top as his back arched involuntarily.

His body finally released, and he came hard, his sight failing him momentarily as his eyes rolled back into his skull. His moaning was more orgasmic than ever previously. Richie couldn't hold on any longer, and he came as he watched Will come hard. "Fuck! Will!" Richie groaned, releasing into Will.

Panting heavily, Will's legs gave out and he held onto the dresser to keep from falling. Richie held him up, "Are you ok? Holy shit… you came really hard…"

Will groaned a bit, "That was amazing… Holy shit…"

Richie pulled out and helped Will back to the bed. Will rested on his back, his legs shaking even as he lay down. "Jesus, did I break you?" Richie looked him over concerned.

Will smiled, "Yeah, you did." He was completely euphoric, feeling incredible.

Richie smiled a little realizing everything was ok. Will glanced towards the curtains, they were glowing with gold rays of light as the sun came up, "Oh, it's morning…" Will sounded a bit delirious.

"Yeah, we should get on the road soon, but I want to make sure you're going to be ok. I know you're feeling good, but did I hurt you at all? I was pretty rough with you." Richie looked him over concerned before gently running his fingers over Will's hip bones that had gone red from the hard thrusting. "You might be bruised."

Will shrugged, "I'll live." Will sighed happily, looking very relaxed. "Can we shower?"

"Can you walk?" Richie eyed him curiously.

Will shakily sat up, his arms shaking a bit. Standing up, he fell back

onto his ass on the bed. “How about I just wipe you down? I’ll go get a cloth.” Richie disappeared into the bathroom.

Lying back, Will let Richie clean his body. It felt both strange and nice letting Richie clean him with a warm wash cloth. The feeling of his abdomen being scrubbed made Will giggle, but he didn’t resist.

After several minutes of getting ready, Richie helped Will get dressed, and walked him to the passenger’s seat of the truck. Will felt a little bad that he was so useless that morning, but Richie didn’t seem to mind loading the truck up for them.

“What do you want for breakfast?” Richie asked him curiously.

“Um… anything I suppose.” Will looked over at him, finally feeling a little more normal again.

“How about some sort of a breakfast sandwich from the nearest road stop?” Richie suggested putting the key into the ignition.

Will smiled, “Sounds good.” Will leaned over and pressed his lips to Richie’s.

Kissing him back, Richie cupped his face, “Hopefully this will do both of us until we can find alone time again.”

“This will do me. Trust me.” Will nodded.

Richie laughed, and put the vehicle into ignition, “Sit tight, your God of a boyfriend will now find you sustenance.”

Will giggled, “I need to stop calling you that in the heat of the moment, you love it too much.”

Richie smirked, “I can’t wait to tell all my friends how I fucked you into a hard orgasm.”

Will rolled his eyes and shook his head with a smile as they headed out onto the road, and into the glowing sunrise.

Notes for the Chapter:

Reviews, anyone?

26. Trying New Things

Summary for the Chapter:

> After arriving back in Derry, Richie and Will spend some time at the quarry with the losers club. Things get a little heated at Bill's.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Some of you might not like certain aspects of this chapter, but I know others will. To each their own, I hope you all continue on with this story to the end, but if not I understand. Enjoy :D

Chapter 26

Derry looked the same as every other time Will had been there. It seemed the town never changed. He still felt the heaviness in the air as he sensed the presence of evil weighting heavily on the town.

They were going to stay at Bill's for a few nights before moving onto another house. That was going to be much of their summer, but Will was ready for it. He enjoyed the company of the loser's club.

Everyone was gathered at Bill's by the time Will and Richie arrived. They all hugged one another and greeted each other excitedly. "So guys, guess what? I'm getting an apartment in Orono for the year." Richie grinned.

"Sweet, when do you know if you have it?" Mike asked curiously.

"Well, Will and I will have to go up mid month to sign some paperwork, and if we get it, we're notified immediately and then we can cancel our dorm room." Richie informed them.

"Do we have to visit you?" Stan smirked a little.

"Yes, absolutely!" Richie grinned.

"At least come see me, if not Richie." Will smiled at Stan.

“That’s a fair offer.” Stan nodded.

Richie scoffed at Stan, “Please you miss me when I’m not around, and I know it.” Richie laughed.

“Keep dreaming.” Stan rolled his eyes.

“I missed you.” Bev hugged Richie, “You and your lovely trash mouth.”

“Aww, thanks Bev.” Richie hugged her, “I missed you and Benjamin as well.”

Ben smiled at him, hugging Richie next, and pulling Will into the hug, “You two are always missed when you aren’t around.”

Will hugged Ben before looking at Eddie with a smile and pulling him in for a hug. “Guess what I did?” Will looked at him amused.

“What?” Eddie looked at him questioningly.

“I elbowed one of my bully’s growing up in the face on break.” Will giggled.

“What?! No way!” Eddie’s eyes lit up, “You’re so badass!”

The group talked for a bit before deciding what they wanted to do that day. Richie insisted on visiting the quarry, and everyone seemed content with that as it was a nice warm day.

Will looked over the edge of the cliff into the quarry. “Are you sure this is safe?” Will asked.

“Oh yes, I’ve jumped off here many times.” Richie assured him as their friends undressed for the water.

Will was nervous standing in just his boxers, looking down at the water below. “We can jump together if you want?” Richie suggested.

Looking at Richie, Will nodded taking his hand. “One. Two.” Richie counted, and Will drew in a breath before Richie finished counting, “Three!” They both jumped off the edge together, and Will screamed

on the way down much to Richie's amusement.

Will hit the water hard, but it didn't hurt. He floated downwards on impact before he and Richie began swimming to the surface together. "Oh my God! That was awesome!" Will smiled at him before they swam back so the next person could jump.

"No! No! I'm not ready!" Stan shouted from the top of the cliff as Mike lifted him bridal style and headed for the edge of the cliff.

"Ahhhh!" Stan held onto Mike as they both dropped into the water below.

Richie grinned as Stan surfaced, and splashed Mike who was laughing hard at his expense. "Oh, come on babe, you've jumped it many times. You can't be mad."

"You're in the dog house tonight!" Stan glared as he swam towards the shore.

Mike swam after him, pulling him back into the water. "No way, babe."

Mike tickled Stan's sides, and Stan couldn't help but laugh, and splash him, "You're still on my shit list."

Bill jumped down next, and then Eddie followed. Bev and Ben held hands and jumped down together. Once everyone was in the water, they gathered around together.

"Chicken fight?" Richie suggested.

"I'm on it!" Bill dove under the water, and lifted Eddie onto his shoulders.

Ben dove down, lifting Beverly up onto his shoulders. Beverly and Eddie pushed at each other only for Eddie to land in the water. Beverly cheered excitedly. "Yes!"

Will looked back at Richie before the raven-haired man dropped down to lift Will onto his shoulders as Mike and Stan did the same thing. "Watch out, Stan's a cheater." Richie shouted as he brought

Will closer to Stan who sat on top of Mike's shoulders.

"I am not, Tozier!" Stan shouted as he and Will wrestled above the water before Will was knocked backwards.

He splashed into the water behind Richie and stayed under the water holding his breath just to see what Richie would do. "Will?" Richie looked around, "Shit Stan! You better not have killed my boyfriend!" Richie dove under the water to search for Will.

Will felt Richie's hands on him, pulling him to the surface. Will held his eyes closed as Richie patted his face, "Baby? Are you ok? Will?" Richie shook him a little before Will spit water into Richie's face. "You shit!" Richie dropped Will into the water.

Laughing as he surfaced, Will looked at Richie amused, "You're easy to prank."

Stan laughed a bit, still sitting on Mike's shoulders. "You ever gonna let me down?" Stan asked him.

"Nope, you're like a queen sitting up there." Mike grinned.

"Yeah, Queen Bitch herself." Bev smirked.

"Wouldn't want to take your title away, Bev." Stan shot back.

"Oooh, you're going down Stanny!" Beverly said before Ben dove under the water to pick her up onto his shoulders.

The two wrestled on top before Beverly lunged at Stan, knocking them both into the water together. Mike watched as they both remained under the water together for a little bit, similar to what happened with Will. They both surfaced before anyone could stop them, Beverly's arms around Stan's shoulders, his arms around her waist as Beverly's laugh echoed off the cliffs around the quarry. "What took you so long to surface? Too busy making out under the water?" Richie teased.

Stan scoffed, "We'd do that above the water just to spite you."

Beverly locked her legs around Stan's waist, "Yeah, it really wouldn't

be the first time we've made out."

Mike grinned a little, "Go ahead then."

Will watched amused as Stan pressed his lips to Beverly's the two kissing each other slowly, like they've done it before many times.

"Fuck is that what you three do in New York together?" Richie looked at Ben who smiled a little, and shrugged, "Maybe."

Stan moved his hands lower down her back, and Beverly giggled, "Stan, quit grabbing my ass."

Stan laughed, and let go of her, "It was there."

"You're worse than Richie." Bev said as she let go of Stan, receiving a splash to the face.

"Never insult me like that again." Stan smiled a little.

"What?! I've never grabbed your ass!" Richie stared wide eyed.

Bev looked at him, one brow raised, "On purpose!" Richie looked at her pointedly.

Bev rolled her eyes, "Still counts."

"It was an accident, I was drunk!" Richie tried.

"Let's face it, Richie. Grabbing ass seems like something you'd do without much reasoning." Will pointed out.

Richie laughed, "Yeah, you raise a good point."

Bill looked at Ben curiously, "Have you a-and Stan d-done things together?"

Ben looked at Stan and then Bill, "Perhaps."

Stan grinned a little, and swam over to Mike, wrapping his arms around him, "It's only because Mike is stuck in Derry while I'm at school." Stan assured Bill as Mike hugged him close.

Bill looked at Ben amused, “Adventurous.” Bill commented.

Beverly kissed Ben’s lips gently, “Hey, we’re allowed to fuck around within the loser’s club.”

Bill laughed, “I don’t r-recall that be-being an official rule.”

Will snuggled into Richie, “I guess I’m the only one who hasn’t been passed around in the loser’s club.”

“I recall you making out with Eddie on spring break.” Richie raised a brow at him.

“I c-could take him o-off your hands for you.” Bill said receiving a smack from Eddie.

Will blushed, and Richie smirked a little at Will’s expense, “I feel like the two of you would like that too much.”

Splashing Richie in the face, Will swam away under the water hoping his face would go back to normal before surfacing again.

***

The evening was spent at Bill’s, Eddie decided to stay over, and the four of them were in the basement watching some horror movies together despite Eddie’s blatant distaste for them. Richie and Bill were sitting at either end of the large three-seater futon bed while Will and Eddie were in the middle, eating popcorn together.

Eddie pressed his face in Will’s neck and squeaked nervously as a scary part came on the TV. Will giggled a little, and patted Eddie’s head gently, “It’s ok.”

Will was used to watching horror movies with his friends, and after the life they lived, nothing fictional really got to him anymore. Bill stroked Eddie’s back gently, “I-It’s over.”

Eddie looked back at the screen, nervousness still etched on his face. Richie suddenly screamed, and Eddie screamed in response before whacking him across the head. “Asshole!”

Richie couldn't stop laughing, his eyes tearing up. "Fuck, Eds. You're so easy to scare."

"No shit, Richie! I've been almost killed by an evil clown from Hell!" Eddie shouted at him.

"We all have, calm down." Richie rolled his eyes.

"Except W-Will." Bill pointed out.

"I had my own issues in Hawkins." Will reminded Bill of their conversation from spring break.

"That's t-true." Bill nodded as he ate some popcorn.

"Can we turn this off?" Eddie asked, pulling the blankets to his neck nervously, "I don't like this movie."

"Well, it's either watch the movie or hide under the blankets I guess. So, have fun!" Richie looked at him.

Eddie took it as a challenge, "Will…" Eddie caught his attention.

Once the blonde looked his direction, Eddie cupped his face, and pressed their lips together. Will was a bit surprised, but kissed Eddie back slowly. "Oh, come on! That's not fair!" Richie complained taking the popcorn bowl off them as he watched Eddie and Will make out slowly beside him.

Bill watched them, his attention completely gone from the horror movie on TV. Eddie's hand moved down Will's neck, gripping his shoulder before sliding his other arm under Will, pulling Will on top of him as he laid on his back. "Mm…" Will braced his hands on the futon, and felt Eddie wrap his legs around his waist as they kissed.

Richie locked eyes with Bill, the two slowly began to nod their heads in approval. "So, are you two gonna fuck? Just a question, because we're ok with it if you do." Richie looked at them both.

"Are you gonna shut the fuck up? I'm concentrating." Eddie snapped at him.

Will gave Richie a sly smile, indicating that might be where things were headed. Eddie rolled his eyes at Richie before pulling Will's mouth back to his.

Bill turned off the movie and pulled off his shirt. Richie smirked a little and decided to do the same. The two approached one another, pressing their lips together. Bill undid Richie's pants, and Richie did the same to Bill's. They kissed deeply, both of them very erect by that point.

Will and Eddie sat up and looked back at Richie and Bill. "Hello? What about us?" Eddie asked.

Richie and Bill broke their kiss looking at them, "Well, if you're going to fuck my boyfriend, I'm fucking yours."

Will watched Eddie pull off his shirt, so he followed suit, the two of them taking off their pants next. Will was extremely comfortable about what was happening. It wasn't really something they planned on doing, but Will was comfortable with it. Knowing Richie had already been with both Eddie and Bill made it a little easier for him as well.

Broken from his thoughts, Will felt a mouth suctioning around his erection, and he looked down to see Eddie's lips wrapping around him, making his cock extremely slippery. "O-Oh God!" Will moaned.

Richie looked over at Will as he had Bill pinned underneath of him, "You ok babe?" Richie checked in.

Will nodded looking extremely pleased, "Oh, I'm very ok." Will nodded making Richie laugh a little.

"Now where do you keep the lubricant, Denbrough?" Richie asked.

Bill strained and pulled open the drawer next to the futon, he pulled out Vaseline. "Perfect." Richie began coating himself with Vaseline before carefully inserting two fingers into Bill who had raised his knees for easy access.

Will lubricated his fingers before Eddie pulled off him and turned around on his hands and knees. Carefully, Will rubbed into Eddie's

entrance, feeling around for his prostate, “Oh… right there.” Eddie moaned bucking his hips back, engulfing more of Will’s fingers.

Richie lined himself up with Bill, sliding into him carefully. Bill pulled him down for a kiss, “Mm…”

“Put it in me, I’m ready.” Eddie looked back at Will.

The blonde made sure he was lubricated well before he slid just the head into Eddie. “More…” Eddie prompted, and Will slowly slid the rest of the way inside.

“Oh my God… I’m inside of you…” Will was a bit shocked, but he was pleased it was happening.

Eddie bounced his hips and allowed Will to fuck him slowly. Bill and Richie pulled their lips apart, Richie leaning closer to kiss Will’s lips. They kissed slowly, as they both continued to thrust their hips. It was surreal, but very welcoming. “Mm... I love you.” Will smiled at him.

Richie kissed him again, “I love you too, babe.” Richie whispered as they pulled apart.

Moaning loudly, Eddie bit his lip, “Mmm… your boy has a smooth cock... I fucking love it!” Eddie told Richie.

Richie grinned, “Your boy has a very tight ass. Something tells me you haven’t been fucking him in the ass recently.” Richie joked knowing Eddie never fucked anyone dominantly, he was solely the bottom.

“Fuck off.” Eddie groaned as Will moved a little faster, pounding into Eddie’s prostate intently. “Oh fuck!” Eddie moaned.

Bill moaned loudly, his body shaking a bit as Richie continued to dominate him, “You gonna come Bill?” Richie teased, “Don’t come yet. I’m not even close.”

Will licked his lips, looking over at Bill, taking in his muscles, and his sexual facial expressions. It was a sight he was pleased to see. “Checking out Bill?” Richie caught him, “He’s a stud.”

Will blushed and continued to fuck Eddie a little harder, “Ooh! Yes! More!” Eddie cried out eagerly.

Pumping faster, Will gritted his teeth feeling himself coming to a climax. He reached around, jerking Eddie off to keep them on the same level. “Oh God! Oh God!” Will moaned out as he was getting close to his release.

“Yes! Yes! Ooh yes!” Eddie cried out as he released hard into Will’s hand. “Oh my God…” Eddie panted heavily as Will pulled his hand away.

Will released into Eddie, his moaning echoing around the room to Bill and Richie’s delight. “Mm…” Will pulled out carefully and sat back on his knees.

“I really like your childhood friends, Richie.” Will smiled panting hard.

“I can see why.” Richie gritted his teeth, and pumped hard into Bill, the two of them extremely close to coming.

“Richie! Fuck!” Bill groaned before he began coming onto his own stomach.

Richie’s back arched, and he released hard into Bill. “Damn… that felt good…”

Bill laid back, and Richie pulled out of him. “What do you think of that Denbrough dick, Will?” Richie winked.

Will blushed a little and looked away. “Oh, come on now. You just fucked Eddie, and you’re blushing? Please, you’re not innocent.” Richie teased him.

Eddie rolled onto his back and looked up at Will, “Go ahead, I don’t mind if you play with him. Richie is.”

Will watched as Bill sat up, looking over Will with intrigue, “C-Come here.”

Richie smacked Will’s ass and rested on his side next to Eddie. They

watched as Bill cupped Will's face and kissed him gently. Their lips opened, and Will felt Bill's tongue make it's way into his mouth. "Mm…" Will gripped Bill's shoulder's gently.

Getting up, Richie went to the bathroom just off the basement. He cleaned himself off before coming back over to bed. Richie spooned Eddie warmly, and the two watched as Will was pulled onto Bill's lap as they kissed each other. Will felt Bill's hard erection rubbing against his opening as their laps rubbed together sensually.

Eddie snuggled back into Richie with a content smile on his face as Bill carefully coated his erection with Vaseline before sliding Will down onto his erection. Breaking the kiss, Will moaned loudly, "Oh! Oh God!" He gasped, feeling Bill's erection slide into his prostate roughly.

"A-Are you ok?" Bill asked him gently as he held Will's hips.

Will nodded, "Yeah." He wrapped his arms around Bill's shoulders before looking at Richie to make sure he was alright as well.

"Fuck him good, he likes it rough, Bill." Richie winked at Will who smiled and rolled his eyes.

"Don't worry, Bill knows how to fuck hard." Eddie giggled.

Bill thrust up into Will repeatedly, and Will felt his eyes roll back as he felt his prostate getting jack hammered. "Oh! Oh! Fuck!" Will arched his back, Bill gripped his hips, keeping him in the position he desired as he continued to move hard up into him.

"Will takes a dick like a champ." Richie commented to Eddie.

"He does, and he gives it like a champ too." Eddie smirked.

Bill changed the position, lying Will on his back while Will's hips were off the bed, Bill hammering into him roughly. Will gripped the bedding above his head, and moaned loudly, "Oh God! Oh my God!" Will panted heavily, his body experiencing more bliss in a short period of time than he was used to.

"Make him come, Bill." Richie purred.

Bill bit his lower lip, knowing it was coming soon as Will's body tightened around him repeatedly, "Oh Richie! Richie!" Will grabbed for his hand.

Richie laced his fingers with Will's gently, "It's ok babe, you can come."

Will let out a loud wailing moan, gripping onto Richie as he climaxed heavily, his semen squirting on his own abs. Bill grunted, and released into Will, gripping his hips tightly, "Oh… that was g-good." Bill panted, carefully sliding out.

Will crawled over to Richie, kissing him heatedly. The two proceeded to make out as Eddie and Bill cuddled one another lovingly. Will parted lips, and looked into Richie's eyes, "You're not mad?"

Richie shook his head with a smile, "No, I'd never be mad over that. I'm here, after all." Richie grinned, "You're good. Are you mad?"

Will shook his head, "No." He smiled, giggling a little at how silly he felt.

Bill snuck off to clean himself off before returning. Will wiped his abdomen, and the four relaxed in the position they were originally in before they had sex. "Next time you guys want to watch a stupid horror movie, I'm turning it into sex." Eddie told them.

"Literally no one is complaining." Richie smiled a little, stroking Will's hair gently.

The couples cuddled together, and everything about what happened felt good. It felt right. Still, Will wasn't about to tell any of his friends back home. They'd never understand. He could barely believe he'd done it himself. He wasn't ashamed, but rather proud he and Richie were so trusting and in love. They had discussed the possibility of sex with other people, both deciding it was a possibility for them. Will could see himself experimenting further, and he was interested in discussing the idea with Richie. Perhaps they could add some more things under the sexual to do list in Richie's book?

Notes for the Chapter:

What did you think? I hope you liked it!

27. Campfire Night in the Barrens

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will go for a camp-out in the Barrens. It gets a little heated.

Chapter 27

Bird watching with Stan and Mike meant Richie and Will could cuddle together in the warm patches of grass. The warmth of the sun gracing his pale skin was welcoming, and Will rested his face on Richie's chest as they napped together.

Will could hear Stanley and Mike speak every so often about what ever birds they'd discovered, but overall it was quiet, and nice. Will liked the barrens thus far. Richie rubbed Will's back gently, the feeling of being close was welcoming.

It was getting close to the middle of the week, and the loser's club was going to meet up for a sleep over in the barrens. Will and Richie decided to show up early with Stan and Mike before the sun was about to set. Richie and Will got some marshmallows, and vodka while Ben and Beverly were bringing a cooler with more drinks and food they could make on the fire. Mike and Stan brought some wine, and it was up to Bill and Eddie to bring more alcohol.

Will wasn't even aware he had fallen asleep until he felt Richie gently shaking him awake, "Hey babe, everyone's here." Will opened his eyes slowly and looked around at everyone who was gathered around.

Eddie waved at Will who rubbed his eyes and waved back with a smile. Leaning into Richie's shoulder, they both sat on one of the logs near where Mike and Stan were starting a fire pit together. Stanley was rubbing sticks together, attempting to get a fire started the scout's way.

"Stan, it's called a fucking match." Richie heckled.

Stan glared at him, “This takes skill. More skill than we can expect from you.”

“Hey, my hands are magical. Ask Will.” Richie grinned.

Will rolled his eyes, “Can someone pass me a drink?”

“Here, babe.” Bev passed him an orange cooler.

Will carefully popped it open and took a long drink.

“How did the sleep over go at Bill’s last time we saw you?” Ben asked as he sat on a log next to Beverly.

Richie nodded, “Good. We scared the shit out of Eds, and then we all had sex.”

Will spit his drink all over Stan who was a foot away. Stan sighed with annoyance, and glared at Will while Mike laughed with amusement, “Thanks.” Stan said dryly before continuing on with the fire he was working at.

Richie burst out laughing, falling backwards off the log as he held his stomach. Everyone looked over at Will and Richie, “Well… I guess I wouldn’t have been surprised to hear you all had sex, but I guess this reaction confirms Richie wasn’t just talking shit again.” Ben shrugged a bit as he pulled out the hotdog wieners from the cooler.

Eddie smiled a bit amused, “It’s alright Will, no one here cares who has sex with who anymore.”

Will laughed a little and watched as Richie climbed back up onto the log, more composed. “Who had sex with who on that night anyway?” Stan asked once he had a flame started.

“Well it started off Will and Eddie having sex, and then Bill and I had sex. Then Will and Bill had sex. It was good times.” Richie nodded with a grin.

“Does Big Bill live up to the name?” Beverly winked at Will.

Will nodded, “Yes.”

Bill smiled a little and pulled Eddie close. “Your nickname should be Massive Mike. Am I right Stan?” Richie winked.

Stan’s mouth curled into a smile, “For once you’re right.”

Mike chuckled and shook his head as he grabbed a few sticks, clean for roasting food on. “You guys are hilarious.”

“Big Ben would work too.” Bev smiled, nudging Ben who just blushed.

“What about me? I have a big dick too!” Richie scoffed at them.

“Rachet Richie sounds right.” Stan said dryly.

“Fuck you Simple Stan! Ha!” Richie pointed at him.

“You’re an idiot.” Stan replied as he sat next to Mike on a log with his stick.

The sun was beginning to set, and they had a perfect view of the sunset from where they sat together. “It’s beautiful out here.” Will said as he leaned into Richie while they drank together.

“Not as beautiful as you, babe.” Richie smiled kissing him gently.

“Sap.” Bev winked as she took a drink of her cooler.

“So, what’s the story with New York guys?” Richie asked, “Is it worth seeing?”

“You’re crazy to ask that. Of course, it is!” Eddie looked at him wide eyed.

“Maybe this thanksgiving we should have everyone come to our place.” Stan looked at Bev and Ben.

Beverly nodded, “Yeah, if everyone wants to we could.”

“I’d have no problem with it.” Ben said as he roasted a wiener on a stick.

“We could pick up Mike and head your way in that case.” Richie

grinned.

“That would give me a chance to see you before Christmas.” Mike smiled at Stan, his arm around Stan’s shoulders.

Stan smiled at him softly, “I would like to have you see our place. It’d be nice to show you my room.”

“He’d also like you to show him your dick when you visit.” Richie piped up, earning a giggle from Will.

“Maybe you can finally scare of Stan’s stalker on campus too.” Beverly piped up.

“Stalker? On campus?” Mike looked at Stan.

Stan shrugged, “I didn’t think it was important to mention. I just ignore him.”

“How big of a deal is this, Bev?” Mike turned to Beverly, looking a bit fired up suddenly.

“He was just a guy who used to hang out with Stan to do homework, but he got pretty attached, and wanted to do more than be study buddies.” Beverly explained, “Don’t worry, Stan told him he wasn’t interested, but the guy still tries to talk to Stanley when ever he spots him."

Mike looked at Stan, “Want me to kick his ass?”

Stan smiled a little and shook his head, “No, Mike. It’s not that big of a deal. He’s just pining and going no where with it.”

“Ben and Bev are the only ones allowed to fuck you at school. Am I right?” Richie winked.

“Yes, that’s the deal.” Stan nodded pulling his marshmallow from his stick.

“Give me details. Very descriptive details.” Richie waggled his brows.

“No.” Stan said quickly.

“I’m actually pretty impressed with Stan and Mike’s long-distance relationship. They are quite interactive over the phone.” Bev spilled a little.

“Wait, how?” Richie asked curiously.

“No.” Stan glared.

Mike rubbed his arm, “It’s ok, babe. Nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Mike usually instructs him to do something over the phone, and then Ben or I have to confirm it somehow. Valentines Day was an interesting day, and Mike was really prepared for it.” Bev grinned at Stan who was shaking his head, going pink.

Richie grinned, “Details.”

Will popped a marshmallow into his mouth and listened intently. “Ben and I were given the very honourable task of taking care of him. We didn’t let him leave the apartment until we made him pancakes in bed. We went out as a group after we ate for most of the day. Then we called Mike and let him listen in as Ben and I fucked him.” Beverly grinned.

“It was a good time for me.” Mike kissed Stan’s cheek, “I had to make sure you were getting some on the most romantic day of the year.”

“I said details!” Richie looked to be on the edge of his seat.

Ben looked at Richie, “I laid him on his side, and put my penis in him, then Beverly climbed onto him once we were conjoined? How much more description do you need?”

“That’s a good start.” Richie grinned, “Is he a screamer?”

“Ok, no. Stop being an asshole.” Stan pointed at him, only for Mike to kiss his neck repeatedly to calm him down.

“Ben and I made sure Stan came… a couple of times.” Beverly giggled.

Stan went red looking at the grass, “Bill, help me.”

“You’re o-on your own.” Bill smirked as he held Eddie.

“Yeah, Bill and I like hearing about Kinky Stan.” Eddie laughed.

“So, Bev? You said you fucked him too, how was it?” Richie pried.

“I hope we hear embarrassing details about your sex life next.” Stan piped up.

“It was really good, as I had expected.” Bev explained, “After coming home, Stan and I had a nice bath together, and I made sure he enjoyed it.” Bev winked at Stan who blushed a little more.

“Damn, you rode him in the tub?” Richie asked her.

“I sure did! He sure liked grabbing my chest a lot.” Bev teased.

“I was concerned they were going to hit me in the face.” Stan tried to defend himself.

“That’s why you were sucking on my nipples?” Bev asked watching Stan cover his face with both hands.

“You like tits, babe?” Mike looked at him amused.

“Yes, I like tits.” Stan’s voice was muffled, “Now fuck off, all of you.”

“Damn, Stan. You had pussy before I did!” Richie shouted just realizing it.

Stan rolled his eyes, “So what?”

“Oh fine, we’ve teased him enough.” Beverly giggled, “So, if you and Eddie fucked, who was on top?” Beverly asked Will.

“Me. I was on top.” Will answered calmly.

“I’m never going to be on top, you can be sure of that.” Eddie told Bev.

“Why not?” Ben furrowed his brows confused.

“I don’t like it. Not my preference.” Eddie shrugged.

“That’s why I have to fuck Bill when we have sex, to make sure he’s getting his prostate examined.” Richie laughed.

Will rolled his eyes and smiled at that, “You’re silly.”

“I’m n-not complaining. “Bill smiled at Richie, “I l-like it either way.”

“That’s why we’re such great bros.” Richie laughed.

“Bros that fuck?” Will asked amused.

“Damn straight. Just like you and Eddie.” Richie winked at him.

“I had fun. I regret nothing.” Will smiled, “I’d do it again too.”

“Just l-let us know, and w-we’ll be there.” Bill grinned.

“You can’t hog Will and Richie, guys. Ben and I haven’t even had a go at them.” Beverly winked.

“I will get my dick out right now if that’s what you’re suggesting!” Richie smirked at her.

“I don’t know about fucking girls, Richie.” Will reminded.

“It’s ok, you take Big Ben, I got the girl.” Richie smirked at him, “Teamwork.”

Will giggled, “You’re acting like we’re a superhero duo.”

“Zombie Boy! Quickly! Fuck Big Ben until he gives the co-ordinates of the space craft! I’ll take Red-Bev from behind as a distraction!” Richie said in a silly voice as Will giggled loudly showing everyone how drunk Will was starting to get off the coolers.

“What ever gets you your jolly’s Richie.” Ben laughed a little as he drank a beer down.

“I wouldn’t be the one fucking Ben I’m pretty sure. I think he could take me.” Will giggled as he finished his third cooler.

“He’s a teddy bear, he’d let you fuck him if you asked nicely.” Bev winked.

“Would not.” Ben smirked at her.

“I love how we are just sitting around a campfire talking about fucking each other.” Eddie piped up.

“Its what friends do.” Richie winked.

“B-Best friends.” Bill nodded.

“I just am pretty excited to fuck Beverly and Ben next! This is going to be great!” Richie smirked.

“We never agreed to that.” Ben reminded.

“You never disagreed though, so it’s gonna happen. Will’s a great lay, you’ll love it.” Richie tried to convince him.

“Oh man…” Ben sighed as Beverly laughed loudly.

The fire needed more firewood, both Mike and Stan went of to gather some more. “So this weekend, at exactly midnight, Will and I will be there to fuck you and Ben.” Richie said to Beverly as if it was something casual.

“Good idea, I’ll start putting up egg cartons on the walls, so it blocks out the sounds of our loud love making.” Bev responded seriously.

“What are we swingers now?” Mike asked as he and Stan came back with some wood in their arms to load into the fire.

“I mean, we could be. You down to fuck, Mike?” Richie asked.

“Who, you?” Mike asked him.

“No, you can fuck Will, he likes the big dicks.” Richie said making Will smile and roll his eyes.

“So that leaves you fucking Stan?” Mike asked amused.

“Not in a million fucking years.” Stan said as he pushed a log into the fire.

“Oh come on, Stanny. I can make you scream like you’ve never

screamed before. Just hop on the old Tozier express." Richie grinned.

Stan rolled his eyes, "Disgusting."

"You know you want some of this. All these years of sexual tension between us has been leading up to the perfect moment in which I get to lay my fat fucking dick on your face." Richie grinned as Stan threw a marshmallow at him.

"I'm going to shove my foot up your ass." Stan threatened.

"Make it your dick, and we have a deal!" Richie grinned.

Stan just glared at him, and Mike looked at his boyfriend amused, "Stan's been dying to fuck you. He says your name in bed quite often." Mike received a smack to the arm from Stan.

"Shut it!" Stan leered at Mike who just laughed.

"I believe it. Stan's always had a thing for my tight ass. I catch him staring out of the corner of my eye all the time." Richie teased.

Stan popped open another cooler and began chugging it down dramatically. Richie and Will both laughed loudly, "We could all just make good use of tonight and fuck in the Barrens." Richie suggested.

"I am going to strangle him." Stan told Mike.

"Come on S-Stan. You l-love Richie." Bill smiled at the blonde.

"We all love Richie." Will wrapped his arms around Richie's neck, giving him sloppy neck kisses in his inebriated state.

Richie wrapped his arms around Will, "Baby, I think you've had enough."

Will pressed his lips to Richie's kissing him heatedly, "Mm…" Richie felt Will push his tongue inside his mouth.

"Get it, baby!" Bev cheered Will on as he kissed Richie deeply.

"Group make out session?" Eddie suggested before grabbing Bill's

face, pulling him in for a kiss.

Will ran his hands over Richie's chest, over top of his black band t-shirt. Richie broke the kiss, "Are you horny?" He pressed their foreheads together.

Nodding Will kissed him again. Richie picked Will up, and headed into the woods, still kissing him. It was obvious Will wasn't too concerned about privacy, but if he was sober he might have been, so Richie decided to spare him as he pressed Will against a tree, undoing Will's pants.

Richie dropped down to his knees, wrapping his mouth around Will's erection. Will moaned loudly and looked out at the camp fire. The other three couples were kissing each other slowly. Richie and Will were taking it a little faster.

Gripping Will's hips, Richie sucked on Will quickly; moving his head up and down to help get him off. "Richie, oh my god…" Will ran his fingers through Richie's black curls.

Will rested his back against the tree, letting his head fall back as well. Richie always knew what he needed it seemed, and Will was always amazed at how well Richie provided for him.

Richie rubbed the head of Will's cock with his tongue, licking at the sensitive slit as he did so. "Oh yes!" Will moaned loudly.

"Get it babe!" Bev shouted into the woods at Will, making him smile a little at the silliness of it all.

Mike picked Stan up, and Stanley wrapped his legs around Mike's waist in response as they headed off into the tall grass together. "Oh, Richie! Don't stop!"

Richie had no plans to stop. He sucked hard on him, pushing Will into the very back of his throat. "Mmm…" He hummed around Will's cock, driving Will a little crazier.

"Yes! Richie!" Will cried out as he suddenly released hard into the back of his throat without warning. "Oh, thank you…"

Richie swallowed and stood up amused, “You’re so cute when you’re horny.”

Will kissed his lips and looked out at the fire to see Eddie in Bill’s lap, looking very close to starting something. “Shit, it’s going to be an orgy out there.” Richie laughed.

“Can we snuggle?” Will asked with a smile.

“Yes, we absolutely can… once I find Stan and Mike.” Richie grinned running off into the tall grass suddenly.

“Fuck off! Leave!” Stan shouted from the distance, making Will laugh loudly as he took a seat on the log once again; he was having a good night to say the least.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Please let me know how you felt about this chapter, I had a nice time writing it :D

28. Partners in Crime

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie team up to try and take down Stan and Mike.

Chapter 28

Riding a horse was something Will had never done before, and Mike was excited to show him how. Will sat behind Mike, holding onto him as the horse trotted along the property. “This is so cool.” Will smiled.

Stan was on the other horse, leading it around as Richie held onto him from behind. “If you keep breathing down my neck, I’ll knock you off this horse.” Stan threated flatly.

“You’re getting a lot better at controlling her, babe.” Mike smiled at Stan who walked the horse next to him.

“Can I take the reigns?” Richie asked.

“No.” Stan said quickly.

Will was enjoying spending time at the farm, he loved animals, and to see so many different kinds was nice. The only farms in Hawkins had a tendency to have only one type of animal, and usually just for slaughter.

They walked the horses over to the apple tree, Mike tying them to the fence nearby. The horses were happy with that decision. Mike helped Will climb down and looked over to see Richie and Stan getting off the horse they were on.

“I really like this place.” Will said looking around the farm.

“I do too. It’s relaxing here.” Stan smiled a little.

They were at the other edge of the property, a fair walk away from the farm. “Let’s let the horses have a snack, and then we can head

back.” Mike told them as the horses picked apples from the tree to eat.

Richie smiled watching them chew their food without a care in the world. “Stan, have you seen your parents since that night you left?”

“No. I haven’t called, and I don’t care to see them. They made me crazy, and I feel a lot better living with Mike.” Stan said as Richie turned to look at him.

“Parent’s can do that.” Will nodded, not knowing the whole story.

“Stan’s parents are strict, and religious. They expected Stan to be a robot who only fucking studies and gets good grades. Oh, and dates Jewish girls.” Richie added.

Stan nodded, “They never would have understood that I’m not interested in marrying a girl.”

“He wants to marry me instead.” Mike slung and arm around his shoulder.

Stan smiled at him, “Maybe someday, when the world is a less homophobic place.”

“You guys are cute.” Will smiled at them, “I really hope I get invited to the wedding someday.”

“You can be in the wedding.” Mike smiled at him.

“Can I come to the honeymoon?” Richie grinned waggling his brows.

“No.” Stan said quickly.

“You’re a party pooper, Stan.” Richie rolled his eyes.

“I’m sorry I have standards.” Stan raised a brow.

“Stan, you brat.” Mike smiled, kissing his cheek gently, “What am I gonna do with you?”

“Spank him.” Richie said making Will giggle.

“You’re going to make Stan put out a hit on you soon.” Will warned him.

“I already have his murder planned out strategically, so no one could ever link it back to me.” Stan said seriously.

“Am I part of these plans? I don’t want to live without Richie.” Will wrapped his arms around Richie’s waist.

“Yeah, you gotta kill Will too.” Richie told Stan.

“Very well, I’ll do what I must.” Stan curled his mouth into a smile before Mike tickled his sides, “Hey!”

“You were getting too creepy there for a second. I thought I was going to have to take you down to the station.” Mike teased.

“Only if you use the handcuffs.” Stan tugged Mike’s lower lip boldly with his teeth before heading off down the small dirt trail nearby.

“Damn…” Richie said watching Stan walk off, “He’s frisky.”

Mike smiled at Richie, “He sure is.”

The three followed Stan down the dirt trail that led to the strawberry patch. It was a nice little area, and Stan spent a lot of time there. “Are they safe to eat?” Richie pointed at them.

“Yeah, there’s no spray or anything on them.” Mike nodded.

Richie picked one off the ground, and bit into it. “Mm… better than at the store.”

Stanley knelt down and gathered a handful before coming over to Will and Mike. They each took one. “Thanks.” Will smiled taking a bite of one.

“Thanks for letting us stay with you for the week. It’s weird being temporarily homeless.” Will said looking at Mike and Stan as they chewed their strawberries.

“You’re welcome. We don’t mind you two staying at all.” Mike smiled

warmly.

“If you guys get horny while we’re here, just go for it, we totally understand.” Richie teased.

“I’m sure I’ll survive.” Stan rolled his eyes, “Besides, I spent months away from Mike.”

“Yeah, but you still boned. I remember the bonfire.” Richie smirked pointedly.

Stan looked away, “My point is, we can make it a week without having sex.”

“Will and I might not be able to. We might have to fuck in your bed.” Richie wrapped an arm around Will’s shoulders.

“Richie…” Will shook his head, an amused look on his face.

“I mean it, it’s been a rough July. We’ve got to fuck like our lives depend on it.” Richie continued joking.

“Keep your dick away from me, that’s all I ask.” Stan told him pointedly.

“That’s right, you want the dicking to be done by yourself…. With my sweet sweet ass.” Richie smacked his ass teasingly at Stan who sighed.

“Can I kill him now? No one would find his body out here, Mike.” Stan looked at his boyfriend with desperation.

“Hey, if he wants you to fuck him, imagine all the anger you could get out on him.” Mike smirked.

Stan shoved him a little, “You’re no help.”

After picking a few more strawberries, and venturing around the far part of the farmland, the four headed back by horse to the farm. When they were outside of the stables, Richie nuzzled into the back of Stan’s head while they were still on the horse together, “Your hair so magical, Stanley!”

“Get your face out of my hair.” Stan sighed with annoyance.

Will giggled as he watched them from behind Mike on the horse. Mike got off the horse first and helped Will down; Will was amazed every time he touched Mike’s rock-solid arms.

Will’s hand lingered on Mike’s bicep for a moment, and Mike chuckled a bit, “Yeah I know, working on the farm will give you muscles.”

Pulling his hand back, Will smiled a little, “I’m just not used to them. Richie and I are both string beans.”

“Stan, Will’s hitting on your man, we should retaliate, and fuck to get back at them.” Richie said as he climbed off the horse.

“Close your eyes, use your hand, and think of me. That’s as close as you’ll ever get to that dream.” Stan said dryly as he walked the horse to the stable.

Mike followed him, and Will looked at Richie, “Are you trying to see how many of your friends we can sleep with, or something?” Will whispered with an amused look.

“I definitely would like to find out.” Richie eyed him, “You down?”

“I’m down.” Will held out a hand, “Partners in crime?”

Richie shook his hand with a grin, “Partners in crime.” Richie pulled Will in and pressed their lips together. “You work on Mike, I’ll work on Stan.” Richie decided.

“I’m going to tell you right now, you’re too forward with Stan. He’s going to keep rejecting you if you keep hitting on him like that. Simple sweet compliments. That’s what you need to do.” Will told him quietly, “Maybe a gentle touch here and there if he’s responding well, but only in safe areas.”

Richie looked at him amazed, “You’re really into this idea? I can’t believe my boyfriend is giving me advice on getting into another man’s pants.” Richie grinned, “I have the best boyfriend ever.”

Will smiled at him, “You do have the best boyfriend ever. I do too.” Will cupped his face and kissed Richie softly, their lips mingling for a deeper kiss.

“Get a room.” Stan said flatly as Mike and followed him out of the stables.

Richie and Will broke apart with a smile. “Did you guys want to do anything for dinner? I know its only four, but I’m hungry as fuck.” Richie told them.

“I could cook something, or we could go out somewhere?” Mike suggested to them.

“Why don’t we go to the diner? We could have milkshakes, French fries, and cheese burgers.” Richie suggested.

“I might be persuaded to have a wrap instead, but I’m for it.” Stan nodded.

“I’ll buy you what ever you like, Stan.” Richie smiled at him.

“You don’t have to buy me anything, I have money.” Stan responded.

“I know, but it’s more like a date if I buy.” Richie responded.

Stan rolled his eyes, “Mike, did you want to go to the diner?”

“Yeah, I’d be into that. Let me change my clothes and wash up.” Mike said heading to his cabin on the property.

Once they were ready, and cleaned up, Mike borrowed one of the cars on the farm to transport the four of them as his truck only fit three people at once. Will and Richie held hands in the back seat together, both intent on working on Mike and Stan. They walked into the diner together and took a seat in one of the booths.

“I have never been here before. Anything you recommend?” Will asked them curiously.

“They have really good nachos, and cheese fries here.” Mike informed Will as they looked over the menus together.

Will and Richie hooked their feet together under the table, their shoes rubbing together gently. “The cheese fries sound good.”

The waitress came by and took their orders. Will ordered the cheese fries and garden salad, Stan ordered a chicken salad wrap, Richie ordered his cheese burger and fries, and Mike decided to go with a BLT sandwich with some fries on the side. They all got milkshakes to drink.
“What’s it like working on a farm?” Will asked, striking up a conversation with Mike as they waited for their food.

“It’s hard work, but I’ve been doing it for years, so I’m pretty used to it.” Mike smiled gently.

“That explains why you’ve got arms like that. Stan must really love that.” Will smiled a little.

Stan smiled and nodded, “I do.”

The waitress brought them their food. “Stan, you should wear blue more often. It suits you.” Richie complimented, taking Will’s advice.

Will rubbed their feet together, a sign of encouragement. Stan looked at his blue buttoned up shirt, and then at Richie, “Thank you.”

Eating his salad first, Will looked at Richie, “Hey, when do we have to go to Orono?”

“Oh, next week. Wednesday.” Richie told him as he chewed some fries. “Are you excited?” Richie smiled.

“Very. I can’t wait to have our own place together.” Will smiled before looking at Mike and Stan, “You two can come over any time you want to.”

“Yeah, we’d have plenty of room. I wouldn’t mind having everyone stay sometime if we could fit you all.” Richie smiled warmly.

“That might be fun.” Stan responded biting into his wrap.

“Hey, what did you guys want to do for movies tonight? We could stop at the video store on the way home.” Mike suggested.

“Good idea. What would you like to watch Stan?” Will asked, Richie remaining silent as Will seemed to have a point to asking.

Stan looked at him a bit surprised. “You… want me to pick?”

“Yeah, why not? You have a good taste in movies.” Richie piped up.

Stan eyed Richie for a moment before looking at Will, “Well… I suppose nothing scary. Maybe something fun?”

“Scary was last sleep over, so fun sounds good to me.” Will smiled as he pushed a fry into his mouth. “Mm… these are good.” Will smiled cutely at Mike.

“Stan likes romantic comedies, so I can predict us watching one of those tonight.” Mike smiled at his boyfriend.

“You like them too.” Stan said before taking a final bite of his wrap.

“You two are so cute.” Will giggled at them.

They finished their food and headed straight to the movie rental store about a block away. Richie led Will away from the other two under the guise of searching for movies in another section.

“How am I doing with Stan?” Richie whispered.

“Good, you’re doing really good.” Will smiled, keeping quiet, “Maybe if we find the right movie, it’ll put him in the mood for something.”

“Then what? I just pounce him?” Richie questioned.

“No, you cuddle me. Trust me, if he sees your softer side, he might be inspired.” Will tried to tell him.

“They’re coming.” Richie whispered as they pretended to be looking through movies on the shelf.

“Stan found something, did you guys have any luck?” Mike asked as they came over with a movie in hand.

Will looked up at the shelf before them, “Well, what about this

movie? It's about a boy and dog who get stranded on an island together."

"That might be sad." Stan told him.

"Sad, but with a happy ending?" Will suggested.

Stan nodded, "Alright."

They grabbed the two movies and headed to the counter to rent them out. When they got back into the car, Richie slung his arm around Will, and the two relaxed on the way back to the farm.

They walked into Mike's cabin. It was a lot like being in a bachelor apartment. Stan's things were easy to spot around the room, and Richie thought it was sweet they lived together. The sunset outside was gleaming golden light through the window above the bed. It was a queen sized bed, big enough for the four of them.

Stan dug into one of the drawers before pulling out some neatly folded PJ's. He headed into the bathroom and closed the door behind him to change. The bed looked much more comfortable than the futon at Bill's place. Will was excited to get to sleep in it. Coming out of the bathroom in soft blue plaid PJ's, Stan walked bare foot to the bed, and climbed in.

Richie and Will dug through their bags for PJ's while Mike changed in the bathroom next. Once everyone was in their comfortable clothes, they all got into the bed. Mike laid closest to the edge of the bed while Richie was against the wall with Will next to him, and Stan between Will and Mike. They put on the movie Will picked out first, and Will glanced at Stan every so often to assess his reaction. It seemed he got very enveloped in the storyline, and the characters.

Mike held Stan's hand with one hand while his arm was slung around Stan's shoulders, holding him close. "I hope the dog's going to make it…" Richie said sounding sad as he watched.

"Me too…" Will said sadly.

Richie wrapped his arms around Will, holding him close. Will wasn't sure if Richie was listening to his advice, or if he was doing it out of

instinct. “You ok, babe?” Richie asked, answering Will’s question for him.

Will looked at him, and nodded, pressing a gentle kiss to his lips. “I love you.”

“I love you too beautiful.” Richie smiled, stroking his hair gently.

Stan glanced over at them, and then looked back to the TV. Will felt nice in Richie’s arms. Even if their plan didn’t work, he was happy they were working together as a team, and even getting their own snuggle on.

Richie kissed Will’s neck gently, and Will shivered, tensing a bit at the sensitivity. “Oh, thank God… the dog made it.” Stan sighed relieved.

“Yeah, but the rest of the family died.” Mike reminded.

“Who cares about them? The dog is more important.” Stan responded making everyone on the bed laugh.

When the movie was finally over, Mike got up and changed the tape to Stan’s movie selection. Will gently tugged on the arm of Stan’s PJ top. Stan looked over at him confused, “Snuggle?” Will smiled cutely.

Stan smiled a little and moved closer to Will. Mike noticed the closeness of the two blondes, and smiled, wrapping his arm around behind both of their heads. Richie kissed Will’s cheek, stroking his hair gently.

Mike seemed to feel the new mood embrace them, his fingers gently stroking Stan’s neck as they watched the movie. Stan eventually leaned in, pressing his lips to Mike’s. Each couple was comfortable with one another, and it made the time together much lighter. Richie held Will gently, their closeness feeling as natural as breathing. For Richie, holding Will was like breathing.

Stan glanced over at Richie, “You haven’t hit on me in hours. Is everything alright with you? You’ve been really quiet.”

Richie smiled a little, “You don’t like it when I hit on you, Stanny. I was just being considerate. I think you already know you’re beautiful to me.” Stan blushed a little, and it was the first time anything Richie said had caused it. “Besides, I’m sure it makes Mike uncomfortable.” Richie lied.

“Nope. Not at all. He is beautiful, and he doesn’t seem to know it.” Mike kissed Stan’s lips gently, “Beautiful, and sweet.”

Will smiled, lacing his fingers with Stan’s, “You’re quite a catch. Mike’s lucky.” Stan was attractive to Will, but he’d never trade Richie for Stan, or anyone for that matter.

Stan said nothing and turned his attention to the TV to escape from what was going on. “As for why I’ve been so quiet.” Richie caught Stan’s attention once more, and smiled at Will gently, “Will makes me feel like I don’t need to talk so much for attention. He gives me a lot of attention, and it feels good.” Richie kissed Will gently, Will kissing him back.

Smiling a little, Stan nodded, “You two are a good couple. You definitely belong together.”

“Same with you and Mike.” Will smiled at him gently.

“I have a weird question…” Richie started, and Will was a bit nervous.

“Ok?” Stan looked at him.

“Well, you said you were with Bev and Ben while at college. I mean that in the sexual sense…” Richie started, “What about you Mike? Did you ever do anything with anyone else?”

Mike shook his head, “No, there wasn’t anyone here from the loser’s club, I mean, you and Will, but you’re an hour away.” Mike rubbed Stan’s arm, “Besides, I don’t need anyone else.”

Stan looked thoughtful for a moment, “Well… would you want to? If you could?” Stan asked curiously, “I wouldn’t mind. It would only be fair.”

Mike shrugged, “It doesn’t matter.”

“Well, to be honest. Will and I were thinking, if you did want to do something while Stan is away, we could help.” Richie told them, “Only if Stan is consenting of course.”

Stan looked from Richie to Mike, “I’d be alright with that.”

“You’re sure?” Mike looked at him seriously, “I wouldn’t do anything you weren’t comfortable with.”

“I mean, if it’s weird he has sex with us without you, we could always do things together while we’re in Derry, if you wanted.” Will piped up before Richie could.

Stan looked Will over for a moment, “…Perhaps.”

Richie’s heart skipped a beat as he realized they basically had Stan’s consent already. Will was a genius, Richie had to admit. Mike ran his fingers through Stan’s hair gently and allowed it to sooth the blonde into a more relaxed state. “You guys want to do this now, I assume?” Mike asked still stroking Stan’s hair.

“When ever you’re both ready. No rush, and no pressure.” Richie explained before nibbling Will’s neck and watching him fidget.

Stan looked at Mike for a moment before Mike kissed him gently, “It’s ok babe, we both know you want to.” Mike smiled a little.

Stan smiled a little wider and looked over to Will who was struggling with Richie’s mouth on his neck. Mike leaned close to Stan’s ear, “Go on, kiss him. I want to watch.” Mike kissed his earlobe.

Leaning in, Stan cupped Will’s face gently, pressing their lips together. The kiss was slow, and soft. Will was rather surprised how delicate Stan’s lips felt. They were beautiful. Will felt Stan open his lips, and Will followed his lead, feeling Stan’s soft warm tongue entering his mouth. Stan was a good kisser, his motions slow, deliberate, and passionate. Will ran his fingers through Stan’s hair gently and felt the softness of the golden locks on his head. Richie and Mike were entirely tuned into what was happening before them on the bed.

“This is so beautiful…” Richie muttered.

“You got that right.” Mike nodded as Stan kissed along Will’s jawline towards his ear.

Stan whispered softly to Will, “Ride him hard, he likes that.” Will felt teeth pulling his earlobe before Stan gently kissed along his neck, causing Will’s erection to press into Stan’s pelvis.

Pulling off Will’s clothes carefully, he stripped him down to nothing. Will watched as Mike pulled his shirt off, showing the perfectly toned abs he earned from the farm life. Will unbuttoned Stan’s shirt, pulling it off to reveal his graceful pale form. Will gripped Stan’s hips and leaned up to drag his tongue up Stan’s flat stomach, earning a soft sound from Stanley.

Mike grabbed lubricant and condoms from the drawer and sat them beside the bed. Stan undressed the rest of his body at the same time as Richie yanked his clothes from his body, throwing them carelessly off the bed as Mike took off his PJ pants. “Woah…” Will eyed Mike’s rather large girthy erection, “Am I going to be able to take all that?”

“Trust me, you can.” Stan smirked.

“Think you can take all of this Stanley?” Richie grinned, rubbing his hard erection.

Stan looked at him smugly, “That won’t be something we find out tonight.”

Richie looked quite confused, “W-What?” Stan grabbed Richie’s arm, and flipped him onto his stomach. Richie looked back at Stan, “Oh… I see.”

Stan rolled a condom onto his erection, and them topped it off with some lubricant. Will watched amused as Stan pulled Richie up onto his hands and knees before kneeling behind him.

Mike rolled a condom onto his penis, and looked at Will, “You want me to prepare you a little first?” Mike asked taking Will’s body into consideration.

Will nodded and rested his body against Mike as they pressed their lips together. Mikes lips were plush and comforting as they kissed. His lubricated figures slid carefully inside of Will, starting with two. Will ran his hands along the abdomen muscles graciously. “Mm...” Will moaned softly feeling Mike against his prostate.

Richie gripped the pillows as he felt Stan carefully slide into him. “Oh…” Richie groaned biting his lip. The moment Stan was fully inside of him, Stanley grabbed his thick curls, and tugged a little as he began moving his hips fluidly. “Oh fuck! Stanley!”

Will felt Mike insert a third finger into him, getting Will ready for his erection. “Do you want me on top, or do you want to control the thrusts?” Mike asked him.

“Me on top. I’d feel better knowing I’m in control.” Will nodded to him.

Mike got onto his back fully and rubbed more lubrication onto his erection. Will straddled Mike’s hips and carefully slid down on the monstrosity below him. “Oh! Oh God! It’s big…” Will groaned remaining still before sliding the rest of the way down.

Mike rubbed Will’s hips gently, “You’re ok. Take your time. I don’t need you rushing yourself and getting hurt.” Mike told him comfortingly.

Richie gritted his teeth, Stan utterly plowing him with hard force, “You like that, Trashmouth?”

“Fuck yes! Oh God!” Richie moaned loudly, his arms shaking as he held himself up on his hands and knees.

Will gripped onto Mike’s shoulders, and looked into his eyes as he carefully moved up at down once the discomfort subsided. “Mmm… God, you touch everything…” Will moaned as he rode him at a gentle pace.

Stan tugged Richie’s hair, “Hear that, Trashmouth? My boyfriend’s cock is more impressive than yours.”

“Fuck! Shut up, Stanley!” Richie groaned before Stan slammed into

him harder, “I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I’m incompetent!” Richie screamed out.

“That’s what I thought.” Stan grinned, winking at Will.

Will moved a little faster, “Is this good?” Will asked breathlessly.

“Real good.” Mike nodded, moving his hands up and down Will’s sides, “You’re a real tight one, just like Stan.” Mike bit his lip, enjoying the feeling.

Remembering Stan’s words, Will began moving faster on top of him, carefully not to harm himself in the process. “Oh yes! Oh God! Fuck me!” Will cried out.

Mike thrust up into him and watched as Will’s head lolled backwards in ecstasy. Stan smiled a little as he watched Will and Mike get into it more. Stan gripped Richie’s hips in both hands and angled himself into Richie’s prostate as he slammed into him.

Will gripped around Mike tightly, his body going into orgasmic spasms. “Oh God, I won’t last long!”

Mike nodded, “Same here, lovely.”

Stan panted heavily, getting close to his own climax at the same time as Richie. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! God damn it, Stan!” Richie moaned out, “I’m gonna come!”
“Then come. We all know you can’t last with me inside of you.” Stan teased as he moved hard into him, enjoying the desperate sounds coming out of Richie.

Will arched his back, and moaned loudly, his body close to releasing. Mike grabbed Will’s erection and began carefully jerking him to his climax. Will gripped Mike’s shoulders and came into Mike’s hand without warning. Mike bit his lip as he released into the condom. The two panted hard, as Will buried his face in Mike’s chest, “Oh my God…”

Stan watched as Richie grabbed his cock and released into his hand with a loud moan. “Fuck…”

Stan gritted his teeth and felt Richie's insides spasming around him; it sent him over the edge. Stan released into the condom, and attempted to catch his breath as Richie smushed his face into the pillows in front of him, "Mm…" He groaned.

The four took a moment to recover before Will reached over to Richie, the two lacing their fingers together. Stan pulled out of Richie, and Will carefully climbed off Mike, snuggling into Richie. Removing their condoms, they tossed them into the trash carefully.

Will and Richie kissed lovingly, it was a rather sweet sight as Stan got back into his place in the bed between Will and Mike. Stan kissed Mike gently, the two quite happy with how everything went. It seemed like an agreeable situation for both parties.

Richie curled his arms around Will, kissing him deeply. It comforted Will who often feared Richie would somehow be upset with what happened, even though he had no reason. "This could work." Stan said suddenly making Richie and Will look at him, "While I'm gone, you could occasionally visit Mike, and ensure his needs are met." Stan said trying to sound proper despite the topic.

Will nodded, "As long as you're ok with it."

Stan looked at him, "I am. It will feel good knowing he isn't lonely with me gone."

Mike kissed him, "It won't be the same with you gone, but I appreciate this arrangement." Mike informed Stanley.

Richie began spooning Will, holding him close. "We'll do what we can to help." Richie told them, "I'm fucking surprised Will took all of that. Fuck…" Richie glanced at Mike's now flaccid penis.

Stan smiled a little, "It's not easy, but very worth it." Mike kissed Stan, spooning him immediately after so both couples were facing each other.

"Should we watch the rest of this movie, or try to get some sleep?" Mike asked them.

"Sleep. I'm tired after that." Stan sighed relaxed.

“I’m one Hell of a lay.” Richie grinned.

“Don’t get cocky.” Stan closed his eyes relaxing into Mike.

Will smiled, and laced his fingers with Richie’s, “Goodnight everyone.”

“Goodnight, cutie.” Mike smiled before kissing Stan’s neck, “Goodnight sexy.”

Stan smiled a little, keeping his eyes closed, “Goodnight.”

“Night.” Richie yawned before closing his eyes.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thoughts? Feelings? Let me know!

29. The Final Mission

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will set out to finish their mission of fucking all of Richie's friends. Bev and Ben are the final frontier.

Notes for the Chapter:

> I hope you guys are enjoying all the poly sex, if not... RUN NOW.

Chapter 29

Will and Richie had left Derry early on a Wednesday morning. Getting the situation with the apartment sorted out had been on their minds non-stop. Will wanted to ensure they were getting their apartment, so they could cancel their dorm room application.

They were led inside of the apartment they were potentially going to rent. Will liked it, and he was excited for the potential to live there with Richie. Sure, they'd shared a dorm, but having more than just a room was exciting.

After signing the paperwork, and putting through their information, they headed back on the road with the promise they'd hear back in a few days. The number to reach them at was going to be Beverly's number since they were staying with her for a few days.

Will was all smiles on the ride back to Derry, and Richie kept glancing over at him. "What?" Will asked with a smile.

"Nothing, you're just fucking adorable, and I love you." Richie smiled making Will blush and smile.

"You're the adorable one. I can't wait to see if we got that place. It'll be so nice renting an actual home with you." Will sighed thoughtfully.

"It's gonna be fucking amazing. We can finally have our own

shower!" Richie smiled at him.

"A shower that belongs to us? That will be so nice." Will couldn't seem to wipe the smile off his face.

"I can't wait to fuck you in it. Hell, I can't wait to fuck you in the entire apartment." Richie grinned as they pulled into Derry.

"I miss fucking you in private. I mean, it's been fun with your friends, but… it's not the same as alone time, just you and me." Will said to him thoughtfully.

Richie looked at him, "Want me to take you to the barrens? We could fuck in the sunshine. God you'd look fucking amazing in the sunshine." Richie looked at him fondly.

Will smiled a little, but shook his head, "No it's ok. I know we have a job to do tonight." Will said to him mysteriously.

"A job? What are we hitmen?" Richie asked amused.

"We're fucking Bev and Ben right?" Will pointed out.

"We're gonna fucking try." Richie chuckled.

Will smiled a little, "Fucking Ben just won't be the same as fucking you." Will purred looking him over.

Richie chewed on his bottom lip, assessing Will for a moment as they were stopped at a stop light, "You sure you don't want to go somewhere private? You really sound like you miss my dick."

Will smiled a little, "I do miss your dick." Will smiled a little knowing what it was doing to Richie.

As soon as the light turned green, Richie changed direction, and headed towards the Barrens. "I'm going to fuck you. I can't stand it any longer." Richie told him as he drove.

"Don't you want to save that hard on for Beverly?" Will teased him.

"Fuck, I am going to get blue balls if I fucking wait for Beverly."

Richie said pulling into the Barrens.

Will giggled a bit, and watched Richie park, “What about lubricant? You used your last condom in your wallet the other day.” Will reminded.

Richie looked at him, “Fuck it, I’ll eat you out, and get you ready.” Richie pushed the door open and got out.

Will climbed out of the truck, and followed Richie into the wooded area of the barrens where no one ventured. Richie turned to Will once they were deep enough out. Will wrapped his arms around Richie’s shoulders, and they pressed their lips together as Richie held him by the waist warmly. They kissed deeply, their tongues mingling sensually in their mouths. “Mm…” Richie groaned, carefully pulling off Will’s pants.

Undoing Richie’s belt, Will sunk to the ground and wrapped his mouth around Richie’s hard erection. “Oh fuck…” Richie moaned, pulling his shirts off with complete abandonment.

Will’s mouth was working eagerly at his erection, and Richie was reluctant to make him stop, but he knew he was going to blow his load if he didn’t. Richie grabbed Will’s shirt, pulling it off so they were both finally naked together. Richie laid Will back on the grass before rolling him over. Spreading his cheeks gently, Richie leaned down, licking his opening, attempting to make it as wet and slippery as possible. Will moaned loudly, his hands gripping at the long grass below him. “Richie…” He moaned.

Richie didn’t let up, he continued twisting his tongue around, pushing his saliva into Will deeply as possible to keep from hurting him when he pushed his erection inside. “Fuck me… please just fuck me…” Will begged him.

Grabbing his erection, Richie switched position, and began pressing his way inside. Will moaned softly, “Oh yes…” Will bit his lip as Richie pushed the rest of the way inside with a low groan.

“Fuck, I love your body.” Richie moaned as he began thrusting hard into him.

Will felt Richie's mouth on his neck, and it was getting him more and more into what they were doing. "Richie! Oh my God!" Will cried out, his body tensing and squeezing around Richie's hardness. "I missed your cock!" Will moaned.

Richie grinned, "That's good to hear baby, it's missed you…" Richie kissed his neck before biting it gently.

"Harder, please…" Will begged him desperately.

Richie lifted Will so he was on his knees instead of his stomach. Gripping his hips, Richie pounded him harder, angling to hit Will's prostate just the right way. "Richie! Oh God! Fuck!" Will moaned loudly.

"I hope someone can fucking hear you screaming…" Richie grinned, smacking Will's ass gently.

"I love you so much! OH God!" Will arched his back, his body in pure ecstasy.

Richie let his tongue drag up Will's back, his teeth biting at Will's shoulders, "I love you too, babe."

"Fuck! Oh God!" Will groaned, his teeth gritted as he was building up quickly. "Please, slow down… I'm gonna come…" Will whined.

Richie bit his bottom lip, a smirk on his face, "I want you to come baby… when I fuck you to climax this fast, you make the cutest orgasm noises." Richie laughed.

Will moaned, shaking his head, "It's too intense… please…" Will begged.

"No babe, you love it, you're just embarrassed to be loud." Richie knew the truth, besides, if Will wanted it to stop, he'd say the safe word.

Reaching down, Richie began stroking Will's cock quickly, working him up to the climax harder. "Oh God! Richie! OH Fuck!" Will cried out, his orgasm setting in.

Leaning over Will, Richie bit down on Will's neck, making sure to do everything that would intensify the orgasm. "Richie! You're a God! Oh my God! Oh fuck! I love your cock!" Will screamed loudly, his semen oozing into Richie's hand before he finally whimpered and collapsed in the grass.

Richie felt his eyes roll back as he released hard into Will upon hearing all the compliments of Will's climax. "Oh Fuck… God I love when I get you that worked up…" Richie grinned before carefully pulling out and rolling off to lie beside him on the grass.

Will looked over at him, eyes half lidded. "Oh my God… you're so good." Will praised.

Richie ran his fingers through his bangs with a smile, moving the curls from his face as he lay there sweating from the heat. "I love fucking you, so I always take pride in my work, babe." Richie grinned at him.

Will smiled a little, "We're going to need to shower…"

"Why?" Richie looked at him.

"Um… we just had sex for one, and I'm covered in dirt for two." Will reminded.

"Oh, right." Richie laughed, "Bev will let us shower. Wanna go there?"

Will nodded, "Yes, please."

Richie helped Will up, and the two dressed themselves before heading back to the truck, Richie helping Will as his legs were locking up from the tension of his orgasm. They got back on the road and headed towards Beverly's aunts place.

Will and Richie both had goofy smiles on their faces as they drove together. They pulled up to Beverly's and got out of the truck together. Heading to her door, they knocked.

Beverly opened the door and smiled at them, Ben standing behind her, "Hey, back so soon?"

“Yeah. Can we shower?” Richie asked abruptly.

Beverly looked them both over, “You two are incorrigible.” She winked moving so they could walk inside. “My aunt is away for the weekend, so feel free to shower together if it makes you more comfortable.” Beverly closed the door behind them.

“Thanks Bev.” Richie grinned.

“You two had sex? In the truck?” Ben asked curiously.

“Oh no, in the Barrens. It was fucking awesome!” Richie grinned as he pulled Will along to the shower.

“Well, so long as the truck’s safe…” Ben chuckled a bit, wrapping both his arms around Beverly, “Looks like we can continue for a little bit while they’re busy.” He pressed his lips to hers, listening to her giggle as she kissed him back.

After a shower, and a tooth brushing, Will and Richie felt a lot better. They dressed in clean clothes and sat with Beverly and Ben in the living room. “So, are you two ready for tonight?” Richie asked them both.

“Tonight?” Ben looked at him confused.

“Yeah, you guys, us guys, nudity, and dicks?” Richie winked at them.

“You’re serious about all that?” Ben looked at him surprised.

“Of course, he is, he’s Richie.” Bev smiled a little.

Will laced his fingers with Richie gently, enjoying just touching him. Ben looked at them, “Well…” he looked at Beverly, assessing her thoughts.

“I’m in, if you are, Ben?” Beverly smiled, “I mean, we already do Stan sometimes.”

Ben looked over Will for a moment before looking at Beverly and nodding, “I’m in.”

“He’s hard to reject, isn’t he?” Richie wrapped an arm around Will, rubbing his shoulder, “He’s so cute, and beautiful.” Richie grabbed Will’s lower lip with his teeth quickly before kissing him.

Will kissed Richie back, a smile spreading across his face. “He is pretty cute, and I happen to know Ben thinks so too.” Bev nudged him playfully.

“Stop it…” Ben looked away.

Beverly grinned wider, and Richie looked at him, “Really? After my man?”

“No! I just… he is cute.” Ben rubbed the back of his neck shyly.

Will smiled a little. Richie looked at Ben, “He gives great head too, but you didn’t hear it from me.” Will elbowed Richie a little.

“Alright, we’ll save the dirty stuff for later! What do you guys want on your pizza? We’re going to have a movie night before the sex party.” Beverly told them both.
“Anything is fine.” Will told her.

Richie looked at her, “We like pepperoni, and bacon.”

“Good, us too.” Beverly picked up the phone and began dialling the pizzeria.

“So, you guys did all the paperwork for the apartment today?” Ben struck up conversation.

“Yeah, we’re going to find out in a few days if we got it or not.” Will nodded to him.

“I think we’ve got it. I don’t see why not.” Richie shrugged.

“Just be careful you don’t end up with too many noise complaints, you don’t want to get kicked out for having sex too loudly.” Ben told them both.

“I’ll just gag him from now on.” Richie smirked, Will rolling his eyes at the statement.

“You make just as much noise.” Will retorted.

“Not always.” Richie eyed Will.

“Most of the time.” Will looked at him for a moment, “You know I’m right.”

Richie broke into a smile, “Yeah, you got me there. You just feel so fucking good wrapped around my dick.”

Will rolled his eyes and looked at Beverly who hung up the phone, “It’s going to be here in thirty minutes or less, so time to pick out some movies.” Bev smiled at them.

“Terminator!” Richie shouted excitedly.

“The second one is better.” Beverly looked at him.

“Both Terminator movies!” Richie shouted excitedly with a big smile on his face.

Bev giggled, “I only have the second one, but that’s an idea. Anyone else?”

“The Silence of the Lambs?” Ben suggested.

“So dark, Ben.” Beverly smiled.

“Lost Boys?” Will suggested.

“I like it.” Bev smiled at Will, “Let’s watch that first.” Beverly went to her movie shelf which was incredibly well stocked with movies.

Beverly pushed the tape into the VCR before hitting play. The couples huddled together watching the movie together until their pizza arrived. Beverly got up and paid the delivery boy before bringing the pizza in, setting it on the coffee table.

They each grabbed a slice and ate together. Will didn’t notice sauce clinging to the side of his cheek when he bit into his slice. Richie noticed immediately, leaning in to lick it off gently. Will smiled at him and giggled, “Richie!”

“You were coated in pizza sauce, I had to!” Richie grinned at him.

Will leaned his face closer, “Well did you get it all?”

Richie examined his cheek before licking his cheek again, “Yep, now you’re clean.”

“If you define clean by being covered in Richie slobber, then yes, you’re clean.” Bev looked over amused.

“That’s pretty much the usual amount of clean for me.” Will laughed as Richie waggled his brows.

“Oh lovely, I hope I’m not slobbered on too much tonight.” Beverly laughed as she finished her first slice.

Richie nodded to her, “Oh fuck yes. It’s how I get an erection.”

“Ew, I’m calling this sex night off.” Bev said quickly.

“What!? NO!” Richie’s eyes widened as he looked at her.

Bev smirked at him, “Nice to know you’re desperate.”

“Bitch.” Richie smirked shaking his head.

“What ever you two want to do is fine, but I’ll be spending quality time with Ben either way.” Will winked at Richie.

“You aren’t allowed to fuck Ben unless I fuck Bev.” Richie scoffed.

“Nope. We never agreed to this.” Will looked at him, “You screw up with Bev, that’s your fault.”

“As if she could resist!” Richie laughed.

“Want to test that theory?” Bev asked amused.

“Do I get any say in this at all?” Ben asked curiously.

Everyone looked at him, and shouted in unison, “No!”

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By the end of the second movie, Will was sitting on Richie's lap, his head on Richie's shoulder as Richie held him close. Beverly leaned on Ben, their fingers intertwined as the ending of Terminator 2 played.

"You guys ready to call it a night?" Beverly asked them.

"Does this mean sexy fun times?" Richie perked up.

Beverly laughed, "Yes. I suppose it does."

"Ben, this is for you." Richie pointed to Will who was clung to him.

"He looks pretty tired." Ben commented, "Are you sure we should do this?"

"Put your dick in him, he'll wake right up." Richie joked as Will weakly smacked his arm.

"I'm kidding." Richie smiled at him.

Will smiled and shook his head a little before getting up. Ben looked at Will, "If you're tired, we could just sleep… I don't want you to do anything you're not feeling up to." Ben tried.

"Want to snuggle for now?" Will asked him with a sleepy smile.

Ben smiled at him and nodded, "Sure. We can do that."

Beverly led them to her room that was adorned with red sheets, and a light summer comforter. The bed was large enough for all four of them to fit comfortably, and the pillows looked plush and inviting. Ben looked a little self conscious for a moment before slowly pulling his shirt off. Will pulled his clothes off carefully and didn't pay any mind to the fact that Richie had already ripped his clothes off his body, and Beverly was lying on the bed in just her navy bra and panties.

Ben dropped his pants, and Will had to do a double take. He stared for a moment at Ben's rather large flaccid penis. "Oh…" Will immediately began to erect, and Ben looked at him surprised.

"The nickname Big Ben is suddenly making sense isn't it?" Beverly

asked looking over at Will.

Ben scratched the back of his neck with a small smile as he looked at Will's reaction to him. "We could still just cuddle, unless you want to do something." Ben offered.

"Maybe we could take it slow?" Will suggested, sensing Ben was a little self conscious with everyone around.

Ben nodded, "Yeah. Sounds good." Ben let himself lie back on the bed.

Richie and Will stood side by side at the end of the bed, and looked at each other, "Good luck." Will told him.

"No, good luck to you… with that fucking massive dick. Your second massive dick to be exact." Richie grinned at Will.

"Are you guys going to talk all night, or is someone going to fuck us?" Beverly asked with an amused look on her face; Ben had one equally as mused.

Richie initiated a high five, and Will awkwardly complied. Beverly giggled, her laugh making the three men in the room incredibly happy. Ben gently patted the spot next to him on the bed. Will smiled, and climbed in beside hm. Their brown eyes locked, and immediately, Ben leaned in, gently pressing a kiss to Will's mouth. The kiss was warm, and soft. It felt so gentle, so like Ben from what Will had heard and seen of him. Will wrapped both arms around Ben's neck, falling deeper into the kiss.

Climbing up from the foot of the bed, Richie climbed up Beverly's body, his tongue trailing up her legs slowly. She watched him, quite intrigued by what he was doing as his long tongue licked at the insides of both her thighs teasingly. "Starting off well…" Beverly smirked a little.

Richie let his tongue drag up her stomach, stopping to kiss each soft breast peaking out of the bra. His tongue trailed up her neck and he kissed her lips next. Bev kissed him back, her lips opening as he slid his tongue along her bottom lip. When their tongues met, electricity

seemed to flow through them. “Mm…” Richie groaned, his erection pressing against her panties gently.

He was liking the way Beverly’s legs cradled his pelvis; he’d never been with a girl before, so this was new and very exciting for Richie. When their lips parted, Beverly reached up and pulled Richie’s glasses off his face, and he blinked a few times, still able to view her as she was up close.

“There, your eyes are very pretty, Richie. You should show them off more.” Beverly smiled at him.

Richie smiled a little, looking into her perfectly blue eyes, “You have very pretty boobs, you should show them off more.” Richie grinned.

“You haven’t even seen them yet.” Bev giggled.

Richie leaned back a little, keeping his eyes on her as he grabbed the bra fabric between her breasts, tugging it a little before letting it for with a smirk, “Come on… take it off Marsh. I’m in my birthday suit, and you’re still clothed.

Bev smiled a little, and sat up a bit to unclip her bra before pulling it off, tossing it aside, her arms resting above her head on the pillow, showing her breasts off. Richie looked them over before nodded, “Yep, I get why Stan was into them.”

Beverly laughed and pressed on the back of his head, pulling him face first into her breasts, “Just get it out of your system.”

Richie rubbed his face against her breasts, enjoying the feeling, “Mmmf… so soft…” He said, half muffled by boobs.

Will parted lips with Ben, lying beneath him taking a deep inhale as they looked into each others’ eyes for a moment. “Woah… your kissing is so…” Will searched for the right words.

“Deep? He’s good at that.” Bev nodded.

Will nodded at her, and looked at Ben, “Can we keep doing that?” Will asked lying below him.

Ben nodded, “Alright.” Their eyes closed, and Ben’s lips was pressing into Will’s again.

Will couldn’t help himself as his pelvis rubbed against Bens. They were both harbouring rock solid erections at that point, and Will liked the way they felt pressed together. Reaching down slowly, Will wrapped his hand around Ben’s erection. Ben gasped a little, and looked at him, breaking the kiss. “Are you… do you… want that?”

Nodding, Will looked up at him, “Slowly?”

Ben nodded, and smiled a little; he looked more handsome when he smiled in Will’s opinion. Ben reached into the drawer next to him, and Will looked over his strong, toned arm as he pulled out a bottle of lubricant. “Want me to get you ready?” Will nodded in response to Ben.

Pouring some lubricant on his fingers, Ben carefully reached down, pressing one finger against Will’s opening, rubbing it gently before putting pressure until he slid inside. Will moaned softly, “Mm… that feels good…” Will breathed.

Ben smiled a little, and slid in all the way before pulling out and inserting a second finger, making Will gasp a little, “Oh…”

“Did that hurt?” Ben couldn’t tell, but he didn’t want to be hurting the delicate boy beneath him.

Shaking his head, Will looked at him, his green rimmed brown eyes staring into his soulful browns. “I like it. Please… keep going.” Will encouraged.

Richie kissed down Bev’s body, and grabbed her panties in his teeth, pulling them off her slowly. She watched, a grin on her face, “Richie… you’re quite the sexual fiend aren’t you?” She giggled.

“Guilty as charged.” He smirked before spreading her legs, taking in the sight of her clean shaven slit. “Fuck… this is my first vagina…”

Beverly smiled a little, “Good thing it’s mine. Less to be nervous about.”

Richie smiled at her before looking down at it, “Fuck, I’ve gotta try this…”

“Try what?” She looked a bit confused.

Before she finished her sentence, he leaned down, sliding his tongue up her slit, licking at her labia curiously, listening for cues. When he rolled his tongue over her clit, she whimpered a bit, and he knew it was a good sign. Richie continued to focus on it as he licked, using his lips to wrap around it as he sucked. “Oh! Oh fuck!” Bev gripped the bedding, squealing as he worked on her clit with his tongue.

Richie slid two fingers inside of her opening carefully, feeling the velvet softness of her inner folds. Beverly’s toes curled as he searched around inside for her g-spot while he licked her. “Fuck! He’s really good at foreplay!” Bev moaned looking over at Will who was nodding in response, whimpering softly as Ben gently milked his prostate with his fingers.

Ben pressed his lips to Will’s neck, enticing a soft moan from his lips, “Ben, I’m ready!” Will suddenly moaned.

Pulling out his fingers, Ben carefully slicked his erection in lube, and pressed into Will’s opening. Will bit his lip and moaned as the thick heaviness of Ben’s dick pressed against his prostate, “Oh God…” Ben wrapped his arms around Will, pressing their lips together as he moved slowly, keeping a steady rhythm to keep Will pleased.

“Richie! You’ve found it!” Bev told him as his fingers pressed into her g-spot.

Pulling back, Richie looked at her, “You ready for my dick yet?” He smirked.

Beverly nodded, “Give it to me, Richie.”

“Damn, I’ve been waiting for years to hear you say that.” Richie winked before climbing over her. He pressed the head of his erection inside of her. “Holy fuck… this feels different…” He commented before pressing the rest of the way inside of her entrance.

Bev giggled, her legs snapping around his waist, keeping him locked

inside of her tight warmth, “Get used to it.” She teased.

Richie moved slowly, and pressed his lips to hers, getting used to how she felt inside. Beverly weaved her fingers through his hair, their tongues mingling softly. Bucking his hips, a little harder, he got into a rhythm she seemed to enjoy.

Will moved in time with Ben, the two of them going slowly. It felt good and Will felt like he was breaking Ben out of his self-conscious shell. They almost felt like they were entirely alone, but neither could help but glance over at Richie and Bev to see their progress. Will was oddly pleased Richie was experiencing a woman for the first time. It was nice to know he was experiencing things, and they were doing it together in a sense.

“Tug his hair, he loves it.” Will told Bev before kissing Ben lovingly.

Beverly gripped Richie’s hair, pulling it to hear him making an odd growl that almost reminded her of a jungle cat. Richie gritted his teeth, moving harder into her. “OH! That’s the accelerator… oh fuck!” Beverly screamed arching her back.

Richie wrapped his lips around one of her nipples, and allowed his tongue to tease her. Will ran his fingers through Ben’s short brown hair, gently nipping at his lower lip before kissing him deeply as they moved at a steadier pace. “Mmm…”

“Richie… I had no idea you’d be this good…” Beverly laughed a little through her panting breaths.

“Gee thanks.” Richie smirked before angling himself so he was touching her g-spot.

“Right there! Oh yes!” Bev cried out loudly.

Richie pumped into her determined to make her climax as he moved roughly. Ben began moving his hips a little faster, much more comfortable with what they were doing as he hit Will’s prostate repeatedly. Will pressed his face in Ben’s neck, moaning softly. “Ben…” He moaned.

Richie looked over to Ben, “Don’t be afraid, fuck him hard, he loves

that shit." Richie grinned.

Ben moved a litter harder into him, and Will arched his back, moaning louder with each thrust, "Oh God! Yes!" Will gripped Ben's shoulders.

It seemed Richie's advice helped, Ben moved freely, no longer worried about breaking Will. Richie sat up, placing Bev's legs over his shoulders as he went for a deeper angle. He thrust into her, causing a whining moan to escape from her. "Oh God! Richie!"

Richie smirked, and continued moving hard into her. "Mmm, fuck you're so tight…"

Beverly's walls clenched tightly around Richie, and he felt wet warmth flowing over him as she arched her back, and screamed out loudly, "Yes! Yes! Richie! Yes!"

Richie released into her, panting heavily, a shocked look on his face. "Fuck…" He didn't expect to be driven to the edge so suddenly, but her sudden reaction sent him over the edge.

"Jesus… that's a lot different than with a guy…" Richie commented as they both panted heavily.

Richie let Beverly's legs down, as he pulled out of her. Looking over at Will and Ben, Richie smiled a little, "You two still fucking? I think Will is going to blow soon."

Will's sounds were echoing off the walls, his body trembling as he neared his breaking point. "Oh God! Fuck me! Don't stop!" Will gripped the pillow above his head.

"Give it to him, Ben." Beverly smiled amused as she watched them.

Ben bit his lip and felt Will ooze all over his abdomen as he came with a loud cry. Ben groaned, releasing inside of Will. "Fuck…" Ben panted heavily, pulling out of Will carefully.

Will lay on his back, panting heavily, his body shaking a bit, "Oh my God…"

“Did that feel good, babe?” Bev asked Will, moving closer to gently cup Will’s face.

Will nodded with a smile, “Yeah. He’s really good.”

“So is yours. I guess we’re both lucky.” Beverly smiled, kissing Will’s cheek gently.

Ben and Richie both got up, “We’re going to clean up, so you two feel free to make out.” Richie winked knowing Will wasn’t into girls.

They watched them go, and Beverly looked at Will, still gently cupping his face, “I’m surprised you’re into doing things like this, you always seemed quiet. I guess the kinky ones are quiet.” Bev smiled gently stroking his hair soothingly.

Will smiled a bit, “To be honest, I’ve always thought about sleeping with more than one person, just to see what it’s like. It’s been different with every person. You get to feel the real them, and I sort of like it… but it only makes me realize even more how much I love Richie as weird as it sounds.”

Bev smiled, “No, I think I understand. No one compares to that person. The sex is fun with other people, but the sex with Richie makes you feel whole, and loved. It’s on another level.”

Will nodded, “Yeah. It feels good to be able to do this together, because it’s something we both enjoy. We don’t have to feel jealous, because we’re right there next to each other.”

Bev nodded warmly, “You two are soul mates. I can tell. Richie’s never been so lit up before. He glows now. It’s because he’s found his perfect match.”

“I do too… I glow. I never used to.” Will looked at her gently, “He feels like the piece that was always missing.”

“That’s Ben for me.” Beverly looked him over, “He’s like no one else. I couldn’t imagine what kind of a person I’d be if he and I had never met.”

Will nodded, a soft smile on his face, “I feel like I was in a cage

before I met Richie, and he opened the door…"

Beverly hugged Will close, "I know the feeling."

Will wrapped his arms around her, enjoying her warmth, not caring either way that her breasts were pressing into his torso. "Damn, are you two going to go at it next? I'd pay so much money to see that!" Richie smirked walking into the room with Ben.

Bev pulled back slowly and looked at Richie, shaking her head, "I think we would traumatize Will if that happened."

Will laughed a bit, "Maybe not traumatize me, but it's not really my thing."

"That's fair." Beverly laughed as Ben got into bed behind her, spooning her.

Richie got into bed beside Will and wrapped his arms around him. "Hey beautiful." Richie kissed Will's lips gently.

Will ran his fingers through Richie's hair, smiling at him warmly. "How was that for you?"

Richie smiled and nodded, "It was a good experience. It let me know what I was missing out on, but I still prefer you. No offence Bev."

Beverly shook her head, "None taken, I can relate." She hugged Ben's arms as he held her.

"So, tell me, do you two enjoy fucking Stan or what?" Richie smirked at them as Will clung to him pleasantly.

"You are obsessed with Stan." Will teased.

"I am not, I'm just totally shocked Stan uses his body for sexual things. He never seemed like the type to have sex growing up." Richie laughed.

"Stan is different than you, but you're both good in bed." Beverly explained, "He's got a certain softness to him that's very appealing."

“He fucking didn’t have that softness when he was fucking me in the ass…” Richie scoffed.

“What?!” Bev’s eyes widened.

“Didn’t you know? I’ve been on a mission to fuck all my friends. Mission accomplished.” Richie grinned.

“Stan fucked you? He dommed you?” Bev laughed loudly.

Richie looked at her confused, “What? Doesn’t he dom you guys?”

Bev shook her head, “Nope. We either have an equal situation going on or he subs.”

Will looked at Richie amused, “He made you his bitch, Richie.” Will smiled.

“Bitchie Richie. Bitchie Richie.” Bev chanted before Richie hit her with a pillow making her cackle.

“Fuck you, Marsh!” Richie cracked a smile.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Please leave your thoughts and feelings with me. I love your reactions to each chapter, it keeps my soul fed!

30. Robbery

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will get some new furniture for their new apartment in the best way possible.

Chapter 30

It didn't take long at all to hear back on the apartment. They had got it, which was both no surprise, as well as a big surprise to both of them. Richie got the call while he and Will were watching TV together with Ben and Beverly. They spent the next half an hour snuggling and kissing on the couch in celebration.

Will brought up the fact they didn't have anything but a blow-up mattress for furniture again, making Richie think about options. He came up with one despite the fact he didn't want to address it with Will right away.

One sunny afternoon a day before they were able to pick up the apartment keys, Richie and Will headed to the truck, and Will repeatedly asked where they were going. "Why won't you tell me what you're planning on doing?" Will asked as Richie drove.

"I've come up with a brilliant plan for furniture." Richie told him simply.

"Ok? What is it?" Will asked.

"I'm stealing us a bunch of furniture." Richie told him with a devious look on his face.

Will stared at him like he had three heads for a moment, "What?"

Richie nodded a bit, "The losers are in on it. We're meeting up at the pick-up point."

Will looked more confused than Richie had ever seen him. He had to admit, Will looked really cute when he didn't know what was going on. "Are you joking? I can't tell… this doesn't seem like something

you would do."

"Oh I'm fucking serious. We're stealing our furniture for our new apartment." Richie told him.

Will looked a bit uncomfortable, much like Richie expected, "I don't think that's a good idea, Richie."

"Of course you don't, you have no idea who we're stealing it from." Richie winked at him.

"I'm so confused…" Will looked at him a bit unamused.

They pulled up outside of Richie's old house, the loser's were already there, and pulling furniture out of the Tozier house. Mike and Bill were loading the couch from the living room into the back of moving truck Richie had rented for them. Will watched them for a moment before looking at Richie, a little less confused and much less annoyed. "…Alright. If we're just stealing from your dad, I can handle it."

"I knew you'd come around." Richie kissed Will's cheek and headed out of the truck. Stan, Eddie and Beverly were working on bringing out some lamps, and small tables from the house and loading them carefully into the moving truck.

"Where did you get this idea exactly?" Will asked him curiously.

"Mom. She told me that my father never locks the door, so we might as well go take everything inside that we want. I told my friends to grab anything we might use, and just haul ass. We'll be able to take most of the important things in under an hour." Richie shrugged.

Will smiled a little, "Alright, let's go see what we can grab."

Richie and Will greeted their friends as they headed inside. The living room was entirely bare already. Will was a bit surprised how fast his friends had gotten down to business. Stan went into the kitchen, and began stealing rolls of plastic wrap, and aluminum. "Lesson number one, always bring a Jew along to a house raid. They inherently know how to steal things of value." Richie said receiving a glare from Stan.

"I'm going to pretend that wasn't an incredibly insensitive insult to

my culture." Stan said before grabbing the sandwich bags, and some cleaning supplies.

"It's not an insult, it's a praise to your gifted natural abilities." Richie grinned at him.

"You making fun of my Jewish lover?" Mike asked as he came in with a smile on his face.

"Yes." Stan said quickly.

"Shame on you." Mike winked and headed upstairs, "Bill and I are going to tackle the bed next. Wanna help?"

Bill came into the house next, heading for the stairs with Mike. "Yeah, you stay here, Will." Richie told him, "Help Stan gather supplies."

Will nodded and headed to the kitchen. He opened the cupboards above Stan, spotting some dishes. "Well, we do need dinnerware…" Will shrugged, pulling out four identical plates before grabbing four identical bowls.

Pulling open the next cupboard, Will pulled down two coffee mugs, four cups, and a measuring cup. Stanley finished with the bottom cupboards, piling everything he'd grabbed carefully into a box before he sealed it with packing tape and carried it to the truck outside. Will noticed some more boxes in the corner and decided to grab one.

Beverly walked in, and looked over at him, "Oh you're doing dishes? I have some packing paper in Ben's car I can grab you." She told Will.

"That would be awesome." He smiled at her cutely.

Bev smiled and headed back outside to grab the paper. Richie, Bill and Mike brought the mattress down the stairs, and through the living room carefully. Will watched them, excited they were going to have their own queen sized bed.

Returning with packing paper in hand, Beverly began helping Will in the kitchen with the dishes and cups. Will took four of each cutlery item, rolling them into the packing paper before placing them in the

same box as the cups and dishes. Will got his hands on two flippers, a spatula, a whisk, and some various other cooking items, placing them in the box before packing it up.

“You guys want a coffee maker?” Beverly asked looking at Will.

“That would be cool.” Will nodded.

“Sweet.” Beverly unplugged the one on the counter and placed packing paper around it before placing it in a smaller box next to the toaster.

It felt oddly refreshing knowing they were screwing over a man who deeply deserved it. Will grabbed a few more item from the kitchen before deciding to move on. Grabbing a box and packing tape, Will left the Kitchen. Stan was busy clearing out the closet in the hallway, so Will headed upstairs.

He found some clean floral sheets in the linen closet, and decided it was a good idea to grab some extra bedding supplies. Placing the items he found in the box, Will heard Richie, Bill, and Mike head upstairs to get the box spring and the rest of the bed. They wasted no time grabbing everything up and heading out to the truck.

Will met up with everyone outside once the house was completely scavenged. “Alright, I think anything else left over, my dad can keep. He’s gonna be fucking pissed when he gets home, I wish I could see the look on his face.” Richie told them amused, “Thanks for the help guys. That was fucking insanely well timed.”

“I’ll bring the truck back to the farm house, and tomorrow when you guys head up on your way to California, you’ll just have to stop by my place.” Mike told them.

“Thanks.” Will smiled at him.

“Let’s meet up at the quarry in an hour and celebrate.” Richie looked around at them.

Everyone agreed and headed off together. Will looked over at Richie with an amused smile as they drove. “What?” Richie smiled curiously.

“Nothing, I just never thought we’d do something like that. It was oddly fun.” Will confessed.

“You like being a bad boy now, don’t you?” Richie winked.

“I think you’re the bad boy, and I’m just an accomplice at this point.” Will laughed.

“That’s alright, I can still give you a spanking anyway.” Richie winked at him as he drove.

***

Their last night in Derry was spent star gazing together at the barrens. Everyone shared a sleeping bag per couple and laid together under the stars. It was a bit of an emotional night as Stan wouldn’t get to see Mike for a couple months, and the rest of the loser’s club wouldn’t be able to see one another for just as long. Will was just relieved he got to take Richie with him to Orono.

When everyone started falling asleep, Richie and Will pressed their foreheads together and closed their eyes. It was something they did often in the comfort of their bed at home. It made them feel connected in an odd way, especially when they laced their fingers together. They didn’t always need words to express themselves, and Richie had understood that well within the first year of being together. Will had never felt the ability to express himself so easily before he met Richie, and it seemed like they were on the same wave length.

Will was nearly asleep when he heard a bit of shuffling from the sleeping bag behind him. The sound of kissing caught his ears, and it made him realize what Stan and Mike were likely up to. He felt bad for the two, they seemed to genuinely love one another. Being split up for a school year couldn’t have been easy on them. It made him think about the month he was away from Richie. It was hard, and yet it was only a month.

Falling asleep to the sounds of kissing, Will woke up when the sun began to rise in the sky. Richie’s erection was pressing into his leg and Will was lying half under him. Running his fingers through

Richie's hair, Will gently kissed his sleeping boyfriends neck. Richie groaned softly, enjoying the feeling of Will's lips on his neck.

Richie's arms wrapped around him, and Will kissed his neck a few more times, enjoying the reactions he was getting out of him. "Morning, babe." Will whispered, rubbing his hands up and down Richie's back.

"Morning, beautiful." Richie whispered back, snuggling in.

Richie's fingers ran through Will's light hair gently, their eyes locked together, and Will smiled softly at him, "You're so handsome in the sunlight, Richie."

Richie smiled back at him, "So are you. Those eyes just light up so fucking nicely." Richie kissed Will's lips. "Should we get up?"

Will shook his head and wrapped his arms around Richie's shoulders as he pressed their lips together again.

Richie rubbed their pelvis' together as they kissed. The friction felt good, but Will wasn't going to let it go much further than that. They did have to get up eventually.

"Are you two going to be disgusting all morning?" Stan's voice asked from his sleeping bag he was sharing with Mike.

Will looked over at him, "About as disgusting as you and Mike last night before bed."

Stan blushed a little, and Mike laughed, kissing Stan's shoulder sweetly, "He's got a point babe."

"Shhh…" Stan looked over his shoulder.

Richie looked over at Stan, "Come on, you can join us if you're jealous." Richie winked.

Stan rolled his eyes, "We've got to get going to school soon." He looked a bit saddened by the prospect.

Mike kissed Stan's neck, "It'll be ok babe. I'll come visit. I promise

this year will be better."

Stan nodded, "Yeah. I know. I just miss you."

"Will and I are going to bring Mike up for Thanksgiving this year. You'll be seeing him soon enough." Richie tried to make Stan feel a little better.

Nodding, Stan rolled over and Mike kissed him gently. "Do you guys need to have a quickie? Will and I can go." Richie suggested as everyone else was still sleeping soundly.

"No… last thing I need is everyone catching us." Stan sighed before getting up with Mike.

Richie and Will got out of their sleeping bag and began packing up the campsite around them. "Will, are you going to be ok driving my truck to Orono?" Richie looked over at him, wanting to make sure everything was alright.

Will nodded, "Yes. I can drive, Richie. I just don't have a vehicle." Will smiled.

Richie nodded, "Good, I trust you with her."

Everyone else began slowly waking up, one by one. It was a bittersweet goodbye as they got into their vehicles, driving off with promises to see each other again at Thanksgiving. Each embrace with the other losers was heavy, and saddening. Will shed a few tears alongside Richie as they said goodbye to their friends.

"Well… back on the road again." Richie sighed looking at Will.

Will just nodded, "Time to move into our place." They linked hands and smiled little.

At least they had something to look forward to.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please leave me a review on your thoughts :D

31. First Apartment

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will have some fun in their first apartment together. Lots of fun.

Chapter 31

Moving their things into their apartment had taken an entire day, but on the plus side, school didn't start for another three days. This gave them some time to get used to living together before class started.

Will spent much of the second day naked, wearing just the collar that Richie enjoyed on him so much. Richie was watching TV in the living room while Will was knelt between his legs, his mouth wrapped around Richie's flaccid cock. Richie was doing his best not to think about the fact Will had his wet tongue resting on the tip of his penis as he watched TV. He was attempting to stay limp for as long as possible, but it was so difficult when he and Will were playing their game.

The feeling of warm breath on his pelvis repeatedly pulled him from the show on TV, and finally, Richie looked down to see Will with his mouth wrapped around the base of his cock. It only made him erect instantly. "Good boy. You've done a good job keeping my cock warm for a whole twenty minutes." Richie praised him, running his fingers through Will's hair.

Will hummed in response, and Richie shivered a bit, "Why don't you come sit on my lap? I'll let you ride me." Richie had invested in lubricant bottles for every room in the place. Reaching to the table next to the couch, Richie snapped open a bottle of lubricant and began rubbing it onto his erection the moment Will popped off.

Climbing onto Richie's lap, Will lowered himself onto Richie's erection. "Oh…" He moaned softly, enjoying the feeling of being filled once more.

Richie gripped his hips, hoping to stay in control of his own body as

Will effortlessly was driving him crazy. Will held onto Richie's shoulders and moved up and down carefully, not wanting to go too fast or too slow. "Did you miss fucking just your master, pet?" Richie asked with a smirk.

Will nodded, "Yes master, I did. I love your big cock."

Richie bit his lip before speaking again, "I did enjoy renting you out to my friends. You got to ride some pretty big dicks. You liked that didn't you?"

Will nodded, "Yes, master. I love doing what you wish of me."

Richie groaned, Wills words getting him off almost as much as Will's body around his cock was. Richie leaned forward, sliding his tongue slowly along Will's neck, listening to the soft moans before he tugged at the collar with his teeth. "My friends had fun with you. You're well worth the money they said." Richie nipped his earlobe, "Show me how fast you can ride me, baby."

Will moaned as he began moving faster, his prostate getting a workout as Richie's hard cock slammed into him repeatedly. Gripping Richie's shoulders, Will arched his back, and gripped tightly around Richie as his body began experiencing waves of pleasure. "Oh God!"

Richie gripped his hips, watching Will's reaction, knowing it well. "Baby, you can't come yet. I haven't come." Richie purred.

"Oh, please… I need to…" Will begged, his body moving faster, up and down on Richie's hardness.

Richie groaned, "Make me come first. You know the rules, pet."

Will nodded, shaking as he tried to hold back his pleasure, his erection hard as a rock, pressing into Richie's abdomen. Richie was close, and he wasn't sure how much longer he could hold out against Will's sexiness.

Richie pumped up into Will, slamming their bodies together. Richie could feel Will's muscles spasming around him, gripping and squeezing him as Will fought off coming as hard as he could. Richie moaned loudly, his body finally giving in as he released inside of Will

with a low groan. “Come for me, baby.”

Will rode a little faster, and within seconds, he came all over Richie’s abs. “Oh yes! Master! Thank you! OH God…”

Richie and Will panted heavily, Richie’s arms wrapping around Wills slender form. “That felt so good, baby… you are a real pro at a riding a dick.” Richie grinned, kissing Will’s soft lips.

“Master, I’ll get us cleaned up.” Will slid off Richie and headed out of the room.

Will came back with a wash cloth, and some paper towel. He wiped his semen off Richie’s torso before wiping Richie down, attempting to clean him off. Richie cupped Will’s face, pulling him in for more kisses. “Mmm…” Will was pulled onto his lap, and Richie cradled Will in his arms. “That was fun, I think we’ve fucked on every piece of furniture now.” Richie smirked.

Will smiled at him, “Yeah, I think so… except for the bathroom sink.”

“We’ll get to it, I promise.” Riche pushed up his glasses.

“You’re getting better at not getting hard while my mouth is on you.” Will smiled at him, “I’m impressed.”

“Why thank you, good sir.” Richie smirked, using a British accent.

Will relaxed into Richie, enjoying the closeness, “Can we play some more?” Will asked.

Richie looked at him, “You’re not too tired?”

Will shook his head with a smile, “No, we haven’t been able to do this in an entire summer, I want to keep going.”

“Alright, babe.” Richie kissed his lips, “We can play some more. Do something bad…”

Will got up off his lap and knelt on the floor while Richie continued to watch TV, his flaccid cock lying lip between his legs. Will watched the TV for a bit, but slowly snaked his hand between his legs, gently

rubbing his erection. “What are you doing, pet? Touching your dick?”

Pulling his hand away, Will looked up at him, “No master, it’s just for decoration…”

“Then why was your hand just on it?” Richie asked with his brows raised in a judging manner.

“I’m sorry, master.” Will looked down at the carpet.

“Did you not just get to come by riding your masters dick?” Richie asked him darkly.

“Yes master, I just needed to touch it…” Will replied in a small voice.

“That is not for you to touch. It belongs to me.” Richie placed his foot on it, gently rubbing into it to elicit a moan from Will’s mouth, “It’s my toy, just like the rest of your body. I own it. Understand?” Richie made himself clear.

Will nodded, “Yes, master. I’m sorry. I’ll be a good boy.”

“Yes you will, you’ll tug on my cock until it’s nice and stiff, and then you’re going to sit down on it, and warm my cock with your ass.” Richie told hm.

Will nodded, and knelt between Richie’s legs, wrapping his hand around Richie’s flaccid penis. Richie enjoyed the feeling of being played with even after just coming not long ago. The games they played always got him going, it was one of his biggest kinks playing around with slave and master roles.

Pressing his erection against Richie’s leg, Will gently rubbed against him. Richie looked at Will, “Are you humping my leg right now?”

Will moved his hips back, “No, master. I’m sorry…”

“That’s it…” Richie looked at him sternly, “Sit on it, now.” Richie pointed to his hardened erection.

Will got up from the floor, and sat down on Richie’s erection, letting it slide into his already lubricated ass. Richie groaned, wrapping his

arms around Will's middle, as he rested his chin on Will's shoulder.

"Good boy. Now sit like that, and if I catch you trying to jerk off again, you'll be punished." Richie nipped at his earlobe as he went back to watching TV.

The pressure against his prostate was getting to Will. He bit his lip as ten minutes passed without the ability to relieve himself. "Master?"

"Yes, pet?" Richie asked, gently running his fingers along Will's arms.

"…Can you fuck me?" Will asked desperately.

"Having trouble? Is my dick in your ass torture?" Richie questioned.

Nodding, Will looked over his shoulder at Richie, "Please, master? I really need it."

"I'm not feeling very aroused right now, so I think I'll just enjoy the warmth of your tight ass." Richie held onto him tightly.

Will whimpered, and shifted a bit, "Master? Can you play with me?"

"Play with you? This you mean?" Richie grabbed Will's hard cock, and it immediately leaked fluid upon contact.

"Mhmm! Please?" Will begged.

"You know that's not what it's for." Richie placed a kiss in Will's shoulder, "It's just there for show."

Will fidgeted, "Please? Master I really need to come…" Will pleaded cutely.

Richie sighed, "Tighten around me, and hold yourself tight. If you're good, I may be obliged to give you three tugs."

Will bit his lip and gripped around Richie's erection. Richie rolled his eyes back a little, and let out a muffled groan as it was almost too much for him. "F-Fuck ok… good boy…" Richie shivered a bit before he slowly jerked Will's erection three times.

Will moaned sensually, his body leaning back into Richie as his arousal was high, and even though he was just sitting there, he was close to his breaking point. “Master, thank you! Thank you so much!” Will moaned as the final tug commenced.

Richie couldn’t take much more, “Since you’ve been such a good boy… I’m going to fuck you so hard right now.” Richie bent Will over the coffee table and began thrusting hard into him.

Will gripped the edge of the coffee table, his body in very intense bliss as Richie held his hips and thrust wildly with abandon. He was at his peak of arousal, and if he didn’t come inside of Will soon, he was going to have blue balls, he was sure of it.

“Thank you! Oh, master! Thank you!” Will cried out as his penis began oozing all over the table below him; he was overstimulated, and he wasn’t going to have a normal ejaculation at that point.

Richie kept thrusting hard until finally, he felt his insides give way for his climax. Moaning loudly, Richie pressed his lips to Will’s back. “Mmm…” He groaned, gentle kisses pouring over Will.

The blonde panted heavily, his finish happening first without warning. “Richie… that was amazing…” Will sighed with relief.

Richie nodded, “Fuck yes… God damn it…” He pulled out of Will, “If we keep doing this we’re going to run out of paper towel before the weekend.”

Will chuckled a bit, and felt Richie pull out of him. “Wanna go have a shower after we clean this place up?”

Nodding, Will headed to the kitchen, and grabbed paper towels and a disinfectant. Richie helped him clean up the table with amusement. “You’re getting better and better at this fucking slave thing each time we play… it’s getting to be hard on me, you know?”

“Is it?” Will looked at him amused.

Richie watched as Will draped his arms around Richie’s shoulders once they were finished cleaning up. Will pressed his lips to Richie’s, their stomachs pressing together gently. “Yeah, you’re pretty well

making all my fantasies come true, babe. It's crazy and I love it." Richie kissed his lips.

Will kissed him for a moment before pulling back, "This is my favourite game. I want to be good at it." Will smiled.

"You know, we should do this D&D style sometime." Richie winked.

"I don't think so, handome, but thanks for trying." Will laughed a little as Richie began to laugh in response.

"Maybe we should have a bath instead of a shower… That way we can relax, and I can massage your cute little body." Richie grinned, kissing Will's lips, "What do you say, cutie?"

Will smiled, "Alright. I get to massage you too. You know I have magic fingers when it comes to head massages." Will was pleased to brag.

Richie smacked his ass lightly, "Lead the way." Will smiled and headed off towards the bathroom with Richie in tow.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thoughts? Feelings? Let me know!

32. Sucker Punch

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will tries to wake up Richie from his PTSD dream, but soon learns the dangers of doing that.

Chapter 32

"No… please… stop…" Richie had been whining in his sleep. Begging. Pleading. Will couldn't understand what he was going on about, but it seemed like a nightmare. The heart-breaking noises Richie made were impossible for Will to ignore. Will rolled over, and rubbed his arm, "Richie, it's ok. Wake up, babe."

It was impossible to tell what Richie was even dreaming about at that point, but Will could only guess it was that clown. Stirring a little, Richie didn't wake. Will shook him gently, leaning over him, "Richie, wake up."

Instinct took over, and Richie balled his fist, slamming it hard into the side of his attacker's head. Little did he know, it was Will he just cold cocked. Will fell backwards onto the bed, completely limp. Richie's eyes opened wide, and he sat up, "Oh shit! Will! Are you ok?!" He wrapped his arms around Will, but he didn't stir.

"Oh fuck! No! Please don't be dead!" Richie gently pressed his fingers to Will's neck, searching for a pulse. He felt one, but he didn't understand why Will wasn't waking up. "Will, please wake up, baby!"

Tears were leaking from Richie's eyes as the redness from Richie's punch became more visible on the side of Wills temple. "Will? Oh fuck!" Richie got up hastily, and began pulling Will out of bed, and into his arms.

Richie didn't know what to do. He didn't know how serious the punch was, but he didn't want to take any chances. Running to the front door, Richie grabbed his keys, and opened the door carefully. He didn't think to lock the door, he just ran with Will to his truck, bare footed through the parking lot.

Placing Will in the passenger's seat, Richie buckled him in carefully before climbing into the driver's side. Shakily, Richie drove to the hospital. He could only pray everything was going to be alright.

***

Will woke up in a hospital bed, confused as someone seemed to be checking him over. "What…?"

"Will! You're ok!" Richie's voice caught his ears.

"Yeah… why am I at the hospital?" Will looked beyond confused as a doctor began shining a light in his eyes to examine his pupils.

"I um… I punched you in the face." Richie admitted looking ashamed, "I had a nightmare."

Will looked a little relieved, "Oh… that's all?" Will felt the memories coming back to him.

Richie looked shocked, "What do you mean 'that's all'? I nearly killed you!" Richie looked completely confused.

"You seem to be fine. Mr. Tozier was concerned he might have given you some sort of brain damage, but it looks to me like you're left without damages at all, just a sore skull for the next few days." The doctor told them.

"Thank you, doctor." Richie looked up at him.

"You boys can go now but be sure to change your bandages regularly until your feet heal." The doctor ordered before leaving the room.

"What?" Will looked at Richie confused.

Richie rubbed the back of his neck, "I forgot to put on shoes… I came here in a panic. I thought I'd killed you."

Will sat up, and noticed Richie's feet had some white bandages around them. "I stepped on some broken glass."

"Oh Richie…" Will looked at him sympathetically.

“It’s all good. I’ll heal.” Richie told him, still looking a bit shaky.

Will looked at him, “Are you ok? You look upset.”

“I am upset. I never want to hurt you, and I laid you right out for no reason.” Richie sighed looking guilty.

“You didn’t mean to, Richie. You had a nightmare from your PTSD, and I was shaking you awake.” Will told him, “You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Still… I hate myself for this. I think the glass in my feet was karma.” Richie sighed.

“Don’t say that. You didn’t mean to punch me.” Will looked at him gently, “Where can we find you some shoes for the way home?”

Richie held up a pair of flimsy flip flops, “The doctor gave me these. You also have a pair by the side of the bed for your feet.”

Will got up out of the bed, “Come on, babe. Let’s go home.”

Richie got up with him, limping a bit as he walked down the hallway of the hospital. Will held his hand as they walked down the hall together. Richie still looked pretty guilty, even though he didn’t mean to cause harm. “I wish you had just left me in bed at home. Then you wouldn’t be hurting.” Will looked at him as they made it outside.

Shrugging, Richie avoided eye contact, “It’s worth it knowing you’re still alive, and well.”

Will rubbed his arm, stopping them as they stood in the parking lot. It was quiet, and since it was early in the morning, and the sun wasn’t even up yet, no one was around. “Richie, stop feeling so bad. I’m not upset with you in the least. I love you so much. I know you’d never hurt me on purpose, but accidents happen.” Will tried to calm him down.

Richie looked at him and nodded a bit. “I love you too.”

Will cupped his face and kissed him, “You’ve got a really strong punch.” Will smiled a little.

Richie smiled back at him, “Yeah well…”

“You’re my big strong man…” Will purred rubbing his shoulders, his lips gently peppering kisses over Richie’s mouth.

Richie blushed a little, and smiled, “Stop that…”

“You like it.” Will giggled, “Besides, I think it’s sexy.”

“If I would have known it was so easy to turn your crank, I’d have fucking punched you in the face a lot sooner.” Richie grinned.

“There’s my boy.” Will smiled, kissing him lovingly.

They kissed for a few more moments before pulling apart. “Let’s get home. I just want to crawl back into bed and sleep the rest of the morning away.” Richie told him.

Will nodded, “Let’s go.”

They got into the truck, and Richie drove them both home. The moment they arrived, Will helped Richie inside, and into the bed. They cuddled together under the cozy bedding. Sleep finally came for them as Will rested with his head on Richie’s chest.

When they woke up, the sun was shining in on them. Richie spent most of the morning in bed, not wanting to move around too much. Will got him some breakfast, and they laid together watching TV in bed.

“So, what did you have a nightmare about last night?” Will asked curiously.

“The clown again.” Richie sighed, “It’s always haunting me, the fucker.” Richie said shoving a cracker into his mouth.

Will rested his head on Richie’s shoulder, “I’m sorry you dream about him.”

“It.” Richie sighed.

“Sorry, it.” Will nodded understandingly.

Will's bruise was finally a little more visible, but it would only be an angry purple for a few days. He couldn't wait for it to leave him. Will didn't want to tell Richie, but his head was killing him. He'd had a headache since he woke up, and his temple was beyond sensitive to the touch.

"So, are you going to tell everyone in school that your boyfriend beats you up?" Richie asked dryly.

"I might. It should scare off all those boys that are interested in dating me. Once they know I have a psycho boyfriend, the love letters should stop." Will said matching Richie's dryness.

Richie chuckled a bit, "Yeah, that's a good plan.

Will ate one of the crackers and watched TV quietly for a bit. Richie looked at the bruise on Will's head, "I still feel bad for hurting you…" He held a sadness in his eyes as he spoke.

Will smiled gently at him, "I'm fine. I promise." Will leaned in and kissed him sweetly, "I'm more worried about your feet."

"I'll be fine. I'm just going to stay off them until I have to walk." Richie shrugged, lacing their fingers together, "You kind of do look badass with a bruise though. Looks like you can take a punch." Richie grinned.

Will smiled at him, "I can take a punch." Will leaned in and kissed him.

"You can take a dick too." Richie bit Will's lower lip gently.

"Like a champ." Will giggled, kissing him again, holding their lips together a little longer.

"I have to say, I admire your dick taking abilities." Richie told him in a serious tone, "You can take dicks of various sizes, and you show little trouble doing so. That's pretty fucking impressive. I know taking Mike's dick would be pretty hard for me."

Will smiled and rolled his eyes, "You're terrible. What would I ever do without you here to tell me how good I am at taking dicks?"

“You’d be miserable. You’d wonder for the rest of your life if you were really that good at taking dicks, and you’d never know for sure.” Richie told him in a serious tone.

Will laughed, “Well, I mean maybe I’d be sad, but if we weren’t dating, I would definitely be taking way more dicks than I already have.” Will said dryly.

“Oh yeah? How many are we talking here? Twenty? Fifty?” Richie asked.

“More like hundreds.” Will replied shoving another cracker in his mouth.

“Fuck, you’re going to have an asshole like the black hole at this rate.” Richie said making Will spit his cracker across the room as he began to laugh hysterically.

“Richie!” Will laughed so hard his eyes were leaking.

Richie laughed, and kissed his cheek gently, “You’re so cute when you shoot crackers out of your mouth.”

Will curled into Richie’s side, still laughing at everything Richie just said, “You’re so funny, Richie. I think you’re going to be an amazing entertainer one day.” Will smiled at him lovingly.

“I’m going to do my best, babe. I fucking love the idea of getting into the business. I guess we’ll see if it happens.” Richie kissed Will’s forehead gently, “Even if I don’t, having you by my side will be enough for me. You’re really all I need in life.”

Will cupped his face, and kissed him gently, “God, I don’t know what I’d do without you. I really don’t. You’re so perfect for me.” Will ran his fingers through Richie’s hair softly.

Richie smiled at him, “I’m so lucky to have you too. Not just anyone can take a dick like mine. You’re the one.”

Will laughed at him, “Way to ruin the moment, asshole.”

Richie kissed his lips, “I love you.”

“I love you too, even though you suck at romance.” Will smiled at him warmly.

“I do not, you haven’t even seen me try to be romantic.” Richie looked at him challengingly.

“Oh yeah? Show me what you’ve got then.” Will crossed his arms.

Richie placed the bag of crackers aside, and cupped Will’s face, “If all the world was perfect, I’d only ever want to see the scars on your body, because you’re closer to perfection than anything else to me.”

Will smiled a little, “Aww, you’re sweet…”

Richie kissed his lips, “Your smile is like sunshine. Your eyes are like stars. You’re the world to me.”

Will felt Richie’s lips press into his again, “Alright, you’ve won. Stop with the romance.” Will smiled, a small blush creeping on his face.

“Never, you’re the most important person in the world to me, and I want to worship you in every way possible, baby.” Richie smiled, and kissed him again.

Will’s cheeks were getting pinker by the second, “You’re killing me, Richie.”

“I love making you blush, you’re so cute.” Richie kissed both of Will’s cheeks before kissing down his neck.

A soft gasp escaped Will, “Richie…”

“Yes, babe?” Richie grinned, kissing a little slower, dragging his tongue back up the side of Will’s neck.

Will bit his lip, “You’re pushing all the right buttons…”

“Am I? What do I get for that?” Richie purred, sucking on his earlobe gently with his plush soft lips.

“I’m not telling.” Will felt Richie’s lips wrap around the skin between his neck and his shoulder, his tongue dancing along his pale skin.

“Mm…” Richie pulled off gently, “You’re the most beautiful boy I’ve ever met, and I just want to lick you all over.” Richie purred, his teeth nipping at Will’s shoulder.

Will gasped loudly, “Richie, you’re getting me all worked up, it’s not fair…”

“Am I romantic enough for you yet?” Richie asked, his fingers hooking in the hem of Will’s PJ pants.

“Yes. You win. Stop…” Will whined.

Richie shook his head, “Nope, I’m going to do this my way.” Richie pulled down Will’s PJ pants slowly, allowing Will’s hardness to be released.

Will whimpered a little, feeling the cool air on his exposed body. Richie pulled off Will’s shirt and tossed it aside next.

He pulled off his own clothing, tossing them aside until he and Will were lying naked on the bed together. Richie hovered over Will, kissing his face slowly, and deliberately. Will closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Richie’s lips on him. Running his fingers through Richie’s hair, Will felt the smooth softness of the raven locks between his fingers.

“Richie…” Will breathed softly, feeling Richies fingers gently grazing his scalp as they stroked his blonde strands of hair.

Richie placed his lips next to Wills ear, whispering gently, “You’re so beautiful, Will.” Richie kissed along his neck, his lips pressing against Will’s smooth chest gently as he enjoyed his boyfriends beautiful form.

Will’s head was lying back on the pillow, he felt relaxed, and loved. It was one of the most beautiful feelings he’d ever experienced. Richie’s lips gently trailed from left to right on his chest, before kissing down the middle of his torso. “My beautiful boy… you’re gorgeous.” Richie praised him, enjoying the feeling of Will’s smooth skin under his long fingers.

Will opened his eyes, his green orbs locked on Richie’s onyx ones.

“Richie, you’re beautiful too. I love you so much.” Will cupped his face in both hands, pulling Richie’s lips to his.

They kissed softly, taking their time with each other’s. Will gently pushed Richie onto his back and straddled his hips. Will’s soft lips kissed along his neck, his tongue licking over the more sensitive areas. Listening to Richie moan softly, Will ran his fingers down Richie’s torso, massaging him gently.

Will kissed Richie’s shoulder gently, enjoying each groove in his skin. “You’re so handsome, I could look at you for hours.” Will whispered, placing gentle kisses along his earlobe.

Richie sighed peacefully, his hands running up Will’s back slowly. Will stiffened at the wonderful feeling of Richie’s fingers. “Mmm… I love your hands.” Will smiled at him lovingly, “I love every part of you, babe.”

Will kissed down the middle of his chest, heading towards Richie’s abdomen with his lips. “Will, come back up here.” Richie asked gently.

Moving up to look down into Richie’s eyes, Will looked at him questioningly. “Yes?”

Richie smirked, and rolled them so they were both on their sides. Will giggled and pressed his lips to Richie’s. The feeling of Richie’s large hand wrapping around both of their erections made Will gasp softly. Richie gently rubbed their cocks together, stroking them both in unison as he jerked them off. Will wrapped his hand around the other side, Helping Richie along constructively.

It was slow, and very gentle motions Richie made with his hand. Will pressed his forehead to Richie’s and the two closed their eyes, enjoying the feeling of their hands and erections moving together. Richie pressed his lips to Will’s kissing him slowly, their lips moving lazily together as they became lost in their unified pleasure.

Will’s tongue extended from his mouth, the very tip of it licking at Richie’s lower lip. Richie pressed his tongue to Will’s in response before they both retreated inside of their mouths and pressed their

lips together again.

They were building up slowly, and it felt nice. It wasn't their usual method of intimacy, but they were always up for trying new things. Richie's hand began moving faster, and Will matched the pace, groaning as it was getting him closer to the edge.

The heads of both their erections were pointed upwards, pulsating with excitement. Will whimpered, and Richie caught his mouth, mingling their tongues together as Will continued to whine sensually.

Richie could tell Will was getting closer and so was he. The unified jerking didn't stop as Will began moaning softly, his body tensing as the waves of pleasure washed over him moments before his erection began to spew his seed, coating Richie's erection in white.

The feeling of Will's warm fluids made Richie climax, his cock ejaculating over Will's their seeds mingling together. "Oh fuck…" Richie groaned before pressing their lips together a little harder.

Will kissed him back, breathing heavily. They pulled apart, looking into each others eyes, "I love you." Will smiled warmly.

Richie pressed their foreheads together, "And I love you, Will." Richie breathed, allowing them both time to come down from their high.

Notes for the Chapter:

> What did you think of this chapter? Please let me know, reviews feed my soul!

33. Another School Year

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will is introduced to a new friend of Richie's as their second year starts. The boys spend some quality home time together.

Chapter 33

The start of the school year was rather simple for Will. He loved everything he was taking for class, and therefore it hardly seemed like work at all. Richie felt the same way about his classes, and Will knew he was doing an extremely good job.

Lunch time in the first week brought a few new changes. Richie brought a girl with him to their table, and Will smiled at her kindly, “Hello.”

“Will, this is Tasha. She’s in my class, and she’s new this year.” Richie introduced them, “Tasha, this is Will, my boyfriend.”

Half of her long brown hair was pulled back into a bun while the rest hung down to her chest. Her large hazel eyes were bright, but not nearly as bright as her red lipstick. She had a punk style, and it seemed to suit her. She stuck out her hand to Will, “It’s nice to meet you! I’ve heard so much about you.”

She seemed so friendly, and sweet. “Hopefully good things.” Will smiled as they shook hands.

Richie and Tasha sat down side by side, “So, are you going to audition for the band or not, Rich?” She asked him as she opened her purple lunch bag.

Will ate some carrot sticks, watching them interact quietly. “I don’t think so. The band seems kind of lame. I heard them play once, and they fucking sucked.” Richie scoffed as he pulled out his sandwich.

“They don’t suck, they are close to getting a record deal. You could get famous from that!” Tasha tried to persuade him.

“Yeah, I’d rather do fame my way.” Richie shook his head.

“Oh, by moving to California? Do you know how many people go there for fame? If anything it’s harder to get successful there, too much competition.” Tasha pointed out.

“What are you, my fucking life coach?” Richie laughed a little as he took a bite of his sandwich.

“I should be!” Tasha nudged him as she ate her salad.

Will watched them and got the sense she admired Richie a lot. “How long have you two been dating anyway?” Tasha asked Will curiously.

“Just over a year now.” Will smiled, “It’s been a good year.”

“Best year, you mean.” Richie winked at him, “He’s lucky to have such a handsome man in his life.”

“Please, your boyfriend is so cute. How do you keep the other boys off him?” Tasha winked at Will.

“By any force necessary.” Richie grinned at Will, their feet mingling under the table.

“I can’t believe you’ve already got an apartment together and everything. You two must be pretty happy.” Tasha smiled at them sweetly.

“We are. I couldn’t imagine being with anyone else.” Will smiled finishing the final carrot stick in his container.

“Lucky. I myself tend to attract assholes. Hopefully my luck changes soon.” Tasha sighed.

They spent the rest of the lunch hour together before they parted ways. Tasha seemed like a down to earth kind of girl, and Will liked her overall. Still, he felt something about her was hidden. Maybe she had a secret? He might find out one day, he supposed.

The following week was rather uneventful. Will had been warned they would be sketching a nude model in a couple of days. Will heard

it was going to be a woman, and then for the next assignment it would be a man. He wasn't exactly phased by it, but Richie seemed to think it was hilarious.

"So, there's gonna be free titties on display in your art class? What day is this? What time?" Richie questioned making Will roll his eyes with amusement as he changed the channel on the TV in search of something good.

"You say 'free titties' like people normally charge to show them off." Will laughed.

"I would charge people to see mine." Richie said dryly as he ate a bowl of cereal on the couch next to Will.

"No one would pay to see your hairy nipples, Richie." Will giggled.

"You would. You'd pay damn good money to see my nipples." Richie waggled his brows.

"Not a cent." Will smiled at him, leaning close as Richie placed a spoonful of fruitloops in Will's mouth.

"Lies." Richie smirked, kissing Will's cheek before taking another bite.

Will rested against his arm and stopped on a movie channel. Will got to thinking about the female anatomy, and he couldn't help but think about the fact Richie was bisexual. So long as they were in a relationship, he would only get to see and experience the male anatomy.

"Do you ever sometimes wish… I was a girl?" Will asked quietly.

"What? No." Richie furrowed his brows, and Will was oddly reminded of Mike Wheeler for a fleeting moment.

"Ok." Will nodded, accepting the answer.

"Why would you even ask me that?" Richie asked with confusion heavy in his voice.

“I don’t know… you’re bisexual.” Will shrugged, “I kind of just wonder sometimes if I’m fulfilling all of your needs…”

Richie looked at Will, “Being bisexual doesn’t mean I need to be fucking the pussy every day of my life you know? In fact, Beverly is the only girl I’ve been with. I sort of feel like my curiosity is sated.”

Will looked at him sheepishly, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make it seem like… you’d want more. I guess, I just want to make sure I’m doing all I can for you. I love you.”

Richie put the empty bowl aside and wrapped his arm around Will, rubbing his shoulder gently, “I love you too. I get feeling a bit insecure. Hell I feel that way too sometimes.”

“You do?” Will asked him, surprised since Richie often acted like he thought so highly of himself, even if it was jokingly.

“Yeah, all the time. I pretty much feel like a fuck up sometimes. I’m loud, and hard to manage. I don’t really see what you see in me… regardless, I know you see something or we wouldn’t be here together.” Richie smiled gently.

“You may be loud, but I don’t think it’s a bad thing. I don’t think you’re hard to manage either. You’re really thoughtful and caring.” Will explained, “I think you have what a lot of people lack.”

Richie leaned in and kissed him, “Good, because I like to think being your boyfriend is one of the few things I’m really good at.”

“I’d give you an A plus in that field.” Will smiled at him warmly.

Richie and Will cuddled for a bit together before Richie looked at his boyfriend, “What do you want to do for dinner tonight?”

“You just ate an entire bowl of cereal and you’re still hungry?” Will questioned.

“Fuck yes. I’m a growing man, I need to keep eating.” Richie grinned.

Will laughed, “You’re a bottomless pit is more like it.” Will kissed him and got off the couch, “I’ll make something.”

Richie smiled and watched him go, “Want any help? I have really good chopping skils.”

“I don’t think I’ll be needing those skills but thank you.” Will laughed as he pulled some items from the fridge to make some grilled cheese sandwiches.

He heated up a can of tomato soup as a side while he worked on the sandwiches. Richie watched from the couch before coming up behind Will and wrapping both arms around his waist. Will smiled as Richie kissed his shoulder lovingly, “When will you be done your next comic, babe?”

Will flipped the sandwiches and smiled, “Soon. Don’t you worry. I’m going to colour the final pages tomorrow.”

“Good, because you left me on a cliff hanger and everyone knows those aren’t fair.” Richie grinned.

“Neither is pressing a hard on against my ass while I’m trying to cook you dinner.” Will bumped his ass against Richie who indeed was harbouring a stiffy.

“I can’t help it! I’m attracted to you!” Richie tried.

“I have to say, this isn’t the response I expected you to give from me cooking us some dinner.” Will laughed amused.

“I’m sorry, I’ll try to think of something unsexy, like cabbage.” Richie kissed his shoulder gently, “Mildew.”

Will giggled, “Go sit down, it’s almost done.”

Richie obliged, sitting at the table patiently. Will placed their food on plates before pouring the warmed soup into bowls. He set the food on the table and grabbed some spoons before returning to sit across from Richie at their stolen table.

“I hope it’s good.” Will said as Richie dipped his sandwich in his soup before eating it.

“Babe, you make the best food.” Richie smiled at him as he chewed.

Will smiled, eating his sandwich. “I think we should have a date night soon.” Will told him taking a bite.

Richie looked at him, “Where did you want to go? I’m actually off from the record store this Friday night if you want to go out then?” Richie suggested.

“Ok, maybe we could see a movie?” Will suggested.

“A movie sounds good. I’ll check and see what pornos are playing.” Richie said quickly.

Will laughed, and shook his head, “Not that kind of movie.”

“We’ve never actually watched porn together before, we should.” Richie smirked at him.

“Straight porn? I’m not sure I really need to see that.” Will shrugged.

“No, we can get gay porn. I can find us some.” Richie smiled at him.

“Alright, but for the movie, let’s make it a real movie, not a porno.” Will smiled as they finished their sandwiches together.

“What about the Tom Cruise movie that’s out this weekend? It looks pretty good.” Richie suggested.

“Yeah, I’m up for that.” Will nodded, “Maybe I could take you to dinner too? I have some money for that.”

“I think we could manage that.” Richie smiled, “Then can I rub you down in massage oil and take you for the night?”

Will rolled his eyes with a smile on his face, “You never stop thinking about sex, do you?”

“Well, sometimes I do, but not anytime lately.” Richie grinned at him.

“You pervert.” Will teased eating his soup.

“Oh, I’ll show you a pervert…” Richie said challengingly.

“Richie, don’t taint me with your perverted thoughts.” Will said faking a soft voice, “I’m just an innocent virgin, and I can’t handle your dirty thoughts.”

Richie choked on his soup as he laughed at Will’s voice. Will laughed as Richie coughed, “Will! Don’t do that when I’m eating!”

Will got up taking the finished plates away while Richie continued with his soup, “My dearest Richie, I must go before you taint my mind further with your talk of premarital sex.”

Richie watched Will take the plates to the kitchen, thoroughly amused. “Oh yeah? I’m going to teach you ALL about unprotected sex…” Richie played along carrying his soup bowl to the sink, tossing it in with the rest of the dishes before pressing Will’s back against the counter.

Will placed the back of his hand to his forehead dramatically, “Please, no! What ever will I tell my father?”

Richie threw Will over his shoulder, listening to him giggle as he carried Will to the bedroom, “You’ll give him all the filthy details. You can tell him all about Richie’s enormous cock, and where he put it.”

Will was flipped onto the bed, his back landing on the mattress as he giggled at Richie, “Please, don’t destroy my innocence! We’re both boys, we can’t possibly do this!”

Richie was loving the silly mood Will was in as he hovered over him, nipping playfully at Will’s neck, listening to him giggle as he scrunched up his shoulders, “Your innocence is mine now…” Richie teased as he began tickling Will’s sides.

Will was in fits of laughter as Richie switched between kissing, nipping, and tickling the poor blonde below him. “You vile monster!” Will cried out through his laughter as he attempted to fight Richie off.

“You haven’t even seen the monster yet. It’s in my pants.” Richie smirked as Will fidgeted to get away from him.

“No! Please not that! Anything but that!” Will laughed so hard his face was turning red.

Richie eventually rolled them onto their sides and snuggled Will warmly. They both took some time to calm down, their hearts pumping fast with excitement. Will was pretty sure he’d never get tired of Richie. It seemed entirely impossible to say the least.

“Did you want to have a bath together? I can wash your back…” Richie coaxed.

“Mm… that sounds so nice.” Will smiled at him, kissing Richie’s fingers gently.

“Lavender soap in the water tonight?” Richie asked, kissing Will’s forehead.

“Yes please.” Will nodded.

“Alright, I’ll go get it started. You get your sexy ass out of those clothes.” Richie smiled before getting out of the bed, heading towards the bathroom.

Will smiled watching him go; He loved Richie so much.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Hey guys! I hope you're still enjoying the story! Let me know what you think!

34. Record Store

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will visits Richie at the record store for some fun times after Richie's shift. Will says a lot of mean things in his sleep.

Chapter 34

Will had spent most of the weekend studying for a Bio-chem test. By Sunday, he'd had enough. Taking a break from his studying, Will walked down to the mini plaza in the heart of Orono. Stepping inside of the record store, he spotted Richie talking to someone with long brown hair, and a short jean skirt.

Will didn't want to interrupt Richie in the middle of a transaction, so he pretended to be browsing the records. "Will? Hey!" Richie's eyes lit up immediately.

Turning, Will realized the person he had been talking to was Tasha, his new friend from class. "Oh, hey. I thought you were with a customer for a second." Will smiled and walked over, allowing Richie to pull him into a warm hug.

Tasha smiled, "Nah, I never buy anything I just loiter."

"Yeah for like, what has it been, four hours now?" Richie looked up at the clock.

"That's a long time." Will said a bit surprised.

"I've got nothing better to do today. Sundays are my 'do nothing' day." Tasha smiled at Will, "Hey, you, Richie and I should all hang out sometime!" Tasha suggested.

"Oh, we definitely can." Will nodded.

"Yeah, maybe next weekend." Richie looked at Will to see if that was alright with him.

“Next weekend works.” Will nodded.

“Sweet, there’s a party on campus next Friday night. We could all go together if you wanted?” She suggested.

“Cool.” Will nodded.

“I’m game.” Richie agreed.

“Ok, but you have to dress up and look nice.” Tasha pointed a finger at Richie, “No Hawaiian shirts.”

“What’s wrong with Hawaiian shirts? They’re dope!” Richie furrowed his brows.

“Yeah, if you’re like an old man.” She shot back, making Richie laugh, “Wear like, a solid coloured over shirt instead.”

“Fine, whatever.” Richie smiled, “I guess Will can’t wear a Hawaiian shirt either then?”

“No way! Besides, Will has a sense of style already, you are a mess.” Tasha teased.

Richie rolled his eyes with a smile, “Right.”

“Well, I’d best be going. See you boys later.” She winked at them both before heading out of the store with a smile on her red lips.

Richie waved, and looked at Will, “She’s a riot, that one.”

Will watched her go, “She was really here for four hours?” Will asked surprised.

“Yeah, she came in an hour after I started.” Richie nodded, leaning his back on the counter.

“Weird.” Will shrugged it off.

Richie nudged Will gently, “So what brings you in here, anyway?”

Will smiled, “I just got so tired of studying, and I decided I needed a break, and a Richie fix.”

“Oh, a Richie fix, huh? I can lock the store and fuck you behind the counter if that’s what you need.” Richie grinned deviously.

Will giggled, “That’s not what I meant but… not a bad idea.” Will winked at him, enjoying the look in Richie’s face.

“Damn, I’ve always wanted to fuck you at work… it’s also on my to do list. Coincidentally, so are you.” Richie smirked.

“Do I count anymore? I mean, you’ve done me plenty of times by now.” Will earned a playful hip check from Richie at that.

“Please, you’re eternally at the top of my to-do list. Now do you want me to lock that door or not?” Richie grinned.

Will looked up at the clock, “You’ve only got twenty-five more minutes of your shift. Why don’t we wait until the store is closed?”

Richie looked him over, “I like your thinking, Byers. You’re a man with a plan. I hope you wore those silky boxers today, because those are my favourites.” Richie winked.

“You saw me put those on this morning, you know I’m wearing them.” Will looked at him amused.

“That’s true. I just wanted you to think you made the right decision for once.” Richie joked.

“You’re right, my first wrong decision was dating you.” Will shot back.

Richie’s jaw dropped, “Will! I’m hurt!”

Will laughed, “Oh, you know I love you.”

“You’re lucky I do, or I’d be in the back crying by now.” Richie chuckled.

They waited anxiously for the store to close before Richie locked the door, and did all the final closing paperwork, and cash count. Once that was done, Richie turned to Will. “I’m so excited, where do you want to do this? Over the counter? In the aisle? In the back room?

Pressed up against the glass window?" Richie asked, joking for the last option.

Will undid his pants, letting them drop to the floor along with his boxers before leaning over the counter, "Here's good."

Richie excitedly undid his pants, pulling them down with his boxers before squirting some hand lotion next to the till into his hands. He rubbed it onto his already hard erection and pressed his way inside. "Oh, fuck yes! This counter is never going to be looked at the same again!" Richie grinned as he pushed in to the hilt.

Will gripped the other end of the counter, and moaned softly, "Mmm, I like the height of this coutner… it's perfect." Will commented as Richie gripped his hips, pumping in and out of him eagerly.

"You should fucking come here more often, we could fuck every shift!" Richie moaned softly, his hips moving faster on their own, "Fuck, I needed this after a long shift."

Will moved with him, coercing Richie to go harder. "After studying… this is nice." Will bit his lip, his knuckles turning white.

Richie reached around, and stroked Will's cock as they moved together. The sounds Will made were making Richie hotter, and built him up faster. "Oh fuck… this is going in the spank bank for my next shift… fuck…"

Will moaned loudly, bucking his hips with Richie, "Oh God! Richie! Make me come…" Will whined.

"Oh, fuck yes, baby. Come hard for me." Richie jerked Will faster, angling so he was pumping directly into Will's prostate hard.

"Richie! Oh yes!" Will cried out before releasing into Richie's hand.

A guttural groan escaped Richie, and he released hard into Will. "Fuck…"

Richie ran his clean fingers through his bangs wiping some sweat away as he breathed heavily, "Shit, that was good… I love my kinky boyfriend." Richie leaned down kissing Will's neck gently.

When he pulled out, Will stood up, watching Richie clean off his hand from Will's mess. Pulling his pants and boxers back on, Will looked over at Richie, "We should fuck in the school too sometime."

Richie smiled a little, "Oh, I love that idea. I fucking know the perfect place too."

"Is it a closet?" Will raised a brow.

"Well… a storage closet." Richie shrugged.

"I'm in." Will nodded.

Richie wrapped his arms around Will and pressed their lips together. Will kissed him back lovingly, their tongues mingling slowly. Richie rubbed Will's hips gently. "Mm… I love you." Will said before their lips reunited again, his arms wrapping around Richie's shoulders.

"I love you too, babe." Richie said before placing a kiss on Will's cheek, "You're the best boyfriend anyone could ask for." Richie smiled at him, "You ready to go home?"

Will nodded and let go of Richie as they headed out of the store. Richie locked up on his way out, and the two headed for the truck together.

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Richie could hear Will mumbling in the middle of the night. He turned over, and looked at Will curiously. "Will?"

"Yeah?" Will asked sounding half annoyed.

"Are you… sleeping?" Richie asked a bit confused.

Will scoffed sounding annoyed, "No, I'm horseback riding in the dessert… you moron…" He mumbled the last part, and Richie was both shocked and amused.

Looking at Will's face, he could see Will's eyes were closed. He was definitely sleeping, even his breathing matched up to Will's normal breathing in his sleep. "Why are you such an asshole in your sleep?"

Richie asked with a smirk.

“Because you have an asshole.” Will retorted with annoyance.

Richie tried to remain quiet as he started to laugh. Once he composed himself, he thought of the next thing to say, “Will, I’m going to put peanut butter on the cat.”

“Richard…” Will sounded utterly disappointed, “That’s a terrible idea. It’s undoable.”

Richie laughed, “Will, we don’t have a cat.”

Will didn’t say anything for a moment before he sighed, “Fuck you.”

“What?” Richie asked surprised as he held back laugher.

“Fuck. You.” Will enunciated in his sleep.

Richie bit his lip, “Will, how do I replace the light bulb?”

“The light bulb, Richie? Really?” Will sounded disappointed.

“Yeah, how do I take it out of the socket?” Richie said fighting off laughter.

Will sighed, “I’ll do it myself.” Will rolled the other way with annoyance.

Richie rolled him back over, “No, babe. You need to tell me how.”

“I don’t know, Richard. It’s called a brain. Use it.” Will sighed, his eyes still closed, and his breathing slow.

Richie rolled onto his back, biting down on his wrist to keep from laughing out loud as Will continued to sass him like he was an idiot. After a bit, Will snored softly, and Richie rolled back over to him, “Will, I made you some pancakes.”

“No.” Will said flatly.

“No? You love my cooking don’t you?” Richie asked him.

“Richie, you suck at it…” Will grumbled before rolling over.

Richie burst out laughing, and Will jumped up, looking back at him alarmed, “Woah…. What’s happening? Why are you laughing?” Will asked rubbing his eyes.

“You’re a fucking asshole when you’re sleeping, you know that?” Richie asked still laughing.

Will rubbed the back of his neck, “Yeah… I’ve been told that before.” Will rolled onto his side and looked at Richie with sleepy eyes.

Richie wrapped an arm around him, and kissed his forehead, “It was so cute hearing you say ‘fuck you’ and all that to me.”

Will laughed a little, and looked at him, “What were you saying to me anyway?”

“Just random things. I had you convinced we had a cat, and that I was going to spread peanut butter on it.” Richie told him, “Stuff like that.”

Will smiled, “You’re going to talk to me more in my sleep now, aren’t you?”

“Maybe.” Richie grinned, rubbing Will’s arm gently.

Will grumbled and pressed his forehead into Richie’s, “Mmm… have mercy on me. I’m your boyfriend.” Will said tiredly.

“Me? You’re the only swearing at me and telling me I’m an idiot.” Richie laughed at that.

Will giggled tiredly and sighed with relief. They rested with their foreheads together for quite some time. The silence between them was comfortable. It wasn’t long before Richie and Will were both in a deep sleep, foreheads pressed together for the night.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thoughts? Feelings? Review!

35. The Best Sleepover Ever

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will go to NYC to stay at their friends apartment for Halloween. It's a pretty good first night.

Chapter 35

Richie and Will had been delightfully surprised as Beverly asked Richie and Will to come to their apartment in New York for Halloween. They eagerly agreed, coming up a day early to spend some time together. Richie and Will picked up Mike from Derry before heading to New York. It was an eight hour drive, but Richie and Will were on the road by five in the morning, Will driving to Derry first for Richie to get another hour of sleep next to him.

Once they picked up Mike, it was Mike who offered to drive Richie's truck the first half of the route to New York as he was more of a morning person anyhow. Richie and Will snuggled together for the first four hours before Richie took over driving.

It had been a long drive, but by mid afternoon they were parking outside of Beverly, Ben and Stan's apartment.

Knocking on the apartment door, Beverly opened it with a smile, "Hey, did you two want to go for lunch with Ben and I?" She asked rather quickly looking at Will and Richie while she spoke.

"Uh… what about Mike and Stan?" Richie asked confused.

Bev moved so Mike could enter the apartment, "Well… they might be busy…"

Immediately Will and Richie got it, "Oh… yeah good call." Wil nodded.

Ben and Beverly came out of the apartment together, and closed the door, locking it up. "Stan couldn't wait, I take it?" Richie asked amused.

Beverly shook her head, “Nope, all morning he was making hints that we should leave with you two… After a while he became a little more abrupt about it.”

“Stan loves the dick more than I expected.” Richie laughed as they went down to Ben and Bev’s car.

“So where are we gonna go?” Will asked curiously, “I’ve never been to New York before.”

“Bill and Eddie were going to meet us at this Italian restaurant called ‘Little Italy’ for lunch. Apparently the chef there is from Italy so all the food is really authentic.” Beverly explained while Ben drove them.

“I’m so down for food.” Richie held Will’s hand as they sat together in the back of the car.

“Me too. I’m starving.” Will rested his head on Richie’s shoulder gently.

When they finally arrived, Bill and Eddie were sitting in their car waiting. The group got out of the car, and exchanged hugs, and greetings before they headed inside together. It was a nicely decorated restaurant, but not formal in any sense of the word thankfully.

“S-So what should we d-do for costumes?” Bill asked once they were seated at a table for six.

Will looked over the menu as Richie thought for a moment, “We should discuss ideas.”

“What about classic Halloween costumes?” Beverly looked around at the rest of them.

“I like it.” Eddie nodded, “I could be a school girl.” He smiled a little.

“Can we be cops, Bill? I think we’d be the best fucking cops ever!” Richie grinned excitedly.

“Yes!” Bill grinned amused.

“What would I be?” Will looked at Richie for an idea.

“French maid.” Richie said quickly.

Will looked at him for a moment, “You decided that pretty fast.”

Richie smirked deviously, “I may have thought about you wearing that costume in the past…”

Will rolled his eyes and smiled, “Of course. I guess for you I could do that costume.” Will kissed Richie’s cheek, “Good thing I love you.”

Richie rubbed Will’s back gently, “I’ll make sure the officer costume is sexy just for you babe.”

“A s-sexy school girl costume is a g-great idea, Eds.” Bill smiled, rubbing Eddie’s leg under the table.

“What should we go as?” Bev looked at Ben curiously.

“Athlete and cheerleader?” Ben suggested.

“A cheerleader? Figures.” Bev giggled a bit watching Ben go a bit red.

“Benny boy. You like cheerleaders?” Richie winked.

“…Maybe.” Ben shifted a bit in his seat.

Beverly giggled, “He’s kinkier than you think, trust me.”

“It’s always the quiet ones.” Richie smirked, “Will’s a good example of that.”

Will smiled a little, “Shhh.”

“Oh please, we know already. First hand.” Eddie grinned at Will.

“Yeah, and if y-y-you two want to g-go at it again, R-Richie and I are ok with it.” Bill smiled at them.

“Sure, but without you two lechers around.” Eddie said watching as Richie and Bill’s faces molded into horrified expressions.

“What?! No!” Richie looked desperately at them both.

Will and Eddie burst into laughter, the waiter approaching their table. The group placed their order, opting for pasta, and a house salad. The group ate together, talking about their school year, and catching up on everything they missed together.

“I’m so glad we came here for Halloween. It’ll be way better than anything going on in Maine.” Richie said as he twirled his linguini around his fork with the held of a spoon.

“Tasha called last night asking about our plans.” Will informed Richie.

“Tasha?” Eddie asked.

“New friend.” Richie informed him quickly, “Yeah I talked to her last night, and she was pissed that we aren’t going to Zack’s for Halloween. She even asked if she could come with us to New York but I told her we didn’t have room since we had to pick up Mike.”

“She wouldn’t know our friends, so that would be weird.” Will laughed a little.

“You know her, she’s determined as ever.” Richie sighed before forking some pasta into his mouth.

Will watched Eddie steal some of his pasta, “Hey! I saw that!” Will laughed before stealing some of his.

“It looked good, and you seemed distracted.” Eddie giggled.

They finished eating after a while. Full of pasta. “Should we order for Mike and Stan?” Eddie suggested.

“Yeah, maybe get them something to go. I know Stan’s a big fan of chicken parmesan, so I’ll order him that.” Beverly said to the group.

“Mike will eat anything, so I’ll just get him what I got.” Richie decided.

Will went to get out some money and Richie pushed his hand away,

“Nope. I got it.”

“You never let me pay!” Will complained.

“Because I want to pay.” Richie smirked.

“Just let him pay, more money for you.” Eddie laughed.

“Yeah babe, I’m your sugar daddy.” Richie purred, kissing Will’s neck, “All you gotta do is put out.”

Will shivered at the neck kiss, and shoved his arm, making Richie chuckle, “You’re bad.”

“You would know best.” Richie waggled his brows at Will.

“Are you two going to flirt all night?” Beverly joked.

“I mean, I could flirt with you instead if you like?” Richie suggested.

“Been there, done that. Now that I’ve had your dick once, I’m over it.” Bev said making Richie’s jaw drop.

“What?!” Richie exclaimed.

Beverly started laughing, “I’m just joking! You can give me your dick some other time, but only if Ben gets some of that.” Beverly pointed at Will, watching Ben go a bit pink in the cheeks at the memory of their last encounter.

Will smiled a little, “Of course, Ben’s amazing.”

Richie smiled, “I already had a plan to kidnap Eddie, and lock Bill in a closet while I play with Eddie and Will together.”

“Fat ch-chance, Rich.” Bill shot back quickly.

“No one is kidnapping me. I’m eloping with Will.” Eddie laced his fingers with Will’s as they headed out of the restaurant together. “We’re going to take Richie’s money with us to Las Vegas and gamble it away until we can afford an Elvis themed wedding.”

Will laughed at the prospect of it, “We’ve been planning this for

ages."

Richie wrapped his arms around Will and lifted him off the ground. Bill doing the same to Eddie. The boys began laughing loudly as they were carried to the car. "We will never allow this marriage to happen!" Richie shouted dramatically, "Not without us!"

"Y-Yeah at least invite u-us to the honeymoon." Bill said receiving a light smack from Eddie on the arm as he put Eddie down.

"Nope. Neither of you can watch us make sweet love together." Will responded as he was half over Richie's shoulder.

"C-Can you two describe wh-what you'd do together?" Bill asked with a grin on his face.

"You pig, Denbrough!" Eddie laughed as he got into the passengers seat of Bill's car.

"Meet us at my place!" Bev called to Bill as he got into the car.

They placed Stan and Mike's lunch in the back window while they headed to the apartment. "I hope those two are done fucking…" Ben sighed as they parked in their spot outside.

"If not, I'll join in." Richie laughed.

They headed upstairs together and unlocked the apartment door slowly. When they headed inside, Stan was wrapped in a blanket looking very flushed as Mike sat next to him wearing his pants, but not a shirt. Stan was drinking a glass of water, his hair messed up entirely.

"Hey buddy, did you have fun?" Richie smirked as they walked inside.

Stan smiled a little, "I did."

"We brought you guys some pasta." Bev held up the containers.

"You're a life saver." Mike smiled warmly at her.

“Are you naked under that blanket, Stanley?” Richie looked the blonde over curiously.

Stan didn’t say anything, he simply looked Richie dead in the eye. “Can I see?” Richie asked receiving an elbow in the arm from Will. “What?”

“Sorry, Richie.” Mike put an arm around Stan’s shoulders, “This beautiful body is all mine to gaze upon.”

“Hey, I took it in the ass for him last time, the least you can do is let me see the goods once in a while.” Richie joked.

Beverly laughed loudly at that one, “Stan totally owned you.”

Stan smirked a little at that. Beverly handed them their food containers with some forks. “Chicken parmesan. You remembered?” Stan smiled at Bev.

“Of course, honey.” Beverly smiled sweetly at him.

Mike began eating some of the linguini with a look of peace spreading across his face, “Oh my God… this is amazing. Thank you for this.”

“Anything for you my love.” Richie joked.

Stan gave him a sharp look before going back to his pasta. “Don’t mess with Stan’s man. He’ll get you.” Ben warned.

“I believe it.” Richie laughed.

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The group headed out to look for some costumes together, starting at the costume shop. Mike and Stan hadn’t decided what they were going to go as, but very quickly, Mike found a costume he wanted Stan to wear.

Holding up a female nurse costume made of white PVC, Bill turned to Stan, “I think you should go as a nurse, babe.” Mike looked at Stan, hopeful Stan would agree.

“That’s… quite revealing…” Stan commented as the skirt stopped higher up than his previous skirt had.

“Stan… please?” Mike looked at him, his doe eyes practically begging.

Stan sighed, “Fine.”

Beverly laughed, “Don’t worry Stan, I’ll make you look gorgeous.”

“You had better.” Stan sighed as he took the costume in his hands, “If I have to go as this, then I get to pick your costume.” Stan decided.

“Of course, anything for you, babe.” Mike smiled at him.

Richie pulled the first French maid costume he could find off the hook and showed Will with a look of pure excitement on his face, “Found it!”

Will laughed, “That’s not my size.”

Richie put it back and looked for the right size before holding it out to Will, “Tadaa!”

Will took it and walked with Richie over to Bill who seemingly found cop uniforms. “Look, w-we can be normal cops, o-or s-sexy cops.” Bill held up the two different costumes.

“Sexy cops all the way!” Richie smiled brightly.

Ben laughed as Beverly placed a football helmet on his head, “There you go. Now we just need the rest of the costume.”

Eddie found a sexy school girl costume and smiled, “Perfect! I’ll be able to fit into this one.” Eddie looked around, “Bev? Do you think you could get me a wig to go with it?”

“I have the perfect one in my room.” Bev smiled, “The same goes for Will. Stan you still have extensions, so we’ll use those for you.” Bev picked up a costume from the shelf, “As for me…” She held up the cheerleader costume to see Ben’s reaction.

Ben smiled, “That’s a good look for you.”

“You would say that.” Beverly teased.

Bill turned and looked at Eddie’s costume, “We’re g-g-going to get good use o-out of that.”

Eddie grinned, “The same can be said about that police outfit.”

Stan walked past Eddie over to one of the display racks and pulled off a sexy fireman costume holding it out to Mike. “Here, this is your costume.”

Mike took it in his hands and laughed, “This is a fantasy of yours?”

“It is now.” Stan grinned.

“I’ll have to take you boys to the shoe store. Stan will need some red pumps.” Bev winked at Mike who looked intrigued by that.

They bought their outfits, and Richie brought a walkie talkie set to the cash register with him. “W-What’s that for?” Bill looked confused.

“For us! We can keep in contact like real cops.” Richie smirked.

“Oh great.” Stan said sarcastically.

Before heading back to the apartment, Beverly took Will, Stan and Eddie to the shoe store in order to get the proper shoes for their costumes. Will found some flats that seemed appropriate for the costume, but both Stan and Eddie went for heels. Eddie was set on a black set, while Stan found a red set that matched the red on his costume.

The sexual tension was high between all of the couples, and it was even more apparent as they cuddled together before the TV that evening. They’d ordered pizza and found some movies to rent. Unfortunately for Eddie, some of them were horror movies. Eddie sat between Wills legs, hugging his arms as they watched the slasher film together. Richie and Bill sat on either side of Will and Eddie, eyeing them every so often.

When a particularly suspenseful violent part came on the screen, Eddie whimpered and covered his eyes, “Can we shut this off?”

“If you need a way out, feel free to use Will’s body as a distraction.” Richie smirked.

“Richie, you’re a pervert.” Will laughed a little.

“I’m being logical, I mean look at Stan.” Richie pointed to Stan who was seated on Mike’s lap, making out with him slowly.

Everyone glanced over before quickly looking away. Eddie shrugged, “Fine, I’ll make out with Will.” Eddie turned so he was sitting sideways in Will’s lap. They pressed their lips together, Eddie holding onto Wills face.

Richie and Bill suddenly stopped paying attention to the TV, their eyes fixated on their boyfriends for the time being.

Ben gently rubbed Beverly’s back. “I think everyone’s getting into the mood…” He said to her quietly.

Beverly looked at him, “What about you?” She waggled her brows at him.

Ben smiled, and shook his head, “I’m fine. What are you talking about?”

Beverly giggled, and snuggled into him, “You’re killing me here.”

Richie looked them over, “So…”

“Uh huh…” Bill stared at the two, his jaw a bit slack.

Will and Eddie kissed softly, Will’s hands on Eddie’s waist. Stan lifted Mike’s shirt over his head, and straddled his lap as they kissed more intimately. “Maybe we should all turn off the movie, and just…” Ben started, not sure what to finish with.

“Fuck like rabbits? I’m game!” Richie smirked.

“I mean… why not?” Beverly grinned.

Eddie rubbed at Will's groin, trying to get him erect, "As much as I want to watch these two fuck again, I think we should just fuck them." Richie decided looking at Bill.

"I'll j-just fuck them b-both." Bill smirked pulling off his shirt.

"No fucking way!" Richie shook his head.

Bill grabbed Eddie, pulling him off Will. Richie pulled Will over to him, pressing their lips together sweetly. Will moaned softly, and let Richie lie him on his back. Richie pulled back to toss his shirt aside before pulling Will's over his head. Beverly made quick work of pulling open the drawer next to the couch, placing a bottle of lubricant out for them before her mouth connected back to Ben's.

Stan managed to get Mike's pants off. He knelt on the floor between Mike's legs while Mike sat on the couch, his erection visible for mere moments before Stan wrapped his lips around it, taking him in deeply.

Richie pulled down Will's pants, eyeing Eddie and Bill as they were already naked next to them, Bill lubricating his erection before sliding it into Eddie who mewled appreciatively.

"Richie." Will looked up at him, his eyes half lidded, a look of passion in his eyes, "I want you."

Richie nodded, grabbing the lubricant before slicking his erection with it, his fingers gently rubbing against Will's opening.

Beverly climbed onto Ben's lap once they were both undressed. She slid down onto his erection, moaning softly before their lips connected. Ben and Bev were at one end of the couch while Mike and Stan took up the opposite end.

Richie pressed his erection inside of Will, feeling his blonde boyfriend lock his legs around Richie's waist. "Fuck… You're so hot…" Richie groaned, kissing Will on the lips sweetly.

Will tugged Richie's lower lip with his teeth gently as Richie pumped

into him slowly. Bill looked over at them, “F-Fucking Hell... you two look hot t-together.”

Richie winked at Bill, “I got so fucking lucky with this one…” Richie licked Will’s neck, making him moan loudly at the feeling, “He’s so beautiful.”

Bill pressed his lips to Eddie’s kissing him lovingly, “You’re st-still my beautiful boy…”

Eddie giggled, “Of course I am… oh fuck…” Eddie moaned as Bill moved harder into him.

Stan was pulled over the coffee table by Mike who had removed Stan’s clothing already and began thrusting hard into him. The sounds coming from Stan sounded so foreign to Richie and Will. He was extremely aroused by Mike, and it was obvious to them all.

Bev looked back at Stan and Mike as she continued to ride Ben while he buried his face in her breasts, “That’s it baby, get it…” she purred knowing how much Stan missed his boyfriend’s touch.

Richie gripped Will’s legs, folding him in an ‘L’ position as he thrust into him. Will gripped the hardwood flooring and moaned as Richie continued to thrust into him. Eddie looked over at them and whispered something into Bill’s ear, watching Bill grin a bit before nodding.

Will’s eyes were closed tightly as he enjoyed the sensation of Richie’s erection hitting his prostate hard. His eyes snapped open when he felt something warm and wet around his erection. “Oh! Oh my God!” Will cried out as he realized Eddie was leaning over him, his knees next to Will’s shoulder as he wrapped his mouth around Will’s erection.

“Fuck…” Richie stared with shock, his hips still rutting hard into Will as he watched.

Will pulled Eddie so he moved, each knee on either side of Will’s head as Will wrapped his mouth around Eddie’s hard erection above his face. Eddie moaned loudly around him, the two boys in a very

new version of the 69 while their boyfriends continued to fuck them.

Bill smacked Eddie's ass with a grin on his face as he bent over Eddie, "Fuck th-th-this is hot."

"Damn I'll say." Bev looked back at them completely surprised.

Stan whined loudly, his body banging repeatedly into the table below him as Mike placed gentle bites down his back, and shoulders. He was lost in his own world as Mike fucked him, completely oblivious to everyone else around him. His eyes were watery and glazed over as he gripped the table, biting his lower lip.

Ben watched the foursome going on next to him with Beverly as they continued fucking on the couch. "Shit… how is that position even possible?"

"I don't know, but its so hot…" Beverly moved harder on top of Ben, the two moaning loudly as they were building up fairly fast.

"Oh Bev… I'm so close…" Ben warned her, gripping her hips as he moved with her, moving deep inside of her.

"Me too! Oh God… just a little more…" Beverly moaned desperately, her own orgasm ready to be unleashed any second. "Ben! Oh Ben!" She suddenly screamed out, gripping his shoulders tightly.

"That's it baby, come for me." Ben urged her, kissing her neck sweetly as he pumped up into her.

Beverly let out an orgasmic cry, her body releasing as she coated Ben's erection in her fluids. Ben released inside of her, groaning softly with relief. "Mm…"

Will and Eddie continued moaning loudly, their sounds muffled by each other's cocks in their mouths. Richie could still tell Will was building up fast just by the desperation he could hear in his voice. "Baby, I can't hold on much longer." Richie groaned as he did his best not to come immediately at the sight before him.

Bill looked over at Richie, "You a-and me both."

Will let out a high-pitched moan, and Eddie gulped loudly before pulling off. “Oh! Oh God!” Eddie moaned before he released hard into Will’s mouth.

“Holy fuck!” Richie groaned, he and Bill climaxing at the same time. “Oh my God… that was fucking beautiful…”

Eddie felt Bill pull out of him, so he climbed off Will who was panting heavily on his back. “Oh my God…” Will looked delirious.

“Fucking a-a-amazing!” Bill wiped the sweat from his forehead, wrapping his other arm around Eddie’s waist.

“Oh fuck! Fuck! Mike! Oh my God!” Stan’s voice was loud and clear now that everyone else had finished fucking.

Richie watched as he pulled Will to his chest, cradling him gently. Mike had his fingers weaved into Stan’s curls, tugging Stan’s head to the side so he could suck at Stan’s pale skin, leaving hickies on his neck. “Mike…” Stan gasped as Mike gripped Stan’s erection in the other hand as he continued to pump into him.

“I’m gonna come! Please, don’t stop!” Stan moaned loudly, Mike’s low grunting the only other sound in the room.

Stan suddenly gasped loudly before he let out a soft whimper, his semen coating Mike’s hand. “Oh… Mike…” Stan went limp, pressing his forehead to the coffee table as Mike gently let go of his hair, rubbing his back soothingly before Mike bit his lip, and groaned lowly, releasing hard into Stan.

The look of utter satisfaction covered Stan’s face as Mike pulled out and kissed his back warmly. “I love you.” Mike whispered softly.

“I love you too…” Stan sighed looking happier than Richie had ever seen him before.

“Best. Sleepover. Ever.” Will said deliriously, making everyone start to giggle.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thoughts? Feelings? Leave them with me!

36. Halloween in NYC

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will spent Halloween in NYC with their friends. It's finally the night to party!

Chapter 36

Beverly spent much of the evening getting the boys ready for the Halloween party they were headed to. They had gotten their nails done earlier in the day by her, but the evening was all about getting into the costumes, and getting their hair and make-up done. Bill, Mike, Ben and Richie were banned from Beverly's bedroom while the process was carried out.

Neutral colours and red lips were the theme for each of them, even Bev as they got ready. Will was given a medium blonde wig that was pulled into an elegant up-do with ringlets and bangs framing his face. He looked rather cute in the wig. Eddie was put into a brown wig that had soft ponytails on either side of his head. Stan was given his extensions once more, and it just made his curls look much longer than they actually were.

Beverly's costume consisted on a yellow cheerleading top and a red pleated skirt. She decided to go with long yellow socks and running shoes with her outfit.

Once they were all ready, they joined their partners in the living room who were already dressed, and ready. When they entered the room, Bill was at one end of the living room while Richie was at the other end, both on their walkies. "Bro?" Richie asked.

"Bro?" Bill responded.

"Bro!" Richie smiled brightly as he heard Bill's voice.

"Bro…" Bill grinned.

"Br-" Richie was cut off by Stan grabbing his walkie and walking off with it.

“Hey! That’s mine!” Richie watched Stan head off.

Mike looked over Stan, “This was a good choice of costume.” Stan smiled a little, both of them with a devious look in their eyes as they looked over each other.

“Mike, your abs are intimidating.” Richie told him before he looked at Will, “Babe! Look at you! You’re so beautiful!”

Will blushed a bit, and smiled at him, “This isn’t going to get me to clean the apartment, you know?”

“Damn, my plan is foiled!” Richie said dramatically wrapping his arms around Will’s waist.

Eddie bounded over to Bill, jumping on him, wrapping his legs around Bill’s waist, “You look so good as a cop!” Eddie exclaimed while Bill held Eddie up with a smile.

“Y-You look good to E-Eddie.” Bill kissed his cheek gently.

Ben was wearing the football uniform, and smiled at Beverly, wrapping his arms around her, “Hey gorgeous.”

Bev kissed his cheek, “You look so good in your outfit. I think we’re both going to be the most comfortable tonight.” She high fived him.

Mike and Stan were practically eye fucking each other from a few feet away from one another. It was clear they were standing apart for a good reason. “So, let’s get in the car.” Bev decided to skip pre-drinking in case it meant prying couples apart to get to the party after.

Eddie got off Bill, and followed them out of the apartment. The three couples sat on top of each other in the back seat as per usual protocol. Ben drove them, knowing he wouldn’t be drinking; it was seldom he drank at all. He liked to be in control when he was out at parties, at home he’d drink more freely without any stress or worries.

Parking up the block from the party, they got out of the car, and walked towards the large party house. Will and Richie had never seen anything quite like where they were outside of the movies. It was a

frat house, but it was an expensive looking one. Will held Richie's hand as they headed inside.

The loud music playing seemed to pull all of them in. Not a single loser sat out for the first while as they immediately headed onto the dance floor to dance. Bev wrapped her arms around Ben, and danced with him smiling vibrantly. Eddie and Bill proceeded to dirty dance with each other as per usual. Eddie ground his backside against Bill's groin, while Bill occasionally smacked his boyfriends ass, pulling them together front to front. Richie and Will danced fast together, mostly just jumping around together. Will wasn't much of a dancer, but with Richie he actually made the attempt while he was disguised in front of hundreds of strangers. Stanley kept his back pressed against Mike, while Mike's hands were glued to Stan's form possessively as they moved together.

Will began to laugh loudly as Richie picked Will up and twirled him in the air as they jumped around. Will pulled off Richie's aviators, and kissed him briefly on the lips, careful not to get lipstick on him before he pulled the aviators on as they continued to dance.

It was about an hour later when the group went and found some drinks. They all clinked their bottles together and drank contently except for Ben who was determined not to drink and drive. "This place is amazing, what kind of a fucking job does your daddy have to have in order to get into this frat house I wonder?" Richie asked amused.

"Airline pilot? Surgeon? President?" Mike chuckled a bit as he finished his beer.

Stan grabbed Mike's empty bottle gently from his hand, "I'll get us some more." Stanley said before heading over to the stand set up for drinks.

"Alright, baby." Mike nodded watching him go intently.

Eddie smacked Mike's arm gently, "Quit staring at his ass."

Mike looked at Eddie and laughed, "Hey, it's part of the perks of our relationship. I get to look at his ass, he gets to fondle my muscles."

“I guess that does sound like a pretty good deal. We’ve got the same one going on I think.” Beverly giggled as she leaned into Ben.

“Well, to be fair I look at your breasts a lot more than your ass, but it’s nice too.” Ben said making Richie laugh out loud.

“Who are you, what have you done to Ben?!” Richie asked with a smirk.

“He’s more of a pervert than you think.” Beverly laughed as Ben rubbed her arm.

“So is Will, he’s constantly making me feel like a piece of meat.” Richie winked earning a round of eye rolls as no one believed it.

Will giggled, “He does have a pretty great ass.” Will smacked Richie’s ass making Beverly laugh.

Richie jumped a bit, his brows ascending on his forehead, “Ma’am, that’s classified as sexual harassment. I’m going to have to ask you to come down to the station for a cavity search.” Richie stole his aviators back, pulling them on his face before talking into the walkie, “Billiam, I’m going to be bringing a perp in for questioning, can you get the rubber gloves ready?”

“Th-that’s a big ten four. Roger th-that.” Bill responded in the walkie as Eddie rolled his eyes with a smile.

“Oh God… what did we allow to happen by letting these two be cops?” Ben asked amused.

“Madness.” Bev responded.

“Miss? I-Isn’t tonight a school n-night? Where are your parents?” Bill asked Eddie.

Eddie twirled his ponytail around his finger, “My daddy lets me do what I want.”

Bill smirked a little, “Ma’am have you h-had any alcohol? Do I need to call your d-daddy?”

Eddie leaned in close, “How about I call you daddy instead?”

Bill spoke into the walkie, “Richard, we’re going to need another set of gloves.”

“Roger that.” Richie spoke back to him.

“How did you get that thing back from Stan anyhow?” Will asked Richie.

“I took it from him in the car. He was too busy with Mike to notice.” Richie grinned amused.

Mike’s brows furrowed suddenly as he looked over to where Stan had gone. “I’ll be right back…”

The group turned to see Stan attempting to get past a guy who was clearly hitting on Stan intently. “Oh no… Mike is going to go ape shit on this guy.” Eddie commented holding Bill’s arm.

Mike walked around the guy, and grabbed Stan’s waist, pulling him into a possessive kiss before looking at the guy, “This one’s mine. Get lost.” The guy took one look at Mike and headed away from the bar area as quickly as possible.

“I think Stan just came in his panties.” Richie scoffed as Mike led Stan back over to the group.

“Some asshole giving you tr-trouble, Stan?” Bill asked.

“Yeah, but Mike scared him off.” Stan grinned, handing Mike his drink with a very aroused looking expression in his eyes.

Richie leaned towards Will, “I bet you ten bucks Mike and Stan won’t get out of this place before fucking.” He whispered as Will grinned a little in response.

“I think you might be right, Rich.” Will responded.

“You want a drink, Will?” Richie asked him curiously.

Will looked at his empty cooler bottle and nodded, “Yes please.”

Richie took his empty, and Will followed him over to the drink stand. “You wanna clean me, girl? I’m a dirty boy.” A random blonde guy who had scuzzy written all over him asked.

Will looked at him with a disgusted face, “Well, you tell me. I’m a man.” Will responded to him.

The guy went a little pale before walking off. Richie burst out laughing, and pulled Will closer, “I was legit ready to fight him if it came down to that.” Richie assured Will.

Giggling a bit, Will shook his head, “No need to use your killer right hook, babe.”

Richie ordered them more lemonade coolers, and one for Bev, before heading back to the group. “Here Bev.” Richie handed her a cooler.

“Oh thanks, Richie.” Beverly smiled at him taking it.

Richie nodded, and drank his, taking in a quarter of the bottle in one drink. Will watched as Eddie rubbed Bill’s arm, “Bill, can we go dance soon?”

“Yes, I’m almost done my dr-drink.” Bill assured him.

“Will scared off some asshole who was hitting on him.” Richie laughed, “He told the guy he was a man and watched the guy run off like a bitch.”

“The men around here are horny bastards, aren’t they?” Stan asked with a bit of disgust as he looked around.

“I can’t say I blame them. One look at you, and anyone would get an erection.” Mike grinned rubbing Stan’s back gently.

“You’re cute.” Stan grinned at him.

They finished their drinks, and went back to dancing together. Will’s second drink gave him a light buzz, and he was feeling good as he danced with the group. Eddie pulled Will to him on the dance floor, the two dancing close, and rather dirty thanks to Eddie.

Bill and Richie high fived, and continued dancing around them. Stan tugged Mike away from the dance floor after a bit, a look of intent in his eyes as they disappeared into the crowd.

“Where’s that ten bucks?” Richie asked Will amused.

“Didn’t take them long!” Will laughed.

Beverly wrapped her arms around Eddie and Will’s shoulders, dancing with them in a bouncing style. The three looked happy and were all giggles as they jumped around in a circle together.

Bill, and Richie watched as Ben leaned in to whisper something to Bev before she nodded. Ben waved and headed off to find a place to sit, or at least a wall to lean on.

The group migrated back to the drink stand after a little while. They watched as Stan and Mike headed back towards the group. Stan’s face looked a bit flushed, and his hair was a bit of a mess; his lipstick gone.

“Stan! Mike! You found us again!” Eddie smiled at them.

“Did you guys have fun?” Beverly asked with a devious grin on her face.

“Fun? We went and-“ Mike started.

“We’re not idiots, Mike.” Bev said quickly.

“I had lots of fun.” Stan said, a glint in his eyes.

Mike smiled a little, “Ok, fine. I was just trying to spare your minds.”

“You can’t spare our minds the night after you fuck Stan on the coffee table in front of us, Mike. That’s not how it works.” Richie smirked.

“Fair.” Mike nodded.

“Hey St-Stan. Were you f-fucking on the line of duty? That’s i-illegal you know?” Bill said before picking up the walkie out of his belt, “Ri-Richard, we’re going to need another pair of gl-gloves.”

“Ten four, Billiam. What is your position?” Richie asked over his walkie.

“Doggy st-style most likely.” Bill responded.

Stan raised a brow, “Bill, are you talking about fucking me?”

Bill looked at him, “M-Maybe?”

“No fucking way, not in this outfit.” Mike looked at Bill warningly.

Stan giggled a little and pressed his lips to Mike’s before going to get another drink.

“Well I-I tried.” Bill shrugged looking at Richie.

“Bro, you tried so hard, I’m proud of you.” Richie high fived him.

“You guys are nerds.” Eddie said rolling his eyes, “Besides, while you two are fucking Stan, what were Will and I supposed to do?”

“The answer is: each other. Preferably in eyesight.” Richie grinned.

The party continued on, people getting more and more drunk as time went on. Ben returned to the group and helped Beverly stay standing as she drank one too many. “Ben, you’re so handsome…” She kissed his face sweetly.

“Beverly, you’ve gotta calm down. You’re drunk, and we’re in public.” He removed her hand from his groin carefully.

“Benny, I really want it…” She purred in his ear, gently tugging his earlobe with her teeth.

Richie and Bill watched, extremely amused as Ben struggled with keeping Beverly decent in public. Will stumbled into Richie, only for Richie to catch him. “Woah, you ok?”

Will giggled cutely, and looked up at him, “Richie… I think… I drank too much…”

“Well you did have six coolers to yourself in less than two hours so,

I'd say so." Richie smiled wrapping his arms around Will lovingly.

"You had four…" Will held up five fingers.

Richie laughed, "Yeah, that's why I'm still standing upright on my own."

Ben looked at Bill who was holding Eddie close. "Should we take this party back home soon?"

Bill looked to Mike and Stan before nodding, "Yes. Eddie's t-tired I think."

"Alright, if one of you can take care of Beverly, I'll bring the car up to the doors." Ben said holding Bev's shoulders.

Mike and Stan carefully took one of Beverly's arms, opting to care for her in the meantime, despite her attempt at dancing. "Oooh, do I get a Stan and Mike sandwich tonight?" She asked with a giggle.

Stan smiled a little, "I totally would." He admitted to Mike who smiled and nodded in agreement.

"Not tonight, baby girl. You're too drunk." Mike told her.

"Aww…" Bev sighed, barely able to keep her eyes open.

The group gave Ben a bit of time to get to the car before they headed outside on the sidewalk. Mike and Stan held their arms around Beverly, keeping her warm in the chill of the night. Eddie leaned on Bill, his eyes closed, looking extremely tired. Will cupped Richie's face, and pulled him in for a kiss.

Richie and Will kissed lovingly, their tongues mingling together briefly as Richie held him close. It felt good and being drunk only seemed to intensify how Will felt about it. His entire body was tingling with delight.

"Fucking faggots! That one's not even a girl!" A voice called out loudly, breaking Will and Richie from their kiss.

Will looked up to see the guy who tried to hit on him earlier. He was

piss drunk by the looks of it, stumbling around angrily, getting closer to them. “You might want to fuck off.” Richie protectively stepped in front of Will looking at the guy, “An asshole like you doesn’t need to be name calling others. You’ve got your own shit to figure out.” Richie made a threatening stance.

“Oh yeah? You think you can come to this party, and just make out like that? Fucking disgusting!” The guy shouted.

“You need a hand?” Mike asked Richie as he and Stan held Beverly.

“No, I got this.” Richie shook his head before glaring the guy down. “You have one chance. You fuck off now, or I make you regret your decision to come over here and be a complete fuck-wad.”

“Now I get why your bitch is dressed up like a girl, he’d be ugly as fuck without all that-“ The guy didn’t get a chance to finish his sentence as Richie clocked him in the side of the jaw as hard as he could.

The guy hit the ground with a thud, limp. The small group of people who were watching quickly disperse with shock. “Fuck, bro…” Bill said sounding impressed.

“No one calls my boyfriend a bitch, or ugly.” Richie said before wrapping his arms around Will.

Will kissed him lovingly, “Richie… your knuckles.” Even drunk, Will knew the blood on his knuckles was a big deal. “You were so sweet to defend us, but you didn’t have to do that.”

Richie nodded his head, “Hell yeah I did. That asshole needed to learn a lesson.” Richie nudged the guy with his boot.

Stan immediately dug into his pockets, and pulled out his wallet. Opening it, Stan pulled out his money, and dropped the wallet next to him. Mike stared at him as Stan placed the money in his bra, “What?”

“Did you have to rob him, baby?” Mike smiled a little.

“Yeah, he’s a homophobic asshole. Of course I’m going to rob him.”

Stan replied as if it were just nonsense to think otherwise.

Ben pulled up in the car, and everyone got into the back once Beverly was safely buckled into the passengers seat. Ben didn't seem to notice the drunk guy passed out on the grass. "You missed a fight. Richie just one punched a homophobe." Mike told him.

"What? Really? I missed that?" Ben looked a bit disappointed as he drove them back to the apartment.

Richie looked at his knuckles as Will held onto his hand carefully. "Yeah, I'm going to need some patching up. I kind of just gave him my all."

"He's going to have a headache for days." Will commented.

"Sorry babe." Richie scrunched his nose remembering when he punched Will in his sleep by accident.

"What?" Eddie looked confused.

"I… I punched him in my sleep once." Richie looked at him sheepishly.

"It was an accident. He was having a nightmare and I shook him awake." Will explained.

"That's how I got glass in my foot, I carried him to the truck to get him to the hospital." Richie explained.

"Well, PTSD will do that to you." Mike shrugged a little.

"I'm not mad." Will snuggled back into Richie.

By the time they made it home, the group was shambling back up to the apartment. Stan pulled off the heels, his feet sore from walking on them all night. "Want a foot rub, Stan?" Mike offered.

"I want more than a foot rub…" Stan hinted.

Mike picked Stan up, throwing him over his shoulder as he walked to Stan's room. "See you guys tomorrow!"

Ben got to work patching up Richie's hand. "Man, you really did give it your all didn't you? You split your knuckles." Ben gently cleaned the wound.

Richie hissed a little, "Just be gentle… I'm tender."

"If Richie d-dies of complications i-in the b-b-bathroom, I'll take care of W-Will for him." Bill said pulling Will onto his other knee as Eddie occupied the other one already.

"My fucking ghost will find you, Denbrough!" Richie called from the bathroom.

Beverly looked over at Bill, Will, and Eddie from where she was sitting on the couch, "You guys are the best… I love you so much…" She smiled at them warmly in her half tired state.

Eddie yawned, "We love you too, Bev."

"Yeah, y-you're the queen of the l-losers club." Bill smiled at her.

Will smiled, "You going to be ok?"

Bev nodded, "Mhmm… just sleepy."

Will was looking thoughtful, and Bill noticed, "Y-You ok?" Bill asked.

Looking at him, Will nodded, "Yeah… I just feel bad Richie got hurt. I want to do something nice for him. He really defended me."

Eddie looked between Bill and Will before he whispered to both of them his idea. The three looked at one another and nodded.

Once Richie was patched up, Ben and Richie returned to the living room. "Are you four going to be alright out here again?" Ben asked them.

"Yeah, we'll be good." Eddie gave a thumb up.

"Alright, I'm going to get Bev into bed." Ben came over, helping Beverly up carefully. "You guys have a good night." Ben smiled at them as he headed to their room.

The sounds of moaning coming from Stan's room were fairly loud. It was impossible to say if they could sleep through it. "Shit… they're really going at it." Richie commented sitting with his back to the front of the couch as he sat on the floor.

"How's your hand?" Will asked curiously as he sat on his knees next to Richie on the floor.

"It's a little sore, but nothing that won't heal." Richie shrugged.

Bill got down onto the floor next to Richie, "Bill, you didn't have to come down here, I sat on the floor so you guys could sit on the couch." Richie laughed a little.

Bill held out his arms, his legs spread a bit, "Come sn-snuggle, bro."

Richie smiled a little, moving to sit between Bill's legs. "Man, you must really be drunk, Bill." Richie chuckled.

"Not really." Bill smiled, "Just g-going along with the plan."

"Plan?" Richie looked back confused.

Bill pulled Richie against him, hugging him close as Will began undoing his pants, pulling them off. "Oh… the plan… I like this plan so far." Richie grinned, relaxing into Bill.

Eddie proceeded to pull his boxers off which surprised him a little, "Wait… are both of you going to do something to me?" Richie looked from Will to Eddie.

Will smiled a little and nodded. "You better believe it."

Richie looked quite pleased, "I really like this plan!"

Will and Eddie looked over Richie's forming erection. Deciding to give it a little more time to erect, Will leaned in, and pressed his lips to Eddie's. Richie watched intently with Bill. "I get a turn with b-both of them someday, right?" Bill asked.

Richie nodded, "Uh huh." His jaw was slack as he watched.

Watching a school girl and a French maid making out was amazing, but the fact that the French maid and school girl were Will and Eddie made it so much more incredible to watch.

Pulling away from each other, Will and Eddie both moved to either side of Richie's legs before leaning down to drag their tongues up either side of his erection. Richie watched, and moaned softly, his eyes glued to the two as Bill held onto him. "Oh fuck…" Richie moaned.

Will wrapped his mouth around the head of Richie's erection, sliding down to the base before pulling his lips back up to the head, popping off to allow Eddie to do the same. The two switched back and forth, listening to Richie's moaning as he gripped Bill's arms desperately. "Oh my God… fuck, fuck, fuck…"

Bill chuckled a little, "This h-has to be your ultimate f-fantasy…" Bill whispered to him.

Richie nodded, "Uh huh… oh! God, I can't take it, I'm gonna blow my load soon…" Richie whined as he watched Will and Eddie working him up.

Will smiled at him, "Come. We'll do more when you're ready."

Richie bit his lower lip, watching as Eddie pulled off, and Will moved his head down again. "Shit… this is going to be so fucking embarrassing…" Richie groaned knowing he couldn't last another minute.

"You lasted thr-th-three minutes, that's something." Bill smirked.

"Fuck you, Bill…" Richie grinned a bit before his eyes rolled back, just as Eddie pressed his lips to the base of Richie's cock. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Eddie swallowed down the come as it coated the back of his throat. "Fuck…" Richie sighed panting heavily.

Bill smiled and gripped Richie's shoulders, giving him a massage, "Feel b-better?"

“Yes… so much better…” Richie held up his injured hand, “I forgot about my hand for the duration of that…”

Will giggled a little. “You know, Stan and Mike are going to be busy for a while, and we might not get to sleep until they’re done so… may as well enjoy each others company for now.”

Richie smiled, lacing his fingers with Will’s for a moment, “You guys are too good to me… especially you, Will.”

“You deserve the best, Richie.” Will smiled.

“Let’s get the couch pulled out, and cuddle.” Richie smiled before getting up.

The group got off the floor, and moved the coffee table before pulling out the couch so they could rest. Bill and Eddie got to work dressing it with a bottom sheet while Will put on the other sheets with Richie. They grabbed their pillows and put them on the bed together.

“Let’s take these c-c-costume’s off.” Bill suggested.

Bill and Richie stripped down to nothing, deciding there was no point in even wearing boxers. Eddie and Will had thongs on from their dresses, and before they could take them off, both Richie and Bill stopped them in unison, “Wait!”

“Leave those on.” Richie decided, watching as the two climbed into bed with them.

Bill was at one side of the futon while Richie was at the other. Eddie snuggled in between Bill and Will contently.

Richie couldn’t help but grope at Will, enjoying the underwear he had on, “You really want me to keep these on?” Will asked.

“Yes, I fucking love when you wear panties.” Richie grinned, playing with the strap of fabric over his hip.

Will kissed him gently, “Enjoy it while you can, my penis sort of wants out of these soon.” Will laughed.

“Oh of course.” Richie gently pulled the strap down, letting Will slide them the rest of the way off. “Well, it was nice while it lasted.”

“Same problem.” Eddie looked at Bill.

“Alright, t-t-take them off, baby.” Bill smiled at him.

Tossing the underwear aside, Eddie and Will pressed their backs together, giving Bill and Richie plenty of room on the bed. Richie gently rubbed between Will’s legs, groping his forming erection gently. Will moaned softly, “What are you doing?” Will asked as he enjoyed what Richie’s fingers were doing.

“Just letting your penis regain circulation. Definitely not jerking you off.” Richie winked at him.

Will moaned, pressing his lips to Richie’s. “Mmm, I want you inside of me…”

Richie nipped Will’s lower lip, “Once I can get this monster back up, it will be, baby.” Richie grinned.

“H-Hey maybe… Eddie could ride Will f-for a bit?” Bill suggested.

“He fantasizes about this all the time, I swear.” Eddie laughed as he looked over his shoulder at Will and Richie.

“Would you be into that?” Richie asked, knowing the answer already.

“Let me think about that… yes!” Will laughed as Eddie rolled over, pressing his lips to Will’s neck, “Oh…” Will moaned, his eyes closing blissfully.

Bill went into the drawer containing the lubricant before placing it next to them on the bed. “I really love these get togethers we have…” Richie said as he watched Eddie working Will up with neck kisses.

“Me too.” Bill smiled as Eddie began rubbing Will’s erection from behind.

Eddie grabbed the lubricant and put a generous amount on his hand before rubbing it over Will’s erection. Will moaned at the feeling of a

slippery hand on his cock, “Fuck…”

“Careful, sounds like Richie’s rubbing off on you.” Eddie giggled before pulling Will onto his back.

Eddie knelt over Will, carefully sliding down onto his erection. Will gripped Eddie’s hips, moaning as he felt himself push all the way inside. “Mmm….”

“Eds, you’re such a power bottom.” Richie grinned a little, smacking Eddie’s ass before he began bouncing on top of Will.

“I know what I want.” Eddie replied as he rode Will slowly at first.

Richie watched for a moment before pressing his lips to Will’s. They kissed sweetly as Eddie moved at his slow pace. “Mm… those lips are still so fucking sweet…” Richie commented, thoroughly enjoying them.

Will arched his back as Eddie began moving a little faster, sliding up and down on his rock solid shaft. “Oh my God…” Will whimpered, enjoying the feelings Eddie was causing him.

Grabbing Richie’s hand, he always felt the need to be connected to him it seemed. Richie kissed the back of Will’s hand. “It’s ok, baby. Enjoy it.” Richie whispered kissing his earlobe gently as Will relaxed more.

Bill leaned in, pressing his lips to Eddie’s. “Mm…” Bill and Eddie kissed for a few more seconds before Bill broke the kiss, leaning down to drag his tongue along Will’s neck smoothly.

Will gasped and moaned softly. Richie chuckled, “That’s his horny spot.”

“Horny sp-spot?” Bill questioned.

“You know, the spot that gets him horny?” Richie laughed.

“I guess that makes sense.” Bill smiled before licking Will’s neck a second time to hear him gasping again.

Eddie braced his hands against Will's chest, and Bill looked up at Eddie amused, "Hang on t-t-tight Will… it's about to g-go into overdrive." Bill warned him.

Will didn't have time to mull over Bill's words as Eddie began bouncing at an intense pace. Letting out a loud moan that rivaled Stan's volume, Will squeezed Richie's hand, and began arching his back, "Oh my God! Eddie! Oh Fuck!" Will screamed loudly.

"Feels f-fucking good doesn't it?" Bill asked amused as Will's eyes rolled back into his skull.

Eddie moaned, his body clenching around Will indicating he was getting himself worked up, "Will… come in me…." Eddie said through panting breaths.

Will's jaw went slack, his moaning more high pitched, "OH God! Eddie…" He arched his back, coming hard into Eddie.

Eddie released around the same time, his hand managing to catch the mess. "Damn." Richie grinned as he stared at Will's flushed face, "That was something we should have had the video camera here for."

Will smiled a little at that, his cuteness very much present even in his heated state. "Richie… I feel so good…"

Eddie climbed off him, and cuddled into Bill, "Mm… Will's got such a nice dick…"

"I bet. You came pretty hard." Bill watched Eddie clean his hand off with a tissue.

"You know, you haven't had any fun tonight." Eddie smirked at Bill, gently rubbing his erection.

Richie leaned closer to Will's ear, whispering, "You want Bill's dick again, don't you, babe?"

Will bit his lip a little at the thought, "I…"

"It's ok, I had my fun. Go fuck him if you want." Richie kissed his lips gently.

Will leaned beside Richie's ear, "You can fuck Eddie." He said in a whisper.

Richie looked a little surprised, "You… mean that?"

Will nodded, "The past is past. You love me. I love you. Bill loves Eddie. Eddie loves Bill. Have fun, Richie. I mean it." Will whispered before pulling back, looking at him with a soft smile.

Eddie leaned down, wrapping his mouth around Bill's erection, bobbing his head slowly. Will moved closer, and caught Bill's eyes, "Fuck me?" Will asked, watching Bill's Adams apple bobbing with arousal as Eddie continued to suck his cock.

"Fuck yes. I will ab-absolutely f-f-fuck you…" Bill moaned before Will crawled over, pressing their lips together.

Richie smiled, watching them contently. Eddie pulled off Bill's erection, grabbing the lubricant bottle next. He coated Bill's cock in the slippery liquid, jerking him a little more as he did so. Bill let Will lie on his back as he climbed over the blonde, inserting his erection inside carefully. Will moaned softly, his toes going numb as he knew he was going to be overstimulated by this.

"Hey Eds, pass me the lube." Richie caught the brunette's attention.

Eddie passed it to him, "Ok, what for?"

Richie began rubbing it onto his forming erection, "For your ass. I'm going to fuck you through the mattress."

"Charming." Eddie said flatly, "I guess I don't mind though."

"Hell yeah." Richie smirked before Eddie got onto his hands and knees.

Richie moved behind him, positioning himself at Eddie's entrance before sliding in carefully. Will looked over at them and didn't feel bothered in the slightest. He truly was past everything that happened when they first met. Bill moved at a steady pace, pumping in and out, over Will's prostate. "Oh God…" Will whined.

“Are you guys almost done fucking out there?! You’re loud as Hell!!” Stan’s voice shouted from his bedroom.

“Shut the fuck up, Stanley!” Richie shouted back at him.

An annoyed huff came from the other side of the door, but Stan didn’t bother arguing any further. Eddie moved with Richie, his body rocking in sync with Richie’s rhythm. “You like that Denbrough dick, baby?” Richie asked with a smirk.

Will moaned, “Yes! I like it a lot!” Will’s back arched, his penis leaking precum profusely.

“Oh damn, you’re overstimulated, huh?” Richie watched Will’s cock drooling on his own abdomen.

“Mhmm…” Will moaned as Bill continued to rut into him, their lips connecting briefly.

Eddie was moaning loudly, his noises sounding a bit more desperate that normal, his cock also dripping as Richie reached around to grab it. “Damn… both of you…”

Will and Eddie continued to move with Bill and Richie, their body’s barely able to handle what they were doing, but they continued as the pleasure became more and more intense.

“Fuck… I’m going t-to come…” Bill warned Will.

Will arched his back, his body clenching around Bill, “OH! Oh God! Fuck!” Will’s cock leaked a little more, indicating he had just climaxed.

Bill groaned, releasing hard inside of him. “Mm…”

Eddie lowered his head, whimpering loudly as he finally released hard into Richie’s hand. Richie continued pumping for a few more seconds before releasing inside him. “Shit… we better stop fucking… you two can’t handle any more.” Richie told Eddie and Will.

Will crawled over to his spot next to Richie as Richie cleaned up his hand. Eddie let himself drop between Bill and Will content. Richie

cleaned up Will next, getting the come off his abdomen. “You good?” Richie asked him.

Will smiled weakly, nodding his head. “Sleep time?”

“Damn right.” Richie snuggled him warmly, noticing Bill and Eddie were doing the same as Bill pulled the blankets up around them.

Richie covered Will in a blanket, cradling him for a bit to ensure Will was comfortable. “Goodnight, baby.”

“Goodnight, handsome.” Will smiled closing his eyes, resting his face in Richie’s chest.

Notes for the Chapter:

> I hope you enjoyed the long chapter! Please leave your reviews with me if you have something you want to say!

37. Rhyme

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will creates a new comic book character that resembles Richie very strongly. Embarrassing things happen when Mike Wheeler calls from Hawkins.

Chapter 37

Inking colour into the final page of his latest comic, Will smiled gently as he looked at the new character he was incorporating into the series. The character had wild black curls, goggles, and some futuristic looking punk clothes. “Rhyme.” Will smiled, naming the character after much thought.

He set the page aside allowing it time to dry. The phone rang, and Will picked it up. “Will Byers speaking.”

“Hey, it’s Tasha. Is Richie around?” The brunette asked him curiously.

“Oh, no he’s at the Library working on a project.” Will replied, fairly used to her calling for him.

“Oh… I should probably be doing mine… What are you up to right now?” Tasha asked curiously.

“Nothing actually, I just finished up some art.” Will didn’t feel the need to tell her about his hobby, it was nothing he wanted to share with many people yet.

“Wanna go for coffee?” She asked.

“Sure.” Will smiled a little.

“Great! I’ll be by the apartment to pick you up in fifteen.” She sounded cheery.

“Awesome. I’ll be ready. See ya.” Will hung up the phone.

Will decided to clean up his desk, putting his ink away, leaving the final page on his desk to dry. Slipping on his coat and boots, he grabbed his wallet and his keys before heading out of the apartment door.

Tasha's car pulled up outside, Will hopped in the passengers seat next to her, "Hey Will, how's it going?" She smiled sweetly at him as she began to drive.

"Oh, pretty good. How about yourself?" Will asked her casually.

"Just trying to stay awake, I slept like crap last night." She giggled turning a corner, "When I realized you were abandoned by Richie, I figured I'd come spare you of your lonely evening."

Will shrugged, "I honestly don't mind when Richie goes out. It's sort of nice to have time to do art in silence sometimes."

"Oh yeah? Does Richie do a lot of yaking?" Tasha asked with a laugh.

"Sometimes, but its not too bad." Will smiled as they pulled up by the coffee shop on the main street.

"Aww, you really love him." Tasha smiled as she parked, "Come on, let's go get some coffee, I'm freezing."

Will chuckled, getting out of her car with her. The two headed inside together. The sky was a hazy white as the November sky was forecasting another snow fall. Will didn't mind the snow, he was rather fond of it.

They both bought coffee before sitting down near the big glass windows. "So how was your Halloween get away?" Tasha asked curiously.

"Oh, it was really great. Richie's got some really cool friends." Will smiled, "You'd really like them I think."

"Yeah, Richie talks about them a fair bit actually. I just hope one day I get to meet them." Tasha smiled taking a sip of her coffee, "So what did you go as for Halloween?"

“Um…” Will blushed a bit, “French Maid actually.”

Tasha squealed a bit, “That’s so cute! Did you have any pictures taken?!” She asked excitedly.

“No, I’m glad for that.” Will laughed, “What about you? What did you go as?”

“Well, I didn’t end up going out, I was going to wear a cat costume though.” Tasha explained.

“Oh I see. That would be cute.” Will sipped his coffee.

“I guess we’ll never know now.” Tasha shrugged, “Did you guys see any of the sights in New York?”

“Not really, we mostly just wanted to spend time as a group.” Will shook his head as he looked out the window for a moment at the snow as it fell from the Heavens above.

“Richie told me next time I could potentially come with you guys.” Tasha explained, “I’d be down for that.”

“Oh?” Will was a bit surprised to hear it, but he smiled, “That would be fun.” He felt like it would be more awkward than anything as she didn’t know anyone.

“What are you doing for Thanksgiving?” Tasha asked him, “It’s coming up soon.”

“Well, we’re actually going to see our friends in New York again. They’re going to do the first ever Thanksgiving and invite us.” Will smiled at the thought.

“That’s so cute! It sounds like a lot of fun.” Tasha smiled.

They talked for a bit more before Tasha decided she better get on with her project for class as well, dropping Will off at home. When he got in, he smiled as he noticed Richie standing in the kitchen, a bowl of cereal in his hands, his black curls messy and half covering one eye. “Hey sexy boyfriend.” Richie smiled.

Will took off his coat, “You talking to me or yourself? You’re pretty sexy as well.” Will walked over, and kissed Richie gently, tasting the milk and fruit loops from Richie’s lips.

“Where were you? Sneaking off for some romantic tryst without me?” Richie winked.

Will giggled, “With Tasha? I don’t think so.” Will made a face.

“When did you leave? I got here like an hour ago.” Richie asked casually.

“About a half hour before that. I must have just missed you.” Will pushed Richie’s curls out of his face, so he could see his face clearly despite the glasses.

“Damn, I could have gone with you guys. Oh well, if I have any fucking coffee at this time of day, I’ll be up all night.” Richie smiled at him.

“I wanted to show you something.” Will smiled brightly, leading Richie to his art desk.

Richie followed, wiping milk off his chin with his bowl in hand. Will lifted up the freshly finished final page. “What do you think?” Will asked.

“Is he a new character?” Richie asked squinting a little, “He looks like…me.” Richie looked at Will surprised.

“I thought Zombie Boy could use a nice-looking man in his life.” Will smiled sweetly.

Richie put his cereal bowl down before wrapping his arms around Will, hugging him close. “I can’t believe you added me into your comic! I love you!”

Will hugged him with a smile, “Do you know what his role will be?” Will asked as Richie pulled back to look him in the eyes, “Zombie Boy’s heart will get taken by the necromancer who intends to control him. Rhyme, that’s his name, he will find the heart and return it to Zombie Boy, saving his life.”

Richie smiled, “I love it.”

Will smiled at him, “I can’t wait for you to read this comic. Tomorrow I’ll have it ready to be read.”

Richie kissed him lovingly, “Tonight though, I think you should get a special favour from yours truly for making my comic book dreams come true.” Richie winked, walking Will towards their bedroom, both hands entwined.

“Oh really? Are you going to do another strip tease?” Will asked as Richie gently sat Will on the bed.

“Quit bringing that up… I didn’t mean to trip and fall into the lamp.” Richie looked at him exasperated as Will began laughing.

“I’m just teasing, Richie. You know I love you.” Will smiled sweetly at him.

Richie knelt down between his legs, undoing his pants. The phone began to ring, and Will sighed. Richie reached over with a lanky arm and picked it up before doing one of his impressions of a live TV show host, “Radical Richie Tozier, coming at you live from-” Richie paused for a moment, “Oh, Will it’s for you.” Richie handed Will the phone.

Will took the phone in his hands, “Hello?”

“Hey, it’s Mike. How’s it going?” The voice on the other end of the line asked him curiously.

“Oh, it’s going good. I just finished another edition of my comic today. It’s just drying as we speak.” Will snapped his eyes in Richie’s direction as his boy friend pulled out his cock, winking before leaning down to take it into his mouth.

Will bit his lower lip shaking his head at Richie who had his lips pressed against the base of his cock. “Oh really?! What’s it about this time?” Mike asked curiously.

“Oh! I dunno.. just.. um…” Will swallowed attempted to keep composed, “Just a necromancer steals Zombie Boy’s heart, and a new

character steals it back before she can use it for black magic. You know, that sort of thing."

Richie dragged his long tongue up the underside of Will's cock, slow and steady just to drive Will crazy. "Mmm…." Will groaned a little.

"You ok?" Mike asked suddenly.

"Yeah, I'm- I'm fine." Will nodded, "I just stubbed my toe a little. It'll be ok." Will bit his lower lip as Mike began talking about his life since they last spoke.

"Oh, I see. Did I tell you about what Eleven found the other day in the middle of the park?" Mike asked.

"No…" Will watched Richie, licking his lips as Richie's entire focus was on Will's erection as he held Will's hips down.

What ever Mike said was lost on Will as Richie began swallowing around the head of his cock, "Isn't that cool?!" Mike asked on the other end of the line.

"That is! Oh God! I think I need to get some ice on this toe… I'll call you back!" Will's hand was shaking as he attempted to keep as composed as he could.

"Ok, feel better!" Mike said before Will tossed the receiver aside.

"Richie… you're an asshole…" Will moaned, letting his body fall back on the bed, eyes closing with sheer ecstasy.

Richie laughed, vibrating Will's cock. "Oh you think that's funny?" Will asked with slight annoyance in his tone.

Looking up at Will, Richie nodded despite the dick in his mouth. "Oh! Mike! Oh God! Yes! Mike Wheeler! I love your mouth around my cock! Yes!" Will cried out loudly.

Richie froze, glaring at him. Suddenly a noise from beside them cause Richie to pull off Will's cock with surprise. "You… didn't hang up the phone, Will…"

Will's eyes went wide, he picked up the phone receiver and pulled it to his ear, "Are you fucking kidding me?! You're fucking and screaming out MY name?!" Mike yelled through the phone.

Richie began laughing so hard he fall backwards, Will's face beet red with horror, "No! It's not what you think! I was just! He was blowing me on the call, and so I was trying to get back at him! Oh my God! I am so sorry, Mike!" Will's erection was ready to shrivel up inside of himself.

"You guys are fucked up!" Mike shouted, Richie snorting with amusement even as Will kicked his legs.

"I'm sorry, please forgive me…" Will covered his face, his cheeks burning.

"I forgive you, but, I really have to go… let's never speak of this again." Mike huffed.

"Deal." Will muttered before the line went dead.

Richie couldn't seem to contain his laughter, his eyes soaked with tears. Will knelt over him, smacking his arms, "You asshole! Stop laughing! I almost just lost my best friend because of you!"

"Oh honey, that wasn't because of me, I never told you to moan out his name like that!" Richie laughed.

Will grumbled, "If you hadn't tried to blow me while I was on the phone this wouldn't have happened!" Will whined.

Richie grabbed both of Will's wrists, bringing him in for a kiss, only for Will to pull away, "No!"

"Oh ho ho ho, yes mon amour!" Richie said in a French accent, grabbing Will up, and rolling so they were both on the floor together, Richie on top of him.

"Get off me you jerk!" Will shouted, struggling out of his grip.

"Would you like some cheese to go with that whine, mon cheri?" Richie asked in the French accent again, watching Will's mouth

twitch into a smile before he covered his face with his arms, “How about I bathe you my kisses, and make sweet sweet love to you right here and now?” Richie attempted to kiss Will’s face repeatedly, only for Will to push back against him.

“Richie! You’re killing me!” Will laughed, feeling a little less upset.

“You give up finally, Byers?” Richie winked at him.

Will’s face softened, “Yes… I give up… that was just stupid... I can’t believe I did that.” Will covered his face once more with both hands before sliding his fingers up into his hairline.

Richie looked down at him, “Come on, let me REALLY make this up to you.” Richie offered.

Will looked at him, “I’m so not in the mood right now.”

“Not like that.” Richie shook his head, helping Will up before Will put himself back in his pants, “Let’s go out for dinner.”

“You just ate a bowl of cereal.” Will raised a brow.

“Like that’s ever stopped me from eating more.” Richie scoffed, “Come on, dinner’s on me, handsome.”

Will smiled, walking to the main room with him. “You might be the best boyfriend ever, Richie.”

Winking, Richie smiled at Will, “You’re not at all wrong.”

The two got on their coats and boots before heading out into the snowy weather to get to Richie’s truck.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thoughts? Feelings?

38. Deceiver

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie find themselves at odds as their friend Tasha shares with them information that is anything but helpful to their relationship.

Chapter 38

Richie hadn't spoken much to Will since he'd come home. It was strange, and it didn't make sense. Will attempted to talk to him, but it seemed Richie wasn't willing to keep a conversation going.

"What's going on?" Will asked after a bit as they both sat on opposite ends of the couch watching TV.

"Just… tired I guess." Richie looked at Will, "Did you want me to stop smothering you so you can do some art now?"

Will furrowed his brows confused, "What?"

Richie sighed, and shook his head, "Nothing."

Will eyed him, "If I did something, you could tell me at least so I don't have to guess what I did."

"YOU didn't do anything. Apparently I'm the issue here." Richie scoffed before getting up, "I'm going to go meet some classmates at the Library, I'll see you later."

Will was dumbfounded as Richie headed out. He truly didn't know what the issue was as Richie never acted like that around him normally.

Things didn't stop there either it seemed. Several days later Tasha sat with Will at the coffee shop. "I've never seen him like this before… he's just so distant. Hardly ever around, either." Will sighed a bit.

"Well… I don't know the whole story, but Richie mentioned something to me the other day offhandedly…" Tasha ran her finger

around the rim of the coffee cup.

“What?” Will looked at her, his entire attention directed at her.

“Don’t take this the wrong way, but he said… you don’t give him enough space.” Tasha looked at him with a sympathetic expression.

“I don’t give him enough space? How much more space can he want? I live in that apartment too!” Will looked at the table top, “How is this even… I don’t get him…” Will sighed.

“I don’t know, honey. I think he just wants to be alone right now… He said you guys got pretty serious pretty fast. I don’t know if that means anything?” Tasha shrugged.

Will felt his heart stop for a moment. The entire day Will felt himself stewing as he spent his time alone at the apartment. He couldn’t produce art, he couldn’t even watch TV, he was just too wound up.

As soon as Richie came home, Will got up, grabbing his bag, his coat, and his shoes. Richie looked at him confused, “What the fuck? Where are you going?”

“Just giving you some space. I’ll be back before too late.” Will said coldly before heading out the door, slamming it closed behind him before he made a bee-line down the hallway to get out of the building.

Will had never experienced being mad at Richie before. It was new, and he really didn’t like it. Taking a seat on the bus stop bench, Will knew the buses were no longer running, but he needed someplace to go.

It had to have been an hour before Will finally got up, freezing in the November air wasn’t a good plan. Richie got up from the couch the moment Will returned. “Nice of you to fucking show up.” Richie said darkly as Will walked in, taking of his shoes.

“I’ll stay out of you hair, wouldn’t want to get tangled up in that mess.” Will muttered before heading to the bedroom.

“Are you fucking kidding me?! What is your issue?” Richie asked

coming to the doorway of the bedroom as Will tossed his coat aside before getting into bed.

“Nothing, I don’t have an issue. Apparently, I am the issue.” Will crossed his arms lying on his side on the bed.

“Since when? I’m the one getting in the way of you doing your art, and your other school work because I’m annoying as fuck.” Richie glared.

Will squinted at him, “What? I don’t care if you’re here when I’m doing my art. Why would that affect it at all?”

Richie looked at him for a moment, “Then why are you bitching at Tasha about how shitty I am?”

Will sat up and furrowed his brows with complete confusion, “I didn’t.”

“Don’t lie.” Richie scoffed.

“I’m not lying! I didn’t bitch at her. Apparently, that’s your job!” Will shouted.

“What?” Richie was confused next.

“I don’t give you enough space, and we’ve moved too fast in our relationship.” Will looked at him, suddenly realizing something wasn’t right.

“I never said that…” Richie looked at him for a moment, “I love having you around, and I don’t think we’re moving too fast at all, I just said we haven’t been together as long as some couples, but we’re already much further along…”

Will’s face softened, “Tasha…”

Richie looked at Will, “What about her?”

Will thought about it, “She’s… always around you. She even comes to your work for hours… she invites you places…”

“Yeah, she’s my friend.” Richie was confused.

Will’s eyes flicked to Richie, “She wants you.”

“What? Don’t be ridiculous!” Richie looked annoyed at the idea.

“She’s been feeding us both lies, twisting the truth, trying to make us fight.” Will looked at Richie horrified, “It’s been working…”

Richie paused, “You seriously didn’t say all of that to her?”

“No. Did you?” Will asked, but Richie shook his head, “Then I think I’m right. She’s trying to break us up…”

Richie came over and sat next to Will thinking things over, “Now that this has all come out… I kind of see it… She probably does want to date me… she even talked about transferring schools to come to California with me. That’s fucking weird, right?”

Will nodded making a face, “That bitch…” Will gripped the bedding angrily with his tiny fists, “I thought she was my friend! She’s been a fucking bitch this whole time!”

Richie stared at Will wide eyed, “Damn Will… you never get this angry.”

“She shouldn’t have fucked with me…” Will looked at him angrily.

“Well shit, can I? You’re looking fucking hot right now… also we haven’t fucked in several day-” Richie was cut off as Will pressed his mouth to his, aggressively pulling off Richie’s clothing as well as his own.

“Fucking right.” Richie pulled back, pulling his shirt off as Will did the same.

The two of them got onto the bed together, Richie fumbled around the dresser for lube while Will sucked hickies onto Richie’s neck. “Mine.” Will growled possessively.

Richie groaned before flipping Will onto his stomach, sliding his slick shaft inside of Will. Gripping the sheets, Will moaned loudly, “Oh

God, Richie fuck me!" Will begged loudly.

Pumping hard into Will, Richie didn't hold back as he fucked away his anger, relieved Will hadn't said those things at all. Will was on his knees, his ass raised for much better access. "Fuck… I could never leave you…" Richie licked up Will's neck, "You've got the tightest ass in town." Richie teased, Will moaning loudly beneath him.

Richie was jack hammering him so hard the bed whined under their motions. Will pushed back into Richie, making the friction between them more intense. "Fuck! Richie! Bite me…" Will begged.

Richie's teeth bit down on Will's shoulder, causing all his muscles to clench around Richie. Moaning with delight, Richie bit down again a little lower on Will's back. "Tonight you're getting so much dick… we have to make up for a weeks worth of sex…" Richie groaned as he groped Will's ass while he continued to pound into him.

A harsh smack to his ass caused Will to moan loudly, "OH God! I'm going to come!" Will warned.

Richie pulled out and flipped Will over, wrapping his mouth around Wills cock, moving his head wildly. "Oh! Richie!"

Swallowing down Will's pleasure, Richie pulled Will's legs up over his head before pushing himself back inside of Will with a grunting groan. Will gripped the pillows, allowing Richie to continue fucking him.

It was only a few minutes before Richie finally came hard inside of Will. "Fuck!"

Will panted heavily, staring up at Richie. "Please baby… stay in bed with me? For the rest of the night?"

Richie smirked, "Fuck yes… all night."

Lying over Will, the two made out together, enjoying the feeling of each others lips after several days absence. It felt so good to reconnect. As soon as Richie's erection was back up, he pressed himself inside of Will, letting it stay where it was, putting pressure on Will's prostate. "We should fucking expose her." Richie suggested to

Will.

“How?” Will asked, fidgeting a bit at the discomfort of pressure building inside him.

“I considered the possibility of you telling her that we broke up.” Richie told Will.

“How will that help anything?” Will asked sounding a bit annoyed.

Richie rolled his hips, causing Will to let out a soft moan, “Hey, trust me.” He grinned a little, “You tell her we broke up, that I left and you don’t know where I am, you just wondered if she’d have any info. Then I call her up, tell her to meet me somewhere, tell her I have some feelings for her. Then we both catch her together and tell her she set us up.”

“It’s mean, but she did us wrong. I normally wouldn’t do something like this, but for her, I’m all for it.” Will agreed.

“Let’s do it tomorrow. I’m not getting out of this bed, or you tonight.” Richie grinned.

“Speaking of me… do you think maybe you could fuck me instead of pressing down on my prostate like this? I’m starting to go nuts.” Will rubbed Richie’s arms.

Richie kissed Will’s lips gently, lifting his hips before pressing back inside. “Mmm…” Will moaned softly, his hands on Richie’s face as they kissed. “I love you.” Will pressed their foreheads together, closing his eyes.

Groaning softly, Richie continued his hip movements a little more fluidly. Will grabbed Richie’s glasses off his face, putting them on the nightstand as they slipped down his nose. Richie pressed as far inside of Will as he could before stopping his movements. Will looked up at him confused, “Why did you stop?”

Richie grinned, “I love being inside of you. If I come I’ll be expected to take it out, won’t I?”

Will bit his lip, “Richie…” Will looked up at him, his voice small and

soft.

Immediately Richie's dark eyes reflected a look of concern and alertness. "Will, don't do that…"

Will looked into his eyes his soft small voice still on, "Richie, please don't leave it in me… I really want you to fuck me and take it out. Please Richie…"

Richie groaned, "Why do you have to be so cute?"

Will smiled a little, "Want me to get on top?"

Richie shook his head, moving his hips. "Oh… fuck…" Richie groaned thrusting hard inside of Will.

"Mmm… Richie… Oh yes…" Will moaned softly, enjoying the feeling.

Wills hands gripped Richie's shoulders, rubbing them gently. Wrapping his legs around Richie's hips, the blonde moved with him, eagerly. "I love fucking you so fucking much… God… I really missed this…" Richie groaned.

"I love your cock… Oh God, Richie…" Will arched his back, his body clenching around Richie as they moved together.

Wrapping his lips around Will's neck, Richie began making large red hickies on the pale skin exposed to him. Will's moaning kept him extremely hard as he continued to fuck into him, "God damn it! You're so fucking hot…" Richie moaned, "I'm so happy we're not fighting…"

"Oh! Oh God! Me too! Richie!" Will shivered as he continued to build up.

Richie smirked at Will's reaction, "You're starting to feel the overstimulation effects, aren't you?"

Will nodded, "Yes… Oh my God! Richie, kiss me…" Will pulled Richie's head down, the two of them kissing as Richie continued to thrust in and out of him.

Reaching down, Richie started rubbing Will's penis as he was already getting close. "Mmm! Richie!" Will moaned as Richie stroked him gently.

Will wreathed and moaned beneath him, "You like it when I stroke your cock? Mmm… you get even tighter when I do this." Richie bit his bottom lip as he continued to thrust.

"Yes! Richie… please don't stop…" Will begged watching as Richie's hand slid up and down his shaft.

"Fuck, I'd never stop without the damn safe word at this point…" Richie groaned thrusting much faster. "Oh God… Will, come for me baby."

Will arched his back as Richie flicked his wrist faster, "Yes! Richie! You're a God!" Will cried out, coming hard into Richie's hand.

Richie smirked before biting his lower lip with his long front teeth. He grunted loudly, releasing hard into Will. The feeling of being filled was oddly relaxing to Will, "Oh thank you… You're the best Richie."

Richie laughed, "I'm such a God in the sack, once again." Richie winked as he slowly pulled out of Will.

Rolling onto his side, Richie smiled gently, "Your God of sex is tired now."

Will snuggled into him, "Mmm… I missed you so much these past days." Will kissed all over his face lovingly "You're perfect. From now on, if we hear something someone else said about us, we need to talk about it."

Richie gently ran his fingers up and down Will's back, causing tingles all over him. "From now on, we always talk about our problems instead of getting mad first hand. I pinky swear on that." Richie held out his pinky.

Will locked their pinkies together, smiling happily. "You are my endgame, Richie Tozier."

Richie smiled gently, “And you’re mine, Will Byers.”

***

The following day, Will called up Tasha, and told her what Richie had instructed him to say. Tasha feigned a convincing display of sympathy through the phone, but Will’s act was better as he faked sobbing over the phone while Richie laid behind him, kissing his back gently.

Richie had opted to go to a public place to call Tasha from. Will had gotten into the truck with him while Richie placed the call. The two of them headed to the meeting spot which was going to be the campus library. Will waited hidden from sight, while Richie sat by a window just waiting.

When the brunette did enter the library, she spotted Richie right away. He got up, and walked over to her, standing within earshot of where Will was. “You ok, Richie? I was really surprised when you called. I didn’t think you would be able to move on so easily from him.”

Richie looked at her, not drawing attention to the fact he could see Will standing behind her a few feet away. “It wasn’t easy, but… it seems like he doesn’t care much for me. I had no idea he was spreading lies about me behind my back.” Richie told her.

“Well, I felt like you needed to know the truth. You’re a great guy, Richie. You deserve someone who will treat you right.” Tasha told him gently.

Taking her hands in his, Richie looked into her eyes, “Maybe that person is you… you’ve done so much for me. You’ve been such a good friend. Always so supportive.” Richie lied so convincingly that it almost made Will angry to see the scene play out before him. Almost.

“I’d really like that…” She blushed, looking into his eyes.

Richie immediately dropped her hands, and his gentle expression dropped from his face, “Yeah, I bet you would. You worked pretty fucking hard to get me.”

“Too bad it didn’t work.” Will said crossing his arms.

Tasha turned around looking at Will, backing away from both he and Richie. “What is this? Are you two… trying to toy with me?”

“You poor innocent girl.” Richie scoffed.

“You lied to both of us. You made us fight just to get your chance with Richie. How low can a person get?” Will asked.

She looked guilty and frightened at the same time. “I wouldn’t do that.”

“You told me that Richie said he wanted space from me, and that he didn’t like how fast we were moving in our relationship.” Will told her.

“You told me Will hates when I’m there while he’s doing art because of my ‘big mouth’ always distracting him.” Richie told her.

She looked at them both, “I see what this is. You’ve decided to blame me for your problems. Well that won’t help anything. It’s unfortunate you two have to be so slimy. I think we’re done.” She headed out of the library, refusing to claim any responsibility or even say she was sorry.

“That felt pretty anti-climactic.” Richie sighed before putting an arm around Will, “Wanna go for ice cream? Have a nice little victory date?”

“It’s November, and you want ice cream?” Will smiled a little, “What about hot chocolate?”

“That I could do.” Richie smiled, pressing his lips to Will’s cheek.

“I love you.” Will smiled clinging to him as they walked out of the Library together.

“I love you too.” Richie smiled, relieved to have Tasha out of his life.

Notes for the Chapter:

What are your thoughts? Please let me know!

39. A Loser's Thanksgiving

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will bring Mike to NYC to have Thanksgiving with the loser's club. They of course engage in their usual fun.

Chapter 39

Getting to New York for Thanksgiving had been a bit of a task as the winter storm that weekend made the roads rather unclear and slippery. “If we have to turn back, I’d understand.” Mike told Richie.

Richie knew how much Mike wanted to see Stan, he wasn’t planning on letting him down. “Nonsense! I’ll get us there, so you can see your curly haired boy toy!” Richie assured him.

When they finally arrived, they were a little more than relieved. Everyone else was already at the apartment Ben, Beverly, and Stan lived in. They headed up, knocking on the door. Stan opened the door, and smiled brightly, pushing past Richie to wrap his arms around Mike, kissing him lovingly. “You two make me sick.” Richie scoffed as he and Will entered the apartment.

Bill came over, and wrapped his arms around Will, hugging him warmly, “Hey cutie. Welcome b-b-back.” Bill kissed his cheek.

Eddie joined the hug, wrapping his arms around Will from behind. “We missed you, bub.”

Richie crossed his arms, “Is anyone going to hug me? Or greet me?”

Beverly came over and wrapped her arms around Richie, “Hey handsome.” She kissed his cheek.

Ben smiled, and wrapped his arms around Richie and Bev, “Does this make you feel better, Richie?”

“Yes. So much so that I’m in bisexual heaven right now.” Richie smirked waggling his eyebrows at them.

They laughed and let go of Richie as it seemed Bill and Eddie were busy hugging and groping Will's body. "Hey! That's my man!" Richie said to them a bit amused.

"If you want him, come get him." Bill said challengingly.

"Fight us." Eddie said kissing Will's neck gently.

"Oh, it's on!" Richie wrapped his arms around Bill pressing a kiss to his lips, "Give him up! Now you heathen!"

Bill smiled and let go of Will, "Fine, you w-win."

Richie began tickling Eddie, causing him to shriek, and let go of Will. "Aha! I win!" Richie wrapped his arms around Will who was laughing hard.

Stan and Mike entered the apartment after their kiss in the hallway ended. "What is happening?" Stan asked.

"Just a little friendly competition to win my boyfriend back from these fools." Richie said turning around with Will in his arms, his back to Richie as Richie rested his chin in Will's head.

Stan rolled his eyes with a small smile as he and Mike headed for the couch to sit down together. "Oh, you two aren't going to run off and fuck right away? That's new!" Richie smirked at them.

"Shut it." Stan said calmly as he leaned into Mike.

Will giggled, "Can I walk around free yet?"

Richie smiled, letting Will go, "If that shady Denbrough guy or his boyfriend Kaspbrak come near you, yell for help." Richie joked.

"I'll scream, don't worry." Will joked back.

Richie and Will wound up helping Beverly and Ben in the kitchen with food preparation. Bill, Eddie, Stan and Mike joined in to help as well. It felt good to be having a friend only thanksgiving. Everyone chatted together as they worked on preparation, talking about their school lives.

Beverly eventually asked about the situation with Richie's former friend Tasha. Richie had mentioned there was a big situation with how their friendship ended, and Bev wanted to know what exactly transpired. Richie told her everything he could about it, "She started telling each of us lies, and she actually managed to make us fight. We went a good week or more barely talking to each other. Finally, we fucking talked about what was going on, and we realized what was happening."

Will sighed, "Long story short, she wanted Richie, and tried to steal him from me."

"At least when we try to steal one of you, we share." Eddie said as he worked on mashing potatoes.

"I'm only comfortable sharing with you guys." Will responded, "I know you all are happy with your partners, and you love each other."

"That's right. We do." Mike nodded, working on the squash, "We also respect boundaries.

"Except Richie." Stan added quickly.

"I do too respect boundaries, bird boy!" Richie responded as he stuffed the turkey.

"It's alright, I heard you made Richie your bitch, so I'd say he at least tries to respect your boundaries." Beverly winked.

"Shut up." Richie responded making a face.

"He makes a good bitch." Stan said dryly.

"Stop that! I'm nobodies bitch." Richie pointed a finger at Stan.

"Oh, but Richie…" Will made a pouting face, "I thought you were my bitch…" Will whined cutely.

"Stop it, Will! I won't say it." Richie warned his boyfriend.

"Baby…" Will pouted, using his eyes to sway Richie's words.

“God, I hate when you do that… It’s so hard to resist.” Richie groaned.

“Richie… please… be honest with our friends…” Will begged him cutely.

“Ok! I’m your bitch! Now stop that!” Richie shouted making them all laugh, including Will who cracked first.

“I thought so.” Will giggled, kissing Richie’s cheek gently.

“I’ll make you pay for this. I swear.” Riche warned, nipping Will’s bottom lip.

“You two are so adorable.” Beverly laughed.

“We’ve come up with a better sleep arrangement this time around.” Ben told them all, “We got two queen sized blow up mattresses, and we’re going to lay them out in the living room so we can all sleep together.”

“Sick! We can all snuggle!” Richie smiled brightly.

“Will is between Eds a-and I.” Bill smirked.

“No! That’s not fair!” Richie pointed a finger at Bill.

“Yeah, we’re claiming him.” Eddie nodded at Richie.

“Not fair!” Richie pouted, “I get Stan then!”

“No way in Hell.” Stan shook his head.

“Oh, come on, just take the Tozier dick once!” Richie smiled a little.

“No.” Stan grimaced.

Mike chuckled, “You really don’t want Richie to fuck you? Not even a little bit?”

Stan looked at Mike fiercely, making Mike raise both his hands in a defensive pose, “Forget I said anything!”

“Stan, if you can take Mike’s dick, you can take Ben’s. If you’re not going to take my dick, that’s my next suggestion.” Richie said.

“Nice of you to offer up other peoples dicks for my benefit, Richie.” Stan said sarcastically.

“He already takes Ben’s dick.” Beverly reminded Richie.

“Oh yeah… I forgot about that little kinky arrangement…” Richie sighed, “Lucky you.” Richie said to Ben who just smiled a little.

“Hey Bev, you wanna go for a round two on the Tozier express?” Richie flicked his brows at her.

Beverly rolled her eyes, “Not if you’re going to refer to your cock as a train.”

Richie looked at her, “Please Beverly? Everyone else is fucking each other, and no one wants me.” Richie looked at her sadly.

Beverly smiled a little, “If Bill and Eddie are stealing Will, then you can join Ben and I. How about that?”

“I don’t know if I can take his dick. I’ll try though.” Richie told them.

“Want me to fuck you first?” Will asked.

“Maybe, I’m not sure yet.” Richie shrugged.

“Is this just a thing now? Every time we get together, we have sex together?” Stan asked curiously.

“I think so. I mean it’s really how things should be.” Richie smirked.

“I think so. I do love all my boys.” Beverly smiled at them all.

The group finished with preparation, before allowing the food to cook. They got the queen sized blow up mattresses set up, bedding and all before lying down together to watch TV. Stan and Mike were the only two not paying attention as they locked lips, making out slowly together.

“Get some, Mike!” Richie said suddenly, making Mike start to laugh.

“Shut it.” Stan said before going back to kissing Mike.

Bill had pulled Will close, and Eddie was cuddled into Will’s back, his hands gently exploring Will’s privates. “Mm…”

Bill gently nipped at Will’s earlobe. “These three are going to fuck before dinner is ready.” Richie nodded to Bill, Eddie and Will.

Beverly leaned in, licking along Richie’s earlobe, making him shiver immediately, “Us three definitely will be fucking before dinner…” She purred.

Richie looked at her, a small blush creeping on his face, “Oh… good.” He smiled a little.

Ben looked at him, “Want me to get you ready?” He held up lubricant from the drawer closest to them.

Richie nodded, “Yes. Absolutely.” He began pulling his pants off eagerly.

Richie laid back as Beverly and Ben guided him to do. Ben lubricated a finger, gently rubbing it around his opening while Bev leaned down taking Richie into her mouth. Richies eyes rolled back, “Oh my God…”

Bill had already gotten Will out of his pants, Eddie working on the top half. Bill borrowed the lubricant from Ben before removing his own clothing. He lubricated his finger and inserted it carefully into Will as Eddie began making out with Will. Richie watched, getting even more worked up over his friends playing with Will.

Ben inserted another finger into Richie, “Oh God… yes…” Richie moaned as Ben curled it into his prostate.

“You like that?” Ben asked, “I hope you can handle the real thing.”

Richie groaned, “Yes, I’ll take it....” Richie was nearly delirious, but he was intent on taking Ben inside of him one way or another.

Beverly worked her mouth around him like magic. “Fuck, Bev… this is good…”
Eddie was now free of his clothing, the three of them entirely naked as Bill scissored his fingers inside of Will who was bent over, taking Eddie into his mouth while Bill opened him up.

“Oh f-fuck yes…” Bill watched intently, rubbing lubricant on his erection carefully before moving to line himself up with Will’s opening.

Richie felt Ben working in a third finger. Biting his lower lip, he looked over to see Stan and Mike, completely naked. Stan lying on his back beneath Mike, legs wrapped around Mike’s waist. “Mmm… fuck… Stan and Mike are so hot…” Richie groaned before Bev pulled off him.

“Get on your side Richie. Let’s see if Ben can fit inside of you.” She gently stroked Richie’s hair before she pulled her clothes off and let herself lie on her side facing Richie.

Richie faced her. She could tell he was nervous and immediately Beverly moved to stroke his hair gently to calm him, “It’s ok baby. I’ve got you.” She said soothingly, kissing his lips gently.

Ben carefully lined himself up with Richie’s opening, “Are you ready?” He asked softly.

“Yes.” Richie nodded, trying to relax himself.

Ben pushed inside, Richie whimpered, making Ben stop immediately. “Are you ok, Richie?”

Richie bit his lip, nodding his head, but it was clear Ben was a lot larger than he was used to. “Give him a minute.” Beverly said, pressing her lips to his, “We can stop if its too much.”

Richie shook his head, “No, I should be ok. Keep going.” Richie encouraged.

Ben slid in a few more inches before stopping. “Ow…” Richie

groaned, making an uncomfortable face.

Beverly carefully slid herself onto his erection, making Richie moan loudly. “Oh God…” He groaned, pressing his face into her neck.

Ben slowly slid the rest of the way inside, warmly hugging Richie from behind as Beverly held him close from the front. “You did good, Rich. You feeling ok?” Beverly asked.

Richie nodded, “Better now.” He held Beverly, feeling happy he was between a man and a woman.

Bill thrust his hips fluidly, listening as Will moaned around Eddie’s erection. “Fuck, y-you feel good.” Bill groaned holding Will’s hips tightly.

“Really good…” Eddie bit his lip, looking very pleased.

“Don’t w-worry, we won’t give you b-back to Richie.” Bill teased looking over his shoulder at Richie.

“Like Hell you won’t, Denbrough!” Richie responded making Bill laugh.

Ben slowly began moving his hips, “Oh God…” Richie groaned, “Ben…”

Beverly moved her hips, sliding up and down his cock matching Ben’s pace. “Oh fuck! I’m in Heaven…” Richie moaned pressing his face in Beverly’s neck.

“Mm… You’re stiffer than ever before… you really like Ben’s cock, don’t you?” Beverly asked, stroking his hair gently.

“Fuck, yes!” Richie moaned loudly, his body trembling.

Ben kissed the back of his neck, his teeth grazing Richie’s shoulders gently. Beverly continued to move with Ben, listening to Richie’s desperate moaning and gasping.

“Mike! Oh God!” Stan’s voice caught their ears as Mike moved roughly in and out of Stan.

Kissing the blonde below him, Mike continued to rut his hips, hitting his cock into Stan's prostate. "That's it baby… I love those sounds."

Bill groaned, releasing into Will. "Fuck…"

Will was pushed onto his back by Eddie once Bill pulled out. Eddie lowered himself onto Will's erection, beginning to ride him eagerly. "Oh! Eddie!" Will moaned loudly, gripping Eddie's hips as he bounced quickly on top.

Richie watched Eddie and Will fucking over Bev's shoulder, his moaning grew louder at the feeling. "Oh yes! Yes! Don't fucking stop!" Richie begged.

Ben slammed into his prostate harder, feeling ready to climax. Richie could feel Beverly's insides clenching around him, letting him know that she was close to her orgasm. He felt good knowing his cock was getting her off. "Oh God! I'm not going to fucking last much longer!" Richie moaned, his back arching a bit as he felt his climax starting, "Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

"Yes! Oh God! Richie!" Beverly cried out, her velvet insides coating his cock with her slippery fluids.

That was all it took for Richie. He released hard, not even paying attention to the fact Ben was releasing at the same time. "Oh fuck yes!"

Ben and Richie panted heavily, Ben pulling out of him slowly. "God damn… I took your big dick like a champ!" Richie smiled back at Ben.

"You did. You're really tight." Ben kissed his shoulder.

"Oh Eddie! Oh God! I'm… fuck!" Will released into Eddie just moments before Eddie moaned loudly, shooting his load onto Will's abdomen.

Stan and Mike had gone quiet. No one noticed Mike and Stan's climax as they were so enthralled with what they were doing.

“Fuck... this is always so much fun.” Richie smirked, snuggling into Beverly and Ben.

“Oh God yes…” Stan sighed, very pleased as he lay beneath Mike.

“We should clean up, and then check on the food.” Mike suggested, helping Stan up carefully, “We’ll shower first, and then get into the kitchen.”

“Good idea.” Ben nodded at him, watching the two head off to the bathroom together.

Richie was still cuddled into Beverly. He seemed to be in an emotionally vulnerable place. His euphoria making him want affection deeply. Will crawled over towards Richie once Bill and Eddie began cuddling.

Ben and Beverly both let go of Richie, who looked momentarily hurt and confused by their absence. The moment he saw Will crawling over, Richie smiled, and wrapped his arms around Will. “Hey baby.” Richie kissed him lovingly.

“Hey, did you have fun living the bisexual dream?” Will laughed a little, kissing Richie’s lips.

“Yes, I did, but I’m so happy to be holding you again.’ Richie admitted, snuggling Will warmly.

Beverly placed a blanket over them, allowing them to snuggle together. “Ben and I are going to shower after Stan and Mike are done. You four can stay out here. Dinner won’t be long.” She smiled sweetly.

Richie smiled, nodding his head, “Thanks Bev.”

Ben placed a blanket over Bill and Eddie, watching them snuggle together lovingly. Stan and Mike returned, Stan dressed in a bath robe, Mike wearing his boxers. The two held hands and headed to the kitchen.

Ben and Beverly entered the bathroom together, the shower easily heard from the living room. Richie rubbed Will's back, his hands working at the blonde's muscles. "Mm... Richie, what are you doing?" Will asked softly.

"Loving my boyfriend." Richie smiled, kissing him gently on the cheek.

"Normally you just grope my ass." Will smiled a little.

Richie moved his hands down to Will's ass, groping it with a smile, "You know that's not a bad idea."

"You're terrible." Will laughed.

***

The group of eight was pleasantly surprised when their Thanksgiving dinner went off without a hitch. Everything was cooked well, each one of them taking their time with a particular food item, and each of them having a hand in the turkey preparation. It felt good, like they'd accomplished something major.

"Man, I wish Will and I could do this with you guys next year. This was a really great dinner." Richie said as they at together in the living room with various TV treys Bev had picked up.

"Maybe we should come see you for Thanksgiving next year." Mike smiled at them.

"You'd be better off coming in the summer for a beach party." Will smiled at them.

"I mean, that doesn't sound so bad." Ben nodded to them before looking at Bev who looked to be in agreement.

"I think that's what we should do. Maybe we can get the party to come down at the same time? Everyone would get along great." Richie looked at Will as he spoke.

"That is a good idea, then I can see my friends twice a year. In the summer, and in the winter." Will smiled, liking the idea a lot.

“I’m sure there’s also a way we could get your mother to visit at some point too. I know you were really worried about how much you’d get to see everyone.” Richie looked at Will gently.

Will nodded, “Yeah, this is a good idea. I’m feeling more and more comfortable with California as time goes on.”

“Good.” Richie smiled, lacing their fingers.

“I love New York, but I would also love to live in Los Angeles. It would be such a great place to start up my business.” Beverly stated as she finished the last bite of her potatoes.

“That would be a good place for my architecture work as well. They’re very interested in the up to date designs.” Ben nodded at her, “Maybe someday we could go too.”

“It would be pretty i-in-inspirational living so close to the beach.” Bill nodded, “With a beautiful v-view of the sunsets, ah-and not to mention the history of L.A.”

“Yeah, the places I could go jogging would be amazing.” Eddie smiled.

“Yeah, I agree with Bill on the history of the city. It’s got some crazy stories.” Mike smiled. His arm around Stan’s shoulders.

“I go where you go.” Stan said looking at Mike.

“Well, you guys get packing, and we’ll take you with us.” Richie joked.

Stan had baked a pecan pie for everyone to eat. It was a lot to digest, but everyone made it through. Stan was an excellent baker. By seven at night, everyone was snuggled together on the queen size mattresses in a nest of blankets.

It was minutes before nine at night when the last person lying in the living room fell asleep. They slept comfortably, clinging to their significant others under the warm blankets. Mike was the first one up in the night, heading off to the washroom.

Richie rolled over into his spot, half asleep. He spooned Stan warmly, only to feel Stan start grinding against his groin. Opening his eyes tiredly realizing it was Stan, not Will and he was a bit surprised by this, but it was a pleasant surprise. Usually Stan played hard to get.

Kissing Stan's neck gently, Richie began nibbling from his neck down to his shoulder. "Mmmm…" Stan moaned softly, enjoying the feeling. "I want it…" Stan muttered, making Richie grin a little bit.

Richie gripped his hips, pressing his forming erection against Stan's ass. Stan rubbed against him, "Mike…" He moaned softly.

"Mike?" Richie asked confused.

As if he had been burnt, Stan dived forwards to get away from Richie before turning back to look at him with a disturbed expression on his face, "What do you think you're doing?!" Stan asked as Mike walked back into the room.

"What's going on, babe?" Mike asked as he looked between Stan and Richie.

"This jerk just rubbed himself on me." Stan huffed.

It was a wonder everyone else remained asleep with Stan's complaining. "Me? I just rolled over and spooned you in my sleep. You were the one who rubbed your ass on me!" Richie looked shocked.

Mike looked between them as Stan looked disgusted. "You didn't have to put your lips on my neck…"

"You liked it. Don't act like you didn't." Richie told him.

"Stan, it was an accident." Mike assured him, "Calm down."

Stan relaxed a bit, but still looked a bit distressed. "I thought it was you."

"Sorry, I had to go to the washroom. I didn't want to disturb you." Mike apologized before he laid down between Stan and Richie once again.

Stan snuggled into Mike's side, resting his head on Mike's shoulder. Richie decided to spoon Will who had turned over and was facing away. Will made a soft sound of appreciation, his hands rubbing Richie's. Kissing Will's shoulder, he watched Will turn his head looking for a kiss, "I love you, Richie."

"I love you too, Will." Richie smiled, kissing his cheek gently before Will went back to sleep.

Resting his head on his boyfriend's, Richie closed his eyes comfortably. He did his best to ignore the fact that Mike and Stan were clearly doing something behind him.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey lovelies! I hope you enjoy this!

40. Nightmares of The Upside Down

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will is haunted by nightmares of The Upside Down that he can't seem to shake. Richie comforts him as they're on their way to Hawkins.

Chapter 40

When December rolled around, Richie and Will were both more than ready for winter break. The first morning of break, Richie woke up to Will cradling his head in his sleep. “Will?” Richie asked tiredly.

“Yep.” Will responded in his sleep, sounding annoyed.

Richie smiled a little, “You have me in a headlock.”

“Fuck off…” Will grumbled before letting go of Richie and rolling over.

Richie loved Will’s angry sleep persona. Kissing Will’s cheek, Richie smiled, “I love you Mr. Cranky Pants.”

“Ugh…” Will grumbled.

Richie laughed, and got out of bed, pulling on some clean clothes. He and Will were going to be heading out that day for Hawkins. Richie got the truck packed up with their things while Will slept.

When Richie came back inside the apartment he sat next to Will, reading the latest comic Will had inked up. He made it to the second page before he heard Will begin to fidget next to him, “Richie?”

“Hey baby.” Richie smiled at him warmly, “You told me to fuck off this morning when I told you I was in a headlock.”

Will groaned, “I’m sorry…”

“It’s ok, it’s cute when you’re sleeping, and you’re an asshole.” Richie laughed closing the comic, “You wanna go get breakfast before we

head out on the road together?" Richie asked.

Will rubbed his eyes, "Mhmm…"

Richie watched as Will got up, changing out of his night clothes and into something clean he had put aside. Will seemed to be lost in thought that morning and Richie picked up on it immediately.

"You doing ok, Will?" Richie asked curiously.

Will looked back at him, "I… had nightmares."

"Of the Upside Down?" Richie questioned.

Will nodded, "Yeah. I think my brain was just doing that because we're going to Hawkins."

Richie nodded, "It's quite possible. Did you want you talk about it?"

Will shook his head, "No… I'd rather forget about it." He pulled his shirt on once he got into his clean pants and boxers.

Richie nodded his head understandingly, he knew how it felt to have those kinds of nightmares. He had them often enough himself.

"Alright, let's just get some food, and then head out onto the fantastic fucking highway!" Richie declared raising a fist into the air.

Will smiled a little at him as he finished putting on his deodorant, "Alright." Will took his hand, heading towards the front door.

Sitting in the passenger seat of the truck, Will stared out his side window as Richie pulled out of the parking spot. He felt a bit sick to his stomach as he thought about his dream. He had been taken captive by the demogorgan, a tube inserted into his mouth, the one he knew was meant to make him ingest and incubate slugs. He didn't know if he could eat that morning, but for Richie's sake, he would try.

Ordering Will a breakfast bagel the way he knew Will liked them, Richie watched Will take small bites, eating slowly. He knew the dream had to have been pretty bad, but he didn't want to push Will

into talking about it.

“Hey babe, did you want to drive at all? Maybe it will take your mind off how you’re feeling?” Richie suggested.

“I appreciate the thought. I’m just worried I’ll be too zoned out to keep us on the road.” Will admitted.

“I really wish these nightmares didn’t happen. It just doesn’t seem fucking fair.” Richie sighed.

Will looked down, “I feel like I never actually left the upside down sometimes. Like this is just some sort of a fantasy, and I’m really still there. Dying.”

Richie glanced over at him sadly, “Babe, this is real. I promise.”

Will nodded, “I know… its just, sometimes I wonder why I have it so good now.”

“Because you’re amazing, that’s why.” Richie assured him.

“I love you.” Will’s words were a bit sad, “I really do.”
“I love you more than I love anything in the world. You really mean everything to me.” Richie told him, reaching over to take Will’s hand.

Will watched as Richie gently kissed the back of Will’s hand. They said nothing for a little while. After about an hour of driving, Will decided to change the tape in the deck to a newer one.

“Richie?” Will asked after a bit.

“Yes, my love?” Richie asked glancing over.

“Tonight… could we just cuddle?” Will asked him.

“Yeah, of course.” Richie smiled gently.

It was obvious Will was in a fragile state, Richie would never try for sex when he was like that. He was pleased to hear Will at least voicing his needs. This made things much easier for Richie.

When they got to the hotel together, the two stopped into the diner next door. Ordering chocolate chip pancakes for both of them, Richie wrapped his feet around Will's as they sat. Will smiled gently at him, "I can't wait for pancakes." Will looked a bit more relaxed than he had earlier.

"Good, because for you, only the best." Richie grinned, "You look better. Are you feeling better?"

Will shrugged, but nodded, "I think so. It's just hard going through all of that and trying to lose the hold it has on you."

"I can relate. Although I was never stuck in another fucking dimension." Richie responded.

"Not many people have." Will responded before the waitress brought them their food. Will and Richie ate their pancakes together, their feet gently rubbing together under the table.

They made a bit of small talk, mostly Richie's attempt at taking Will's mind off his past, and his recent nightmares. Distraction seemed like the right course of action; it was all Richie could think of to do for Will. They both resigned to watching the light snow fall from the sky.

When they finally arrived in their hotel room, they were both rather stuffed. They hate eaten as much as they possibly could, and immediately Will put his luggage by the dresser, looking for his night clothes. Richie turned to him, "Did you want to have a hot bath before bed?"

Will looked at him for a moment, "That might be nice."

Richie smiled warmly, heading to the bathroom to turn on the water in the rather new looking tub. It was clean, cleaner than the one they had at home, that was for certain. He let the water run over his large hand, making sure it wasn't too hot before he stood back up, letting the tub fill.

Will placed his night clothes on top of the dresser in a pile before he pulled off his clothes slowly. Richie leaned in the doorway of the bathroom, observing him quietly. There was a distance in Will's eyes.

He was physically there with Richie, but his mind was somewhere very far away. It made Richie sad to think about, but mostly because he knew how it felt to feel that far away. Part of him would always reside in the Well House on Neibolt Street.

Removing his glasses, Richie moved towards the bed, carefully setting them on top of the nightstand next to the bed. Pulling his belt off, Richie removed his jeans, and his boxers before pulling his sweater off. They hit the floor unceremoniously before Richie placed them in his suitcase.

Will finished undressing before turning around to see Richie standing right behind him. Richie smiled gently, cupping Will's face in one hand. Will looked into his eyes, feeling a comforting wave wash over him before Richie lowered his head, the two of them pressing their foreheads together slowly. Closing their eyes, Will felt himself relax into Richie, feeling his lanky arms wrap around Will's body.

After a moment, Richie let go, and Will leaned back, looking into Richie's now opened eyes. They smiled gently at each other. "Ready for the bath?" Richie asked him softly.

Will nodded, "Yeah."

Richie held Will's hand, walking to the bathroom with him. Getting into the tub first, Richie held out his wet arms to Will, a comforting smile on his face. Will climbed into the tub, his back resting against Richie. The warmth of the water relaxed his muscles, only for Richie's warm arms to wrap around him, making him feel complete. Richie rested his chin on Will's left shoulder.

Will sighed, closing his eyes peacefully. Richie kissed his shoulder gently before gently running his fingers through Will's hair, massaging his head. "You know…" Richie started, speaking softly, sending tingles through Will's body as he spoke, "…You're everything I ever wanted. I had no idea I'd ever truly fall in love. I never knew someone could fall in love with me either." Richie ran his fingers gently down Will's smooth hair, "You've given me so much, and I still have no idea how I'll ever give it all back. You're the most beautiful person to ever walk on this Earth." Richie said, kissing his earlobe gently.

“Richie…” Will whined a little, leaning back into him, “You’ve got such a big heart, it would be impossible not to fall in love with you. You’re so charming, so strong, and so beautiful. I’d have to be blind and stupid not to want to be with you.” Will reached back with one arm, running his fingers through Richie’s hair. “You give me so much every day that you’ve got nothing to pay me back for. You love me, you’re honest with me, and you don’t treat me like I’m incapable, or weak. You make me feel like I’m whole. I don’t think there will ever be someone like you ever again in this world. You’re one of a kind.”

Pressing his lips against Will’s jawline, Richie placed gently kisses along his skin, “I love you, baby.”

Will smiled gently, “I love you too.”

They relaxed in thoughtful silence as the warm water soothed their aches, and pains. There was a certain safety in lying together in that bath tub. Will held onto Richie’s arms as they were wrapped around his middle. Will set his feet next to Richie’s on the edge of the tub, marvelling at how much bigger Richie’s feet were in comparison. “You know what they say about big feet…” Richie started with a smirk.

“Yeah, big shoes.” Will retorted, practically feeling Richie roll his eyes.

Richie kissed his shoulder a couple of times before rubbing Will’s abdomen gently, “Are you tired, babe?”

Will nodded, “Yeah, a little bit.”

“Let’s get out, and rest. You could use a good sleep after last night.” Richie decided.

The two got out of the tub and Richie made a point of wrapping Will up in the fluffy white hotel towel first. Wrapping a towel around himself, he dried off before letting it cling to his hips. Will looked at Richie, his own towel wrapped around his middle, “Richie?”

“Yes?” the raven-haired man asked, leading Will to the bedroom.

“If anything ever happened to me, do you promise me you will move

on?" Will asked suddenly.

Richie looked at him, both confused, and saddened by Will's words. "I don't think it would be that easy for me."

"I'm not saying it would, but I'd want you to be happy with someone if anything ever happened." Will told him, a serious expression on his face.

Richie wrapped his arms around Will, holding him close, "Will… do you feel like something is going to happen to you?"

Will was silent for a moment, just letting Richie hold him before he responded, "I don't know. I just feel like, at any moment, I could fall back into that hell hole. I could wind up trapped there forever, and never have a way back. Ultimately, it would mean I'd die there."

"I wouldn't let you stay there. I'd find a way to find you. I'd bring you back home. I'm never going to let anything happen to you. I promise that." Richie told him, rubbing Will's back.

"I don't want you going there if something happens to me." Will said sternly, "If anything happens, tell my mom, and tell Mike. Don't come looking for me, you don't know what you'd be risking."

"I'm fucking sorry to say this, but I'd rather die in a Hell dimension with you, than live out here without you." Richie said watching Will tear up as he spoke.

"I don't want that for you! I'm cursed Richie… I have to be… after everything that's happened… I don't think I'm alright." Will's paranoia was something Richie wasn't used to experiencing to that degree.

Richie cupped his face, looking into Will's green rimmed brown eyes, "You aren't! You were in the wrong place at the wrong time when it happened to you. You aren't cursed, Will. I mean it, you're not. Now stop talking like you're about to die. I can't fucking stand the idea of it."

Will's lip quivered, and tears dripped down his cheeks before Richie pressed their lips together. They kissed for a few moments before

Richie pulled back, “Will, you need to lie down ok? You need to sleep.”

Nodding, Will sniffled, and got into the bed. Covering up with the blankets, Will tossed the towel out of the bed, opting to sleep naked like he often did in the summer time.

Richie pulled off his towel, and climbed into the other side of the bed, holding Will warmly as he stroked the soft hair on Will’s head. “I love you so much, Will.” Richie whispered, kissing his earlobe gently.

Will relaxed into Richie’s arms, enjoying the feeling of safety he often found in his boyfriend’s embrace. “I love you too, Richie. I don’t want to ever leave you.” Will said barely above a whisper.

“You never have to. Never ever.” Richie promised, kissing his temple, “I’m yours and you’re mine.”

Will relaxed, breathing in Richie’s scent. It was of immense comfort to Will. Richie felt Will’s body release the tension slowly. He continued rubbing gently at Will’s scalp, pressing kisses to any exposed skin. When Will began to drift off, Richie continued to hold him, just keeping him safe, and warm.

It didn’t take Richie long to follow Will to sleep. Their naked bodies pressed together were providing ample warmth throughout the night. By morning, Richie was the first one awake, but he spent an extra forty-five minutes just stroking Will’s hair gently.

Feeling Richie’s morning wood pressing into his front, Will groaned softly, opening his eyes to see Richie staring at him with a smile, “Hey handsome, did you sleep well?”

Will stretched a little, “Yeah… I think so.” He nodded, feeling well rested.

“Good, because by the late afternoon, we should be back in Hawkins to visit our mom’s.” Richie smiled, pressing a kiss to Will’s head.

“I’ll get dressed.” Will said, pressing a kiss to Richie’s lips.

“I mean, you don’t have to…” Richie smirked, watching Will roll his

eyes as he got up.

Richie looked over his boyfriend's body, his arms crossed behind his head as he observed. Will put away his unused PJ's and pulled out clean clothes. He pulled on boxers, jeans, and a warm brown sweater. Glancing over at Richie he couldn't help but laugh as he noticed the tent Richie was pitching. "Nice tent." Will commented.

Smirking, Richie nodded to his erection, "You know, you're welcome to camp there any time you want."

Will laughed, and watched as Richie got up, going into his own bag for some fresh clothes. He pulled on black jeans and a black hoodie to match. "Alright, breakfast, and then we drive the fuck out of here."

Nodding his head, Will walked out of the hotel room with all of his things in tow. He felt a little better since the night before, and he had Richie to thank for that. Richie was his rock, always. Looking over at Richie as he pushed his glasses onto his face, he couldn't help but smile; he loved him so much.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you all enjoy this chapter!

41. The Crack

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will's nightmares lead him and Eleven back to Hawkins Lab. Richie tags along to keep Will safe.

Chapter 41

The snow had begun to fall on December 22nd, just after nightfall. Will's nightmares returned, but he spoke not a word of it to Richie the entire day.

His mother had greeted he and Richie once she was done work, and it was nice to see her again. Will wanted to tell her about the nightmares, but another part of him just wanted to forget about them. He'd been having more lately, and he wasn't sure why. He didn't discuss most of them with Richie, because he felt it unnecessary to worry him.

By December 23rd, the snow was still falling from the sky, this time in fluffy chunks. Will was lying next to Richie in his childhood bed, staring at the falling snow near the outside light. It was beautiful and calming to witness, especially after the nightmare he'd just had. Two nights in a row, he dreamt of the upside down. He dreamt of the lab in Hawkins that had been shut down when he was a kid. Something inside of him kept alerting him to that dreaded place.

Will could feel Richie lying behind him, his soft snoring keeping the room from behind completely silent. After a few minutes, Richie groaned softly, his snoring stopped. Wrapping his arm around Will, Richie pressed himself against Will's back, resting his face on Will's cheek. It was always a wonder how he managed to get trapped by Richie in the night, but it happened more often than not. "Mmm… you taste like hot chocolate…" Richie muttered sleepily before the snoring started up again.

Will giggled a bit, and rolled over to face Richie, causing his raven-haired boyfriend to wake up. "Hey." Will said to him.

Richie rubbed his eye with one hand, sticking out his bottom lip tiredly. “Hey.” He said back quickly.

“I’m going to go get something to drink. Did you want anything?” Will whispered.

Richie was quick to respond, “I want to be balls deep inside of you.”

“Sorry, we don’t have any of that left in the kitchen.” Will said sarcastically before getting up and heading out of the bed.

Richie smiled a little, closing his eyes as he rested on the pillow below his head. Will headed to the kitchen slowly, his socks padding along the wooden flooring quietly. Will stepped into his winter boots and pulled on his coat. It was about time he got some fresh air.

Once he was outside, he was amazed at the stillness in the air. No wind, only snow surrounded him. It was cold enough to see his breath, but not so cold he couldn’t linger in the back yard for a bit.

His eyes scanned the trees behind his house, able to see fairly clearly that evening. He looked towards castle Byers for a few moments, remembering the day he and Jonathan had built it. He really was terrible at hammering, he thought with a smile.

Movement in the forest caught Will’s attention immediately. It looked to be some sort of quadrupedal animal running between the trees. It brought back memories of being hunted by the Demogorgon. Shaking his head, Will headed back inside, locking the door behind him.

He looked down to his shaking hands, immediately feeling anger burning through him. The sound of footsteps caught his ears. Looking up, Will saw Eleven standing in her night dress in the hallway. She stared at Will, a knowing expression in her eyes. “Nightmares?” She asked.

Will nodded his head, “The lab…” He looked down, “…I can’t stop dreaming of it.” He admitted to her, pain reflecting in his eyes.

“Me too.” She said looking at him seriously.

“I… I need to go there… I need to make sure the gate is really

closed." Will told her, their eyes locked.

Eleven nodded. "Bring your boyfriend." Eleven said before turning around, "I'll put on pants."

Will didn't know if Richie would be angry or not with his spontaneous decision to venture into the known like that, but Will knew he would be more angry if he left without Richie.

"Richie?" Will straddled his hips, cupping his face gently to see Richie's dark eyes slowly open, his face serene, and beautiful to Will.

"Will?" Richie asked before clearing his throat, "What's going on?"

Will looked at him, an ominous expression in his eyes, "I… I'm going with Eleven to the lab. I want you to come with us."

"Lab? What?" Richie asked before he looked at Will concerned, "No. Will, no. It's a bad idea."

Will shook his head, "Richie, I can't stop dreaming of that place. I need to go back. I need to make sure the gate to the upside down is really closed. Eleven is coming too."

Richie looked at him, "I can't let you do that."

Will looked at him pleadingly, "Please Richie? It's important to me."

Richie sighed, looking into Will's eyes. "I hate when you do that."

Will pressed their lips together, "Please?" Will asked, kissing him again, "I hate these nightmares…" Will looked at him, tears in his eyes.

Richie held his face, looking into his eyes, "Alright, Will. I'll fucking go with you, but you aren't leaving my side."

"I won't leave your side. I promise." Will nodded.

Richie moved once Will got off him. They dressed in something appropriate for their trip to the lab: Hoodies and jeans in dark colours. When they made it outside, Eleven was dressed, and waiting

by Richie's truck. "Ready to go, I see." Richie sighed, "I think this is a bullshit idea." Richie told her honestly.

"Let's go." She said, not caring much what he thought of it all.

Richie unlocked his truck, allowing for the three of them to travel together to the lab. Will felt bad dragging Richie along with them, but it was the only way. He didn't want Richie to wake up and freak out that he was missing, only to alert everyone else he was missing as well. It couldn't lead to anything good.

Parking in the lot, closest to the main entrance of the lab, Richie turned off his truck, "So, what do we do now?"

"Follow us." Eleven said before getting out of the truck so Will could also exit.

Richie was visibly uncomfortable, his hands in his pockets while his eyes were averted to the ground as they walked. Will wrapped his arm around Richie's both for Richie's comfort, as well as his own. He was scared, but he was also very tired of being scared. It was time to face what was coming after him in his sleep.

The doors of the building were bolted shut. Eleven simply jerked her head, and the doors swung open to allow her entry. Richie raised his brows, staring in awe, "Wow… no wonder Mikey thinks so highly of you."

Eleven wiped a dribble of blood from her nose and proceeded inside the building. Richie and Will followed behind her, Richie pulled out a lighter and flicked it on. The emergency lights were on inside the building, but it did little for seeing anything in detail. "This is fucked up… knowing what they did here makes me not want to be here." Richie said looking around.

Will looked around, remembering all the times he had ventured there as a kid. The way they hooked him up to their machines and spoke to him like he was an extraterrestrial bothered him more than Will wanted to admit.

Eleven opened the door leading down towards the lowest levels of

the lab, Will and Richie following her nervously. The descent felt like it took forever, and no time at all. They reached the half destroyed lowest levels, only to see a shimmering crack in one of the walls. “Eleven… it really is opening up again.” Will stared wide eyed at the crack.

“I’ll close it.” Eleven promised, reaching a hand forward as she focused her energy on closing the gap that was just big enough to fit an arm through.

Richie could see from what was open a dark version of where they were standing. The plant-life taking over the wall beyond the portal sent a cold shiver down his spine. Looking at Will, he felt guilty that his boyfriend had been lost in there for so long. The idea of Will in such a horrible world made him sick to his stomach.

Wrapping an arm around Will, Richie held him close. Will held onto Richie, watching the crack slowly disappear as Eleven worked her magic on it. Magic. Perhaps that wasn’t the right word. Even still, El was their mage.

Richie watched as the crack disappeared slowly, and Eleven sunk to her knees on the ground, panting heavily. “Eleven? Are you ok?” Will asked approaching her slowly.

Looking back at Will, Eleven nodded, her nose still bleeding. Richie tried to help her up, noticing she struggled to stand. The two men let her wrap an arm around each of their necks as they helped her back up to the main level. “Do you think that was it for the crack? Will it stay gone?” Richie had so many questions, but Will didn’t have the answers.

“All we can do is hope.” Will sighed a bit, “I feel like this was the right thing to do.”

They got Eleven into the middle seat of the truck, Will and Richie watching as she dipped in and out of consciousness. “She really used up a lot of energy in there…” Will commented.

“No shit. I don’t know how she does that, but I’m impressed.” Richie said as he started to drive them back home.

“Eggos.” Eleven said quietly.

Will nodded. “Don’t worry, I’ll make you some once we get home.”

By day break, they arrived back to Will’s childhood home. No one seemed to have noticed they were missing. Will walked into the kitchen, making the eggos his first priority.

Once Eleven was fed and back in her bed, Richie and Will climbed back into Will’s bed. Richie held Will close, pressing his lips to Will’s forehead. “I’m so sorry that you’ve been to that place… the upside down.” Richie said to him, their eyes locked together.

“I wish I hadn’t.” Will said softly.

Richie rubbed his arm gently, “You’re so strong. I don’t think I’d have made it out alive, like you.”

“If it wasn’t for Eleven, I don’t think I would have either.” Will admitted.

“She’s pretty amazing.” Richie smiled gently, still rubbing Will’s arm.

“She is.” Will smiled, pressing his lips to Richie’s, “You are too.”

“I’m just ok. She did all the work.” Richie shrugged.

“You don’t have to do all the work to be amazing. You’re so supportive of me… I am so lucky to have you, Richie.” Will said, his eyes glinting as he stared into Richie’s dark eyes.

Richie cupped Will’s face, kissing him lovingly, “I’m lucky to have you too, Will. Don’t ever fucking leave me.” Richie smiled before kissing him again.

“Never.” Will let one of his legs drape over Richie’s hip.

“You looking for something?” Richie asked glancing at Will’s leg.

“I wish… mom would hear us.” Will sighed.

Richie kissed his forehead, “Maybe tonight you and I can do

something fun… I hear Steve's got another party going on."

Will smiled knowingly, "I think that might be a good place to visit."

"Yeah, Steve's shower has been on my mind lately. I really hope we can pay it a visit." Richie smirked, leaning closer to Will's ear, "I can't wait to fuck you under that warm water."

Will smiled, rubbing Richie's shoulder, "Jonathan is going to kill us if he finds out, you do know that right?"

"I'm living for it." Richie smirked, making Will laugh.

Joyce came out of her room, her slippers padding along the floor of the hallway. Will took his leg back, so she didn't see them in such a state. "Will? Richie?" She asked coming closer.

"Yeah, mom?" Will asked.

Joyce opened the door, and smiled at them, "Hey boys. Did you two go anywhere last night? I thought I heard your truck in the night." Joyce asked.

Richie shook his head, "I mean, that's funny you should say that, because I had a dream I took my truck somewhere." Richie lied, trying to be misleading.

"Hmm… well alright. Did you two want anything for breakfast?" Joyce asked, "I'm going to get some eggs started soon, and bacon."

Richie and Will both nodded, "Yes!" There were definitely some advantages to being back home.

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave me some love!

42. Demodog

Summary for the Chapter:

> Steve's Christmas party gets a little more exciting than they bargained for.

Chapter 42

Will and Richie weren't even drunk, but they were definitely horny enough to defile Steve Harrington's shower once more. Attending his yearly Christmas eve party was beginning to be a fun tradition to uphold.

Richie continually slammed into Will's body as Will was leaned with his back against the tiles of the shower. "OH! Richie!" Will moaned loudly, feeling his boyfriends mouth on his neck.

"That's it… you're going to make sure all these guests know who's fucking you so good." Richie teased, sucking on Will's earlobe as he thrust hard into Will's prostate.

Will's hands were gripping Richie's shoulders, "Oh! Don't stop! Please!" Will begged, his back arching against the wall as pure bliss washed over his body.

"Are you two almost done in there?! Some of us have to use the washroom!" Mike Wheeler complained on the other side of the door.

Will pressed his face into Richie's neck, a dark blush crossing his pale cheeks. Richie smirked, finding his boyfriend's sudden bashfulness cute. "Don't worry Mikey, I'm just about to nut in your best friend!"

"Richie!" Will smacked his arm only for Richie to begin pounding up into him harder, "Oh my God! Richie!"

In a mere moment, the two came hard together, Will's insides squeezing around Richie as Richie released deep into Will. "Mm… you feel so fucking good…"

Will let his feet touch the tub floor as Richie pulled out of him

slowly. “Better?” Richie smirked.

“Other than you embarrassing me, yes.” Will pouted a little, pulling his clothing back on.

“Oh, relax. You know you love when I make you scream.” Richie grinned deviously.

Will smiled a little, shaking his head, “Let’s get a move on.”

Richie nodded, doing up his pants before he pulled his sweater back on. Richie unlocked the door and smirked as he came face to face with Mike who looked annoyed, “This is really raunchy of you two.”

Richie grinned, “Well, if you’re jealous, I suppose this one time you can fuck Will in the shower.” Mike looked mortified by the suggestion.

“Can I go pee now?” Mike asked trying not to engage further in the conversation

“Of course!” Richie pushed past Mike, and Will followed, avoiding eye contact with Mike.

Steve glanced over at the two as he stood talking to Dustin and Lucas. “Hey, you two done wrecking my bathroom?” Steve looked at them amused.

Will blushed, but Richie smirked, “Man, it’s totally destroyed. You’ll never be able to use it the same again.” He wrapped an arm around Will’s middle, pulling him close.

Will melted into him, enjoying the affection, “Can’t be any worse than what Dustin’s done to it anyway.”

“Steve, that’s cruel.” Dustin piped up.

“It’s ok, Dustin, everybody poops.” Steve assured him before turning to Will and Richie, “I never thought I’d see Will Byers so sexually active. I thought you were going to join a monastery or something all high school.”

Richie laughed, “That’s fucking hilarious. He likes dick too much for that.”

“Richie…” Will warned.

“I’m sorry, but it’s true.” Richie rubbed his arm.

“That’s a little too much information for me, but I see what you mean.” Steve said taking a drink of his beer.

“I’m avoiding you for the rest of the night.” Will said before wandering off to find Max and Eleven.

“Hey, where’s your ball and chain?” Max asked as she and Eleven sat on the couch together drinking.

Hands wrapped around his middle from behind, “Oh there he is.” Max commented.

“Hey, why are you avoiding me? What did I do?” Richie asked holding Will close.

“You’re being a pervert.” Will said not actually bothered by it.

“Yeah, but I’m YOUR pervert.” Richie smirked, kissing Will’s cheek.

“You two are so gross.” Max smiled a little.

Mike sat down next to Eleven when he returned to the room. He wrapped his arm around her shoulders, and she leaned into him, looking pleased just to be in Mike’s presence. Will knew how that felt, but with Richie.

“Hey, are we all still going to your house Christmas day?” Richie asked Mike.

“Yeah, when ever you guys are done at Will’s. I’ve got the new campaign all set up, and ready to go.” Mike informed his cousin.

“Sweet.” Richie smiled.

“No sacrificing yourself this time.” Will smiled at him, “You don’t

actually help the game progress when you die."

"I know, I know. I'll stay alive this time." Richie assured Will, his chin resting on Will's shoulder.

"So… you guys went to the lab last night?" Mike asked them, looking as though he wanted to ask some questions, but he was also concerned.

"Technically it was super early this morning, but yes." Richie nodded, "I didn't want to go, but Will made me." Richie said half jokingly.

Will rolled his eyes, "Well I'm glad we went. Things could have gotten really upsetting in Hawkins."

"The gate is closed now. We're safe." Eleven told Mike.

"My mom wouldn't exactly appreciate monsters trying to attack her while she's recovering." Richie said before pressing his lips to Will's neck, only for Will to fidget as Richie knew it was a sensitive spot for him.

Lucas, Dustin and Steve eventually made their way over to them. "Hey, are you shitheads hungry? I was going to order a bunch of pizza's and I want to know what flavours you want."

"Peperoni!" Dustin, Richie, Mike, and Lucas all said at the same time.

"Bacon as well!" Will, and Max both decided.

"Just cheese." Eleven said last.

"Alright, I'll get you guys your exciting pizza, and Eleven can have her boring pizza." Steve said picking up his cordless phone, dialling the local pizza place.

Eleven made a face at Steve's comment, but looked to Mike. "He's right, your pizza is boring." Mike smiled a little.

Eleven shoved him, a smile forming on her face. "I saw what she can do today… that's impressive." Richie told Mike.

“Yeah…” Eleven looked down, “I hate it.”

“Don’t hate it. It may not have been your choice to be this way, but you should really embrace it. You’re strong, El. You’re so strong.” Mike tried to tell her, “You just probably need some time to recharge after that. Take it easy.”

Will liked how Mike spoke to Eleven; he always built her up rather than tear her down. A lot of people could learn from Mike and Eleven’s relationship in Will’s opinion. Richie pulled Will onto his lap on the couch. Sitting next to Mike, Richie and Will waited for the pizza to arrive, both of them rather hungry as they drank their coolers together.

“Demodog! Demodog!” Dustin suddenly shouted as he came from the kitchen, a horrified expression on his face.

The party stiffened on the couch in the living room, while other party guests shrugged it off as Dustin just being completely hammered. “Where? Where is it?!” Mike got to his feet first, followed by Eleven, and soon everyone else.

Richie got up next, bewildered surprise was etched on his face. “Out back! I went with Steve to bring in the pizza, and… fuck!” Dustin covered his head, “The pizza guy is dead.” Dustin told Mike, looking quite frightened.

“Where’s Steve?” Mike asked nervously.

“He’s locked himself in the shed, it’s trying to get inside! We have to hurry!” Dustin shouted.

“We don’t have any weapons!” Max looked at the rest of the party nervously.

Richie ran to the closet near the living room. He immediately found a tool box. He opened it up, digging inside until he noticed a ballpeen hammer resting against the back of the closet. Will watched as Richie ran for the back door first, “Richie! Stop it! You’ve never dealt with one before!” Will ran after him, pulling a kitchen knife from the knife block as he chased after him, fearing for Richie’s life.

“Richie, you idiot!” Mike shouted before Will and Richie were both out of earshot.

Remembering the trip to the wellhouse when Richie was younger, he knew the feelings he was experiencing well. If he thought too much about it, he would be hiding away, risking another person’s life. If he acted, he risked his own, but at least he had a fighting chance at survival.

Richie followed the trail of blood towards the back of the house. Pausing once he spotted the shed in the distance, he noticed the demodog hurling itself repeatedly at the shed door. The door wasn’t going to last very long at that rate.

Will caught up to Richie, the two watching the creature with wide eyes, “You really draw those things accurately.” Richie said suddenly.

“Not the time!” Will eyed him.

“Hey, fuckface!” Richie shouted at it.

The creature turned around, its face opening up, to show hundreds of sharp teeth in a flower-like formation. “Get back, Will. I’m going to swing at this fucking thing!” Richie warned as the creature made a run for him.

Will backed up to give Richie room, but he was ready with the knife in hand, holding it out before him. Mike, followed by the rest of the party made it outside just as the creature started moving.

Eleven didn’t have the juice in her to use her powers, Will knew that much. All she could do was wield the mop handle they’d found in the closet.

Will realized none of them had proper weapons to fight that thing, except for maybe Richie. Still, none of them were going to let the creature walk away alive. When the creature leapt at Richie, the raven haired man swung, a sickening sound filling the air as flesh, and bone took the hit of the hammer.

Steve emerged from the shed, his spiked baseball bat in hand. Will was momentarily relieved as there was now a second decent weapon

involved. Realizing the creature was looking at him, Will stood shakily still, his eyes on the creature, waiting for it to attack. The attack never came as Mike threw a full wine bottle at it, catching it off guard. Richie took another swing at the creatures head, attempting to destroy it's brain as if it were a zombie.

The creature was disoriented by the time Steve made his way over, swinging repeatedly until the entire party was covered in blood and fleshy chunks of meat from the demodog. Steve wiped his face with the back of his hand, looking at everyone. "Is anyone hurt?"

Everyone shook their heads. "A fucking wine bottle, Wheeler?" Richie looked at Mike like he was an idiot.

"It's not my fault you took the best weapon!" Mike snapped back immediately.

"This isn't the time for a dick measuring contest! We have to get this thing out of here. We can't risk another investigation into Hawkins." Steve told them.

"We've gotta bury this thing." Dustin said with a sigh before turning to Lucas, "Come on, let's go hide it."

"Why do I have to do this?" Lucas asked.

"If you're going to be a big baby about it, I'll do it." Max sighed going into the shed to look for some tarps to wrap up the creature.

Eleven looked at Mike who resolved to wrapping his arm around her shoulders, "It's ok, it's over." He said to her, attempting to be comforting.

Eleven just nodded her head, but she looked bothered. Will could tell it was because she had been too drained to fight back. For once, she couldn't be relied on to stop the creature from tearing them apart. She was a mortal for once.

"I'm going to go inside, and I'm going to call the cops." Steve told them, "By cops I mean, just Hopper. The rest of you better have this thing in the woods before anyone comes to investigate."

The group nodded, and Mike helped Max wrap up the creature. Will stared at the demodog, feeling a bit sick to his stomach just looking at it. Richie looked at him, assessing Will for a moment before he wrapped an arm around him, pulling him into a hug, dropping the hammer on the ground. “Hey, it’s over now. I’ve got you.” Richie assured him, stroking Will’s hair as they hugged.

Will’s eyes teared up, but he shook his head, and gently pushed Richie back, “I’m sorry, I don’t want to cry… can we finish with this… thing?” Will asked, blinking away tears.

Richie fixed his glasses, nodding with understanding, “Alright, we’ll talk about all this later.”

Dustin, Mike, Lucas, and Richie helped carry the monster into the woods as quickly as they could while Max walked ahead with a flashlight, so they could see where they were going.

Will looked over at Eleven, she looked pensive. Her nose bleeding a little. “You tried, and nothing happened, right?” Will asked, carrying the shovel they were gong to use.

Eleven nodded, her doe eyes looking at him, “I couldn’t help… I was useless.” She said sadly.

Will reached over, taking her hand gently, “It’s ok. You’ve done so much already. It shouldn’t all be on you to protect us.”

Eleven nodded a little, looking down. She squeezed his hand, not letting go as they made their way to the spot they chose for burial. “Here looks good.” Max told them, her fiery red hair catching in the light of the flashlight.

Richie grabbed the shovel from Will, deciding to make himself useful. He began digging a hole. “How deep did you want this thing?” Richie questioned.

“As deep as you can go.” Mike told him.

“Oh, I’m good at going deep, just ask-” Richie started as he dug.

“Beep beep, Richie.” Will said quickly.

Richie looked up at him for a moment, “Geez, alright…” Richie knew Will was upset, not at him, but upset regardless; Will never silenced him.

Once the hole seemed deep enough, Richie moved away, sweating from the manual labour. Lucas, and Dustin helped drop the demodog into the hole before Mike took the shovel from Richie, “Thank you, we can take it from here. I think Will should get out of here.” Mike said quietly to Richie.

Richie nodded, “Alright. Call us tomorrow, ok?” Richie told his cousin.

Mike nodded his head in agreement before beginning to cover the creature in dirt. Richie took Will’s hand, let’s go home.” Richie told him.

Taking Richie’s hand, Will was quiet as they let the party behind in the woods. “Let’s… wait for Hopper. He’ll take us back.”

Richie squeezed his hand gently, “Alright, we’ll do that.” Richie was trying to be as agreeable as possible, and Will appreciated it.

Will was shivering, none of them had grabbed their coats as they ran outside. Had they not been wearing footwear inside, it was likely they would have been bare foot running through the snow as well. Richie wrapped his arms around Will, rubbing his arms to keep him warm.

Steve’s party had died off, everyone was leaving as they entered the side door through the kitchen. Steve looked up at them, his outfit covered in blood. “Look, Hopper is on his way over, but if you two want to go take another shower, I don’t mind.” Steve offered.

“We’re fine.” Will assured him.

Steve nodded, knowing it was only half true. “Alright, I’m going to go bring the shitheads some coats, when Hopper gets here, direct him to the woods.” Steve said gathering up their coats, making sure to leave Richie and Will’s behind.

Once they were alone in the kitchen, Will broke down into tears.

Richie wrapped his arms around Will, holding Will against his chest. “Let it all out, baby… its ok.” Richie told him.

“It’s not ok! It’s not ok at all!” Will shouted through his tears, “I was told it was ok, and over years ago! It’s not! It’s never going to be over! The upside down still exists!” Will sobbed loudly, still clinging onto Richie despite his outbursts.

Richie closed his eyes, tears forming in his dark eyes, “I know… I’m sorry…”

Will sniffled, “Thank you… I’m sorry for this… I just… I can’t handle this.” He said between sobs.

Richie stroked his hair, “I know, I know… I don’t blame you.”

Will pulled back, looking into Richie’s eyes, “Maybe… maybe moving away will be better… California might be better for us.” He nodded.

Richie nodded his head, looking at him understandingly, “Once we get settled in, maybe we could move your mom, and Hopper up there?” Richie suggested, not totally sure the idea made sense.

Will smiled weakly but shook his head, “I don’t think they’d do that… but I appreciate it.” Will smacked Richie’s arm, “You jerk, you shouldn’t have run out after that thing so blindly! You could have died!”

Richie kissed his forehead, “I love you. That’s all I really know. I won’t let anything happen to you, I promised you that and I’m not breaking that promise. I know it was stupid to run out there like that, but I didn’t want it to hurt anyone else. Especially you.”

Will’s eyes leaked more tears as he sniffled, “Richie… you’re everything to me… I can’t ever risk losing you. Next time, please don’t just go running off like that, ok? Promise me that.”

Richie looked at him, “I promise, next time if something like that happens, I won’t just bolt.”

Will hugged him close, pressing his face into Richie’s shoulder. Hoppers vehicle pulled up into the driveway. The two walked

outside, their coats around them as Hopper stopped to examine the mauled pizza man. Will couldn't bring himself to look at the man, he didn't want that image trapped in his mind along with everything else.

"You two, go wait in the truck. Don't open the doors, we don't know if there are more of those monsters." Hopper told them.

Will nodded looking down at his feet. Richie held Will close, "Steve's with the rest of them in the woods. They're burying the demodog. They should be back shorty." Richie informed Hopper.

Nodding his head, Hopper patted Richie's shoulder, "Thanks." Will got into the truck first, Richie sitting next to him before closing the door.

"Well… happy Christmas Eve." Richie said looking at Will sheepishly.

Will couldn't help but laugh a little through his tears. It was nice to hear him laugh at least. "Thanks, hopefully Christmas is better than this…" Will responded.

"I won't hold my breath, but I hope so too." Richie cuddled Will close.

The two decided to zone out to Hopper's country music tape that was playing on the tape deck Richie got for him a year ago. The two closed their eyes, waiting for Hopper to return so they could go home.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey guys, I hope you're still enjoying this story.

43. Video Games in the Basement

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will spend some quality time on Christmas in the Wheeler's basement playing video games.

Chapter 43

By mid afternoon Christmas day, Richie, Will, and the rest of the family headed over to the Wheeler residence. Richie hugged his mom so tightly, it was hard to say if they were ever going to let go of each other. Will found it sweet how happy he was to see her. They spent most of the afternoon playing board games together.

Will was still a bit sad from the events of the night before. The fact someone died, regardless of the fact they didn't know them, it put a damper on the day. Richie was trying to give Will space by sitting next to his mother rather than with Will, but it didn't seem to make much difference, Will found himself zoning out plenty.

Before dinner, Richie caught Will in the hallway upstairs. "Hey." Richie said almost awkwardly.

Will looked at him, smiling almost forcefully, "Hey."

Richie and Will looked at each other silently before Richie scratched the back of his neck, "How are you doing?"

"I'm ok." Will lied.

"No, you aren't. I don't blame you. I just… I wish I could fix this…" Richie sighed looking down.

"You didn't do anything to fix it… I'm just not dealing well with the fact that I could be swallowed up into the upside down or, eaten by monsters at any given time." Will fidgeted a bit.

"I know… I can relate, but in the sense that when I'm in my forties a creepy clown is going to try and come back to life." Richie looked at

Will seriously.

Will nodded a bit, rubbing his arm, “I’m sorry I’m acting so weird… it’s Christmas, I should be happy, but I’m not…”

Richie rested his hands on Will’s hips gently, pulling him a little closer, “You don’t have to be anything. I just feel bad that you’re going through this, and I can’t help.”

Will looked at him, appreciating his boyfriend’s ability to be serious when the time called for it. Wrapping his arms around Richie’s neck, Will leaned up, pressing their lips together. Richie kissed him warmly, his arms wrapped around Will’s middle. Will pulled back after a minute, looking into Richie’s eyes. “I really love you.”

Richie smiled, fixing his crooked glasses, “I really love you too. Let’s go back downstairs, your mom and my aunt were just about to get out the embarrassing photos.”

“Perfect timing to go down then.” Will rolled his eyes with a small smile.

Richie smirked, lacing their fingers together. “That’s exactly what I was thinking.”

The two walked downstairs together, Richie’s mother spotting them first, “How was the quickie?” Maggie asked, a shit eating grin on her face that her son inherited.

“Mom, that’s insulting to my penis. I can last a LOT longer than that in a quickie.” Richie made a face as he announced this to an entire room full of people.

Hopper said nothing, but Joyce couldn’t help but laugh along with Karen who was trying not to. “Oh my God…” Will covered his face as he sat down on the couch next to Mike.

“Want me to kill him yet?” Mike offered.

“Nah… I still need him around to help pay rent.” Will sighed as Richie grinned sitting next to him.

Mike laughed a little at Will's response, "You're just in time for the public-school photos." Mike said drinking his eggnog.

"Oh yay." Will said sarcastically as Joyce, Karen, and Maggie all huddled together looking through photo albums while Hopper and Eleven played a game of poker together; Eleven was getting good at it.

"Oh, this is a good one, this is that time you boys won the science fair." Joyce said looking over at Mike and Will.

"Which time?" Mike asked furrowing his brows.

"The first time." Joyce responded bringing the book over for them to see.

Richie looked at the picture, his eyes lighting up, "Oh my God!"

Will gave him a look, "You're… impressed about a public school science fair?"

"Pfft, no I could care less about the science stuff," Richie smiled broadly, "Look at that cute little bowl cut!"

Richie began laughing loudly, his hands on his stomach as he was unable to contain how hard he was laughing. Will stared at him, expressionless as he watched tears forming in Richie's eyes. Will put both hands on Richie's shoulder, shoving him onto the carpet as Richie began cackling with laughter. "Alright Mike, you can kill him now."

Mike laughed at that, "Alright. Eleven, blow up his head."

"No!" Richie held up his hands as he looked over at Eleven.

Eleven smiled, shaking her head. "Mouth breathers."

***

"It's not in all the way." Dustin said with annoyance.

"It's in, trust me." Lucas responded with just as much annoyance in

his voice.

“No, it’s not, you gotta shove it in deeper or this isn’t going to work.” Dustin said as Will walked down to the basement of the Wheeler residence after taking a quick trip to the washroom.

“I thought I was the only gay party member, but I guess I was wrong.” Will said with a deadpan expression on his face as he spotted all the party members sitting on the couch, while Lucas was on his hands and knees trying to get Mike’s Nintendo to work.

Dustin and Lucas looked back at Will and grumbled in unison, “It’s not what it sounds like, I definitely wouldn’t be the one taking it from Lucas either.” Dustin said quickly as Lucas scoffed in response.

Richie’s eyes widened, and he lifted his hand in the air, “Up top!” Will smiled, and gave Richie a high five, “I’m rubbing off on you so well!”

“Please, no.” Max said with a mortified expression on her face.

Pulling Will onto his lap, Richie held his boyfriend close as Lucas finally reached behind the TV to push the plug in deeper into the socket. “Ok fine, you were right. I thought you just sucked at turning on the system.” Lucas said before standing up.

The game system turned on, and each of the party members began taking turns playing a two-player ninja game. “This is honestly the coolest ninja game I’ve played in a long time, you can turn into animals!” Max smiled excitedly as Dustin died, handing his controller over to her.

“Yeah, but the scorpion is the worst, its super slow unless you’re in the water.” Mike made a face as he spoke.

“The bird is pretty sweet, I like flying with it, but the staff that goes along with the animal sucks.” Lucas said before cursing and handing of the controller to Will.

“Oh great, Will gets to start off in a boss battle.” Richie said as Will

remained seated on his lap.

Will slapped at the boss in the game with the staff a few times, “Fuck you! You cock sucking bastard!” Will shouted angrily as it kept attacking him.

Richie and Mike exchanged identical shocked expressions. “Richie… what have you done to him?”

“Nothing, I swear!” Richie held up his hands in a surrendering motion.

“Shit! Shit! Shit!” Will and Max both chanted as they struck at the boss before they both threw their hands up in the air, “YES!!!”

Max leaned over Lucas to give Will a high five, “We’re the best team ever!”

Will chuckled, “We are!”

Will looked at Richie who was staring at him with a funny look on his face, “What is it?” Will raised a brow.

“Who are you and what have you done with my boyfriend?” Richie asked making Will laugh a little.

“Sorry, it just got really heated.” Will shrugged cutely.

“It’s kind of sexy when you swear at the TV like that.” Richie winked with a grin on his face, “Hey Mike? When are your friends leaving? We’re going to have to destroy this basement tonight.”

“Richie, no.” Mike shook his head, “I’ll force Dustin to stay over with you two just to keep it from happening.”

“Like that would stop me.” Richie scoffed.

“It would stop me.” Will said quickly, “I don’t want Dustin watching us have sex.”

“I don’t want Dustin watching you have sex either.” Dustin said shaking his head, “I’m fine with you two having sex, but I don’t need

to see it."

"This is the difference between your friends and mine." Will shrugged looking at Richie.

"Say what now?" Max asked looking over at them curiously.

"Nothing." Richie smiled shaking his head, "You gonna let me have a turn on this game or what?" Richie smirked grabbing the controller.

Will leaned into Richie, resting his head on Richie's shoulder as he watched them play. The group continued with their game for several hours before everyone went home. Mike looked over at Will and Richie, "You two better not mess up my basement."

"Don't worry Mike, we'd clean it up if we did." Will smiled sweetly, watching Mike roll his eyes.

"You're really rubbing off on him, Richie." Mike got up from the couch with Eleven, "I'll see you two tomorrow." He bid them before heading upstairs.

The moment Mike closed the basement door behind him, Richie grabbed Will's face in both hands, pressing their lips together. Will kissed him lovingly, very much in the mood for something less PG. "Baby?" Richie whispered between kisses, "Can I fuck you?"

Will kissed him back, "Yes, but we have to be very quiet."

Richie nodded with a smile, "So quiet. Still, I want to fuck you against every piece of furniture in this basement…" Richie was definitely fired up.

Will got up from Richie's lap and began setting up the futon, "We can't do that. Just on the futon, ok?"

"Won't that thing creak really loud?" Richie asked curiously.

Will looked at it for a moment, "You're right…"

"The floor? I'd love to fuck you on the floor." Richie smirked.

“Ok, but I don’t want rug burn.” Will warned Richie.

The raven-haired boyfriend began tossing pillows and blankets on the floor, “Lie on these, and it should help.”

“Alright.” Will smiled as they wrapped their arms around each other, kissing passionately as they were both eager to fuck again.

Richie reached into his pants, pulling out his wallet for the lubricated condom he stored inside for such occasions. “I want to make you come so hard baby…” Richie told Will in a quiet voice before he kissed down Will’s neck slowly.

Will shivered, enjoying the feeling of his boyfriend’s lips, “Oh yes… I agree very much.” Will nodded.

Richie began pulling off his own clothing as Will worked his way out of his own. Will dropped to his knees once they were fully undressed, his mouth wrapping around Richie’s erection immediately as he grasped onto Richie’s hips. “Oh fuck…” Richie whispered, enjoying the feeling of Will’s warm wet mouth.

Will was extremely aroused, his head bobbing quickly back and forth as he reached down to rub his erection. His tongue danced along the underside of Richie’s erection, making Richie gasp and moan softly as he tried to remain silent. “Fuck, Will… you’re so good with your mouth… fuck, lean over one of those pillows, it’s time.” Richie decided.

Pulling off with an audible pop, Will let himself lie over two of the pillows so he was successfully propping his lower half up while his top half could rest on the blankets below. Richie managed to slide the lubricated condom on before getting onto his knees behind Will, carefully pressing the head of his cock against Will’s opening, “Mmm…” Will groaned softly as Richie slid just the head in before sliding the rest of the way inside.

Gripping Will’s hips he made a few experimental thrusts, “Oh God… You always feel so fucking good.” Richie praised before he let himself lie over Will’s body, moving in and out at a moderate pace.

Will's moaning was hard to control as he seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the feeling of Richie inside of him. Richie pumped hard up into his prostate, angling efficiently in their position. Will arched his back more, "Richie… oh my God…"

"Stay quiet baby, or Mike might come down here, and get jealous of me fucking you." Richie teased, nipping Will's earlobe.

"Shh… no talking about Mike…" Will said quickly before he began groaning softly, "Oh my God, Richie… this feels so good…"

"You really love my cock in your ass, don't you?" Richie purred in Will's ear, "You love being my sexy little slave boy…"

Will moaned, his back arching with pleasure, "Yes, Richie."

Richie began slamming his hips harder into Will's body. "Oh fuck!" Will cried out before Richie slapped a hand over his mouth, drilling hard into Will.

The blonde made loud muffled noises, his insides squeezing Richie pleasantly tight. "God, how the fuck do you make yourself so tight? You're fucking amazing…" Richie groaned, rutting at a moderate pace in and out of his wreathing boyfriend.

Will gripped the blankets below him, desperate whining coming from his nose as he tried to keep quiet. "Want me to jerk you off while I fuck you?" Richie purred curiously.

Nodding his head quickly, Will felt Richie's hand wrap around his stiff erection. The feeling of being fucked and jerked off was making it impossible for Will to remain stable. He moaned, wreathed, and arched his back repeatedly, "Good boy… I love when you cooperate." Richie smirked.

Richie worked Will's body as hard as he could, enjoying the desperate noises coming from his boyfriend. Richie set out to make him come and he was determined to make it happen. "God… I could fuck you all night long if I had more condoms…" Richie groaned arching his back as he felt himself getting closer.

Will whimpered, his body in a state of total bliss as Richie worked

him up. “MMM!” Will moaned through his nose, his body clenching repeatedly around Richie as he neared his climax.

Richie pressed his face in Will’s neck, kissing his neck repeatedly as his body shook. Will hadn’t come yet and Richie felt the need to make him come before he climaxed himself. It took everything in him to keep pounding into Will’s prostate without releasing. “Baby… please come… oh God please… I can’t last any longer.” Richie begged.

Will groaned, his back arching as he nodded his head repeatedly, indicating it was going to happen. Richie panted heavily, his tongue licking at Will’s neck as he listened to Will start to build up, finally reaching his peak as he moaned into Richie’s hand with a sound of relief in his voice. Richie felt Will’s semen on his hand, sending Richie over the edge to release hard inside of his boyfriend.

“Oh yes…” Richie groaned, his voice muffled by Will’s neck.

Letting go of Will’s mouth, Richie listened to Will breathe heavily below him. “That was really good… I like floor sex.” Will spoke softly, attempting to be quiet.

Richie grinned, kissing Will’s jawline, “Do I have to pull out? I love being inside of you so much.” Richie purred as he and Will remained limp, Richie on top of him.

Will giggled a bit, “No, you can stay inside of me.”

“Merry Christmas, baby.” Richie smiled.

“Merry Christmas, handsome.” Will turned his head, kissing Richie lovingly.

Richie ran his hands along Will’s arms, smiling softly as Will relaxed below him. “Are you really ready to move to California with me?” Richie asked curiously.

“I really am. I’m going to miss people here, but I think it will be a good change of scenery. I’ve lived here most of my life. The only time I left was to go to school with you. I’d be willing to make the change. At first, I admit I wasn’t ready, but now I am.” Will assured Richie.

Richie kissed Will's neck, and shoulder before lifting up a little, "Good, I really want you to be happy there." Richie bit his lower lip as he pulled out slowly, getting up to toss out the condom into the trash.

Will got off the floor, stretching a bit before the two of them made up the futon together. Richie came up behind Will as he tucked in the corner of the under sheet. Will gasped with surprise as Richie picked him up, and set him on top of the futon before lying over him, pressing a kiss to his lips. Will groaned in protest before pushing at Richie's shoulders, "We can't do it on the futon, it'll creak." Will reminded.

Richie chuckled, "I know, silly. I'm kissing you, that's all." Will smiled and relaxed, allowing Richie to continue kissing him as Will pulled the blankets over them.

It was quite possible they wouldn't get much sleep that evening, but neither Will nor Richie seemed to mind.

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave a review if you liked this chapter :D

44. Fight for Your Rights

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie spend New Years with the losers club, but before their festivities can even begin, homophobia rears its ugly head.

Chapter 44

Richie and Will decided to pick up Mike, and take a trip to New York for new years eve. Mike drove for half of the trip, Richie drove the rest of the way. Will offered to drive, but Richie assured him he could drive on the way home.

As per usual, upon arrival, Mike and Stan disappeared to Stan's room for some personal time alone. Eddie wrapped his arms around Will the moment he saw him, "Will! I've missed you!"

"I've missed you too." Will smiled hugging him warmly.

"Hey bro." Richie smiled at Bill who pulled him into a hug.

"Hey bro." Bill smiled as they let go of each other, "How was the d-drive here?" Bill asked.

"Not bad. Mike drove the second half of the way." Richie admitted.

"Tomorrow night is going to be so much fun! I'm glad you guys came." Ben greeted Richie and Will, pulling them into warm hugs.

Beverly was next to receive a round of hugs from them. "This will be a great new year's eve, we're going to go watch the ball drop." Beverly smiled brightly.

"We always watch it on TV, it'll be nice to go there in person." Will said looking forward to it.

"All the sleeping arrangements are as per usual. I hope that's ok?" Beverly looked between them all.

“Will, Eddie, myself, and Bill on the pullout? That’s totally fine.” Richie nodded to Beverly.

“Yeah, I like cuddling Eddie at night.” Will smiled at Richie who looked amused.

“Everyone loves cuddling Eddie, he’s just so tiny and cute.” Beverly ruffled Eddie’s hair, messing it up.

“Hey! No messing with the do.” Eddie smiled a little.

Will giggled a bit, watching Eddie fix his hair. “Tonight, seeing as you guys came from so far away, let’s just chill out, watch some movies, and relax.” Beverly told them, “I’ll even order some really good pizza from one of the Italian restaurants. They make pizza better than anyone else.”

“Bev, I knew I loved you for a reason.” Richie grinned at her, his fingers playing with Will’s gently.

When Stan and Mike finally emerged from the bedroom, Stan’s hair looked like it had been caught in a hurricane, both of them looking exhausted after fucking so hard. “Hey Stan, nice look.” Richie said, both of his lanky arms around the shoulders of Will, and Bill as they sat on the couch.

Stan shrugged, “It doesn’t matter how I look… I’m feeling fantastic.” Stan said taking a seat on the other couch nearby.

Ben glanced at their apartment door a few times, making sure he didn’t miss the pizza delivery guy while everyone around them huddled together, watching the snow fall outside as the TV played some music videos.

Everyone was drinking moderately, but not as much as Will seemed to be. He was on his third cooler by the time Richie finished his first beer. “Will? Are you trying to get hammered?” Richie asked amused.

Will giggled a bit, “Sort of. I’m in the mood to drink.”

It wasn’t often Will got this way, so Richie knew better than to stop him. It wasn’t like Will could do anything his best friends would be

bothered by. Will had already slept with most of his friends as it was.

“What is Will l-like drunk? I can b-ba-barely remember, usually I’m drunk too.” Bill questioned.

“You’ll like it, he’s slutty.” Richie said receiving a smack to the arm, “What? You are.”

“I’m not that bad.” Will rolled his eyes.

“Not right now you aren’t, but give it a few drinks.” Richie said honestly as he looked Will over.

“Keep dr-drinking.” Bill grinned making Richie laugh.

“I think all of us can benefit from a slutty Will.” Mike laughed a little as he held his arm around Stanley.

“Speak for yourself, he’s too gay to touch me.” Bev chimed in with a giggle.

A knock at the door sounded, causing Ben to jump up immediately to get the pizza.

Everyone ate together, talking about their semesters at school, and how well things were progressing. Bill was excited to share he had put in to get one of his novels published. It was hard to say when he’d hear back on how it did, but he was excited. The entire loser’s club was excited for him as well.

“Is it going to be a scary story?” Richie asked curiously.

“Only if it stars you.” Stan shot back.

“Burn!” Bev shouted.

“Don’t encourage him.” Richie said before taking a bite of his pizza, his eyes lingering on Stan darkly, as the two looked at each other challengingly.

After a few more drinks, Will ate his pizza, in a rather sloppy fashion thanks to his drunkenness. Will licked his fingers off slowly, making

plenty of noise as he did so. Bill was caught in the trap, staring at Will lustfully as he licked pizza sauce off his fingers.

“Bill, don’t look for too long… he’ll take your soul…” Richie teased.

“Please tell me I’m g-getting some of that tonight.” Bill muttered to Richie, the two of them grinning mischievously.

Will climbed over Richie’s lap, and then Mike’s lap to sit between Stan and Mike. Will looked over Stan for a moment before smiling and resting his head on Stan’s shoulder, “Mm… hi Stan.”

Stan instinctually wrapped an arm around Will, holding him close, “Hi, Will.”

Will’s fingers played with Stan’s curls for a moment; this was nothing that bothered Stan, in fact he enjoyed Will’s gentle touch. Mike smiled a little, his arm around Stan and Will, as they sat together. It wasn’t until Will’s hand gently began to rub at his leg that Stan thought anything more of it.

“Will?” Stan questioned not looking away from the TV.

“Hmm?” Will hummed curiously, his hand rubbing over Stan’s penis through his khakis.

“Are you aroused right now?” Stan questioned.

“How’d you know?” Will smiled brightly, a cuteness in his expression.

“…Lucky guess.” Stan said gently moving Will’s hand off his erecting penis only for Will to pout, “Are you lacking something being in a relationship with that buffoon?” Stan asked sympathetically.

“Knock it off, Stan.” Richie rolled his eyes, “I’m perfect and you know it.”

Stan clicked his tongue, cupping Will’s chin gently, “It’s ok, let me take care of you.” Stan looked him over for a moment before nodding to Mike who helped pick Will up as they carried him off to Stan’s room.

“Byyyye.” Will hung upside down over Mike’s arm waving at Richie.

“Hey! Wait!” Richie’s eyes widened once he realized what they were up to.

Stan stood in front of the door, blocking Richie’s access to Stan’s room. “Oh I don’t think so… this is my room.”

“Yeah, well that’s my boyfriend you’re thinking of porking.” Richie raised a brow.

“How sweet. For your information, I won’t be ‘porking’ him.” Stan looked at him before taking a step back into his bedroom, “Instead, I’ll be riding him just like you want me to do to you in all your fantasies.” Stan smirked darkly before closing and locking his door on Richie who’s jaw had dropped at the words Stan used.

“Stanley! Hey!” Richie knocked on the door, “Not cool, man!”

“All Richie could hear was some giggling from Will, and soft muttering on the other side of the door.

After about ten minutes, Mike opened the door for Richie to see his beautiful boyfriend all curled into Stan, sleeping on his chest peacefully. Richie’s heart melted at how cute he looked wrapped up in Stan’s warm blue blanket.

“Don’t worry, Rich. We wouldn’t do anything to him while he’s drunk, especially with you out of the room.” Mike said patting his shoulder.

“I didn’t think so.” Richie smiled a little, knowing he could trust his friends.

“Mike, tell him.” Stan said after a moment, trying to slide out of Will’s hold without waking the tired blonde.

“Stan’s giving you his bed for the night… we’re going to share the futon with Bill and Eddie… Stan’s hoping for some action for another kind…” Mike smirked a little at the idea.

“Oh, you want the Denbrough dick, huh?” Richie questioned with a

smirk.

“Don’t be so vulgar… of course I do. Good night.” Stan said as he and Mike headed out of the room together, closing the door behind them.

Richie looked over to Will, smiling softly as he undid his pants, pulling them off before he approached the bed, tossing his shirt on the floor before climbing in next to Will. The soft blonde rolled over, pressing his face into Richie’s chest for warmth. “…Richie?”

“Yes, baby.” Richie rubbed his arm gently.

Will smiled, opening his sleepy eyes, the Earth tones melting him instantly, “Stay with me forever?”

Richie leaned in, pressing their lips together gently, “Yes, of course, Will.” Richie smiled, stroking Will’s hair gently, enjoying the tired state Will was in.

Richie’s legs entangled with Will’s as they slept, both of them holding each other for both comfort and warmth. “Baby…?” Richie asked.

“Mmhmmm?” Will questioned, eyes closed.

“Are you comfortable?” Richie whispered, kissing Will’s temple.

“Mmm…” Will nodded a bit, yawning.

Richie smiled, closing his eyes as he held him tightly. No teddy bear could provide the comfort Will Byers provided to Richie Tozier. That was a solid fact.

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The following morning Will rubbed his eyes, not feeling as hung over as he expected to feel. Richie was passed out on his back, his hard erection holding up the sheets on Stan’s bed.

Will giggled a bit, leaning over to kiss Richie awake. “Mm… Will?” Richie asked after a few soft kisses.

“That’s me.” Will smiled, “It’s only six in the morning, but… I’m

awake…"

"That's the alcohol talking… go back to sleep..." Richie said lazily patting Will's face.

Will sighed, "Fine…"

Richie stretched, "Wait… I'll be right back. I have to pee and jerk off before I can sleep…" Richie said rather honestly before climbing out of bed tiredly. The moment Richie spotted the scene on the couch, he was a bit amazed. Mike was lying on his side, spooning Eddie with his back to Stan who was lying on his stomach with Bill lying over top of him.

It was hard to say for sure, but it looked as though Bill might have remained inside of Stan for the evening. He sure couldn't help but wonder. Tapping Bill carefully on the shoulder, he managed to wake up Bill without waking up Stan or the other two.

"Hey?" Bill whispered confused.

"Just a question… are you still inside of Stan?" Richie asked with amazement.

Bill looked as though he didn't know the answer to that question, so he thrust his hips, only for Stan to press his face into the bedding with a soft moan. Bill looked up to Richie, nodding his head. "Yep."

"My bro." Richie held up a hand for Bill to high five, "You're a legend."

"You'll g-get there. I ju-just know it." Bill grinned as Richie headed off to the washroom.

He was in the middle of jerking off when he heard faint moaning from the living room. Richie immediately knew he had to get out there. "Oh God… please…" Richie could hear Stan moaning loudly.

By the time he got out into the living room again Bill was rutting his hips hard into Stan. "Bill! Yes! Oh my God!" Stan moaned.

Richie smirked, his dick in his hand as he shamelessly stood in the

living room to jerk off, “Why the fuck didn’t you tell me you were gonna start fucking him again? I’d have jerked off out here instead.” Richie said making Stan jump a little.

“Richie? What are- Oh! Fuck! What are you doing?” Stan groaned as Bill moved into him relentlessly; Bill could keep going forever, and they all knew it.

Mike groaned softly, he and Eddie simply cuddling despite the fact the noise beside them was too loud to sleep through. “Hey, I just thought I’d enjoy the show. It’s a pretty great show so far.” He smirked just enough to piss Stan off.

“Fuck off! Oh! Bill!” Stan arched his back beautifully, Mike even openin his eyes to watch what was happening while Eddie curled into his neck.

“Nah, I’d rather watch you ride that Denbrough dick… or you know… get plowed by it.” Richie said stroking himself at a moderate pace.

“What’s happening…?” Will asked coming out into the living room.

“Just some rough Denbrough dicking going on.” Richie assured him, “Nothing to worry about.”

Will came over to Richie, wrapping his arms around his waist from the side, causing Richie to wrap his free arm around Will. “Looks like you’re enjoying it as well.” Will commented looking down at Richie’s hand, carefully jerking himself off.

A couple of years ago, Will had only briefly seen another penis in a sexual situation on a late night porn movie he had turned on when no one was at home for the evening. It had been straight porn, that was one of the biggest things about it that still stuck out to Will. He’d never had access to anything gay, but back then that was the closest thing. He remembered desperately memorizing just the male in the movie, the way he thrust his hips, and rutted deep into the girl below him. With that image in his head, he went to his room to jerk off, pretending it was two men together instead. Looking back on it all, ‘desperate’ was the best word to describe himself sexually. Now, he

was standing in a friends living room watching two men fucking while his boyfriend jerked off. If someone had told him that years ago, he wouldn't have believed it for a minute. It seemed the world was a funny place.

Will watched Richie biting his lower lip, his two front teeth protruding out furthest in the cutest way. Richie's beaver teeth had been the cause of plenty bullying as a child, but Will loved his teeth. Everything about Richie was perfect to him.

"Will?" Richie spoke softly.

Looking up at his tall boyfriend, Will looked into his eyes, "Yes, Richie?"

"Did you want to maybe….?" Richie flicked his brows suggestively.

"Oh, you want my help? I don't know about that… my mom always taught me to be a good boy." Will purred watching as Richie shivered in response.

"Fuck, just keep talking this is great…" Richie's wrist was moving a little faster.

"It looks so good though… maybe it wouldn't hurt to just touch it a little…" Will teased Richie with just the tips of his fingers on the head of his cock, while Richie's hand jerked himself quickly.

"Yes… please do…" Richie was no longer paying any attention to Stan and Bill fucking, his attention was entirely on Will; he liked the power he had over Richie, it made him feel sexy.

"Please, don't tell my mom… I want to be a good boy, but you make me want to do such bad things…" Will's expressive eyes were sucking Richie in as he swallowed over a lump in his throat, listening to his boyfriend speak.

"Please… do the bad things… I won't tell your mom, you can be a bad boy for me…" Richie sounded shaky, a lack of confidence despite his desperate need to be confident when he spoke.

"Well... maybe just a few naughty licks won't hurt…" Will smiled a

little, sinking to his knees before Richie's hand moved out of the way, leaving his penis leaking precum on its own.

Will leaned up with just his tongue running against the head of Richie's cock. "Oh my God…" Richie moaned, not sure what to do with his hands until Will wrapped his mouth around Richie's erection, taking it in to the base, Richie moaning the entire way down.

Feeling Richie's fingers intertwining in his hair, Richie gripped Will's shorter pieces hair carefully. "Oh, fucking Hell… you're so sexy…" Richie groaned as Will made deep, medium strokes with his mouth up and down Richie's shaft.

Although Will's attention was entirely on Richie, everyone else in the room was staring at Will. Richie noticed, but said nothing, not wanting to break the mood of what was happening to him. The sloppy sounds of Will's wet mouth on Richie's erection filled the room, making Richie remain as stiff as possible. Will moved his head a little faster to Richie's relief, knowing his boyfriend could only handle so much. Moaning loudly, Richie's head fell back a couple of times as his body worked up to his release.

"Fuck… Will… don't stop…" Richie begged through his heavy panting.

Will moaned around his cock, sending Richie over the edge, his semen jetting into Will's mouth. Swallowing it down, Will moved his head back and forth slowly, allowing Richie to come down from his high. "Oh Jesus…." Richie panted heavily.

Pulling off, Will realized that Stan and Bill were no longer moving. Looking over towards the pull out, four sets of eyes were on him, looking quite enthralled. "What?" Will asked wondering if he did something wrong.

"Nothing, we've just never seen a real porn-star in action." Mike spoke up.

Will blushed, "Oh, stop it…"

“That was seriously hot.” Stan agreed with Mike.

“Y-You’re dirty t-talk is very sexy.” Bill nodded, “Stan and I c-came pretty fast once you got s-st-started…”

“If I wasn’t gay before, I’m super gay now.” Eddie said staring Will up and down.

Will blushed darker, but his thoughts were interrupted when Beverly and Ben came into the living room. “Looks like my living room has a serious case of ‘The Gay’ right now.” Bev winked heading to the bathroom with Ben for a shower.

The group of guys pulled themselves together, once Beverly and Ben woke up. Stan managed to free himself from Bill’s clutches long enough to pull on a house coat, and start cooking breakfast. “Stan, I’m telling you, just be on bottom for me once! You’ll love it!” Richie said from the table as Eddie and Will laughed at Richie’s determination.

“Has he always been trying to fuck Stan?” Will asked Eddie with an amused expression on his face.

“Ever since he found out he was into men, yes.” Eddie nodded from his place at the table.

“Richie, I’m not bottoming for you. Only those who are worthy get to do that with me.” Stan said tauntingly.

“Ask Will, Eddie or even Bill. I’m amazing in bed!” Richie said before looking to the bathroom door as Bev and Ben emerged, both with wet hair, “Ask Beverly, my dick rocked her world!”

“He cried the entire time, it was beautiful.” Beverly lied, making Will break into laughter.

“What?! No!” Richie shouted watching Stan smirk with amusement, “I did not, Bev! Quit lying.” Even Richie couldn’t’ help but smile a little at the idea of it.

“I thought I was going to drown lying under him like that. He just kept sobbing and doing that ‘ugly cry’ while he was on top of me.”

“Will, tell them that’s not what happened.” Richie looked at his boyfriend desperately.

Will couldn’t speak, he was laughing so hard he was crying into Eddie’s shoulder. With a frustrated groan, Richie looked to Ben, “You were there. Tell them the truth!” Richie pointed at him.

Ben looked around the room, “It’s really nothing to be embarrassed about. Beverly feels that good.” Ben said, making Stan let out a loud laugh as he clearly wasn’t expecting Ben to agree to it.

“Yeah, I think I’ll pass.” Stan said smiling with amusement at Richie’s turmoil.

Richie sighed, leaning back in his chair, “You guys suck all the nuts.” Stan scooped some eggs on Richie’s plate before moving to the rest of the table.

“Eat your eggs and quit bitching about your emotional night with Beverly.” Stan said in a deadpan tone.

Richie grumbled, “I hate everyone.” Richie said before eating his food trying to hide his amused expression.

The afternoon was spent outside of the apartment. It was a nice day to venture around as the freshly fallen snow blanketed the streets in soft white glow. Everyone was out and about it seemed, families and couples alike. It was rare for the group to pass a single person by themselves as they ventured through the city together.

Richie laced his fingers with Will’s as they walked together. In a big group of friends, Will felt secure enough to hold hands with Richie, but often, he feared someone might attack them due to homophobia. It was a constant fear Will had, but rarely talked about with Richie.

Once they were inside of the shopping mall, closest to the apartment they were staying at, Richie looked at Will, “Hey didn’t you want to get some new shoes soon?”

Will looked down at his boots. They were tattered, at least three years old, but they didn’t have any prominent holes yet, so Will was reluctant to waste the money on them. “Oh, I think I might wait on

it. My boots are fine for now."

Richie looked at him, "Are you sure?"

"Well…" Will shrugged and that was all Richie needed to gently tug him by the hand into a large store with rather nice boots.

The group followed the two inside, wandering around to different sections of the store. They walked together, looking over different snow boots in one of the aisles Will had wandered into. "Fucking faggots…" A group of teenagers at the other end of the aisle spoke before laughing amongst themselves.

Out of instinct, Will shook off Richie's hand, heading out of the aisle quickly to avoid further insults or confrontation. "Will, hey! Come on…" Richie caught up to him, and reached for his hand, only for Will to pull it away.

"Richie, I don't want any trouble…" Will's eyes were downcast as he walked aimlessly into the sneaker aisle.

"You're not the trouble. WE aren't the trouble. It's those assholes. Don't listen to their bullshit." Richie looked at him, "Where's the cute boyfriend that once make out on a public bench with me, and laughed at all the old ladies he was pissing off?" Richie smiled a little at Will, encouraging him to feel better about the situation.

"I just don't want them to start a fight, and then get physical… I don't need that." Will looked at Richie, "I don't want you getting hurt either."

"I'm hard to hurt. Let's just look for some boots, it's why we're here." Richie reasoned with him.

"I… I don't need boots, I'm fine…" Will said, tears welling in his eyes, "Please… can we just leave the store? I don't want to be around them…"

Richie looked at Will sadly, "Hey, why don't you go wait outside, I'll find you some boots." Richie suggested, "You're a size ten, right?" Richie clarified.

Will nodded, “Yeah. Thank you.”

Richie smiled gently at him, “No problem. I’ll meet you by the bench outside.” Richie said nodding towards the mall hallway.

Will normally would have kissed his cheek or hugged him, but with such rude people lurking about, Will just couldn’t bring himself to do it. Heading outside of the store, Will sat on the bench upon realizing it was empty. The cold blue metal of the bench was a relief to his feet.

He felt a bit hopeless. In some situations, Will could handle it when people were homophobic, but for some reason, that particular interaction bothered him. They were teenagers and he was an adult. It shouldn’t have bothered him, or so he told himself, but it only brought back memories of people their age taunting him in the hallways, calling him names from across the room. Those were hard times for him. He felt bad, like he was letting Richie down. That was probably the worst part of the entire thing.

He didn’t want to be that person anymore. Will hated the idea of running every time someone said something that he couldn’t handle. He wanted to become stronger and sitting on that bench avoiding the evil he’d experienced inside the store wasn’t going to help him get there.

Taking a deep breath, he didn’t feel any more confident than when he left the store, but regardless, Will Byers stood up from the bench. Making his way back inside, each step he took he just wanted to turn back and run. Heading towards where he assumed Richie would be, Will almost ran right into the two teenagers that had been causing him so much grief.

“Watch where you’re going freak. We don’t want your disease rubbing off on us.” The tall blonde male shoved him with one arm.

“Fuck you.” Will hadn’t expected to hear himself say that aloud, but it came out anyway, causing the three teenagers to look at him with surprise before they began looking angry.

“What the fuck did you just say to me, you fag?” The blonde was

puffing out his chest like he was a pidgeon as he walked towards Will and suddenly, the entire situation seemed less scary, it just seemed stupid.

“If you’re so worried about me ‘rubbing my disease’ all over you, then why did you touch me to begin with? Are you sure you don’t have my ‘disease’ already?” Will asked a little too confident for being the shortest and weakest person of the four of them.

“Are you fucking serious right now? Why is your gay ass still talking to us? Don’t you have a fucking dick to suck?” The brunette with the white coat asked darkly.

“Yeah, he’s got all three of your dad’s cocks to get to, because your mom’s just don’t know how to do it properly.” Richie said as he, Bill, Ben and Mike approached from behind Will.

The three teenagers looked at them. The blonde one who seemed to be the leader of the group looked up at Richie who was significantly taller than him, “You guys seriously want to threaten three minors? We could get you faggots locked up for that.”

“Did we say we were looking for a fight?” Richie asked.

“Or were you just intimidated looking at the group of us?” Ben asked them.

“Big boys you lot are, picking on one man by himself.” Mike looked them over darkly.

“They’re not worth it. Let’s get going.” The blonde said to his two friends before the group of them headed off, still talking shit about Will and the others.

“You came back inside...” Richie turned Will gently to look at him.

“Yeah… I figured I needed to stop hiding…” Will looked a bit ashamed to admit that was what he was doing.

“It’s not hiding… it’s not the same. When someone is upsetting you, sometimes walking away is the more mature thing to do.” Mike told him honestly.

Will nodded a bit before Richie lifted his chin to make Will look at him, “I’m proud of you for being so brave. I know it wasn’t easy for you to come back in here to find me.” Richie said to him gently.

Will sighed deeply, “Did you find me shoes?”

Richie held up a box before opening it up to show Will. “How about these?”

Will smiled a little, “Yeah, they’re nice.”

The loser’s all regrouped after Will bought his new shoes. Eddie, Stan and Beverly were filled in on the rest of the story once they were together in the food court of the mall. “Unfortunately, a lot of people in this city, just like anywhere else, seem to be on the homophobic side.”

“I can’t tell you how many times I’ve gotten into verbal matches with people over Bill and I holding hands in public.” Eddie sighed as he forked at his food.

Will stared down at the fries sitting in front of him. He didn’t want anything to eat, but Richie insisted on getting him something anyway. Will felt sick to his stomach; he hated how these people made him feel so small and worthless. Most of all, the shade of disgust they painted him with, that was the worst.

Richie wrapped his feet around Will’s under the table, gently rubbing at his leg with a converse shoe. “You ok, Will?” Richie asked him.

Will nodded a little, and put a fry in his mouth, chewing it slowly as he attempted to show himself eating to Richie. “Try not to be too bummed out… tonight will be nice.” Richie smiled at him, trying to make him feel better.

“It will.” He responded, working hard at being positive to sound at least semi-convincing.

As the day turned into the evening, Will didn’t really find his mood had improved much. Stan informed everyone he had booked reservations to a nice seafood restaurant near time square, thus explaining why they had been told to pack something fancy to wear.

Everyone else seemed really excited, getting dressed up for the evening. Will didn't much feel like going anywhere that was public. The events of the afternoon still clung to his mind.

Richie changed into a pair of black pants and a white buttoned up shirt. His arms were a little longer than the shirt was meant to cover, so he rolled up the sleeves around his sleeves. He looked good, especially with the black tie he got Stan to help tie around his neck.

Sensing Will still wasn't totally ok, Richie quietly spoke to the others while Will got dressed in Ben, and Beverly's room where he could see his full body in Beverly's large light-up mirror. Richie entered Ben and Bev's room, closing the door behind him. "Hi, Richie." Will said as he buttoned up his own white shirt.

"How are you feeling?" Richie asked in such a way that Will knew it wasn't really a question, more of an observation that he wasn't ok.

"I'm tired…" Will said with a sigh.

"You can rest for a bit if you want, we aren't going out for another three hours or so." Richie suggested, "The others went out to get some pre-drink alcohol. They took Eddie's van so no one had to sit in the trunk."

Will shrugged, "I'm not sleepy tired, I'm exhausted emotionally. I'm tired of homophobia."

"I thought as much." Richie shoved his hands in his pockets, looking at Will with a slightly sad expression. "You know, I've never understood why it's called 'homophobia' because… these assholes aren't afraid of us, they're just hating us for no reason. What we do has nothing to do with them."

"I know… I just wish I could go out places with you hand in hand without people judging us. It hurts so much, because I just want to be able to touch you all the time." Will looked down once his black tie was tied up.

Richie wrapped his arms around Will, holding him close. "I love you. I wish I could take this problem away and just make it fuck off for

good."

Will hugged Richie, feeling needy for his affection, "I know, I love you too. I'll be ok, I just need some time… this reminded me of one of my worst days in high school…" Will admitted.

"What happened?" Richie questioned, rubbing his shoulder.

Will sat down on Bev, and Ben's bed, Richie sitting next to him. "Well… before I even came out, people from public school continued to call me gay well into high school. One of the worst things was when I went to my locker after school in junior year. I opened up my locker, and there were these notes that fell out… all of them telling me I was a fag, and that I should kill myself… things no one really wants to read." I never told Mike or anyone else about it, I figured they'd just baby me about it. I didn't want that, because things got even worse after that. I headed down the hallway after that to leave the school, and an entire row of basketball players just started calling me names and spitting at me until I was out of sight. I couldn't do anything, I just kept walking… I felt so useless…" Will sighed, "Mike found out about that. He arranged for someone to always be around me in the school no matter what. It's like everyone had to schedule themselves to babysit me in case something happened… It was humiliating…"

Richie pulled Will closer, kissing his forehead, "I'd have kicked all their asses… you didn't deserve that."

Will sighed, "I just wish I could do something myself, instead of relying on other people to fight my battles for me… I feel like a baby…"

"So, here's the thing, you're not as physically strong as some people. I get how that might be frustrating, because when I was a kid, I was really small, and didn't exactly stand a chance against Henry Bowers and his gang of lunatics… but fighting isn't always the way to solve things. You know that already, but sometimes I think you need a reminder. You fought against those guys today, and it didn't solve anything. They're still homophobic, and the things they said about us still upset you." Richie spoke softly, looking into Will's eyes through magnified lenses.

Will looked at him, nodding his head a little, “What should I be doing instead then? I thought we were supposed to fight for what we believe in if we want to get anywhere.” Will sounded a bit defeated.

“It’s how we fight that matters. Sometimes, just showing people you don’t care about their opinions is enough. It might still hurt, but at least you will show people you aren’t afraid of them, and they will think they aren’t capable of hurting you, so they will stop.” Richie informed Will softly.

Will looked at him, swallowing a bit, “So… I shouldn’t have let go of your hand…” Will thought back to earlier.

Richie smiled a little, lifting Will’s chin to make him look at Richie, “You should never let go of my hand. Master doesn’t like it when you disobey.” He said playfully, making Will’s lips twitch into a smile, “That’s a much better look on your face.” Richie said kissing him lovingly.

Will kissed Richie back, leaning into Richie as both arms were around Will. “Next time, I won’t let go.” Will promised with a small smile, “I guess… I just worry sometimes…”

“What about?” Richie questioned.

“I just worry about you getting into a fight with someone taunting us, and they pull a gun on you or something… I’ve seen you knock people out over calling me names… it scares me to no end that you might get hurt as a result of it.” Will said sadly.

Richie thought about it for a moment, “How about this…” He looked at Will for a moment, “I promise not to get into a fist fight with anyone ever again unless I have to.”

“Have to?” Will looked at him for a moment.

“Yes, I promise unless we are being physically attacked, I won’t haul out and punch someone in the face again.” Richie looked at him

seriously, “Alright?”

Will nodded, a small smile on his face. “Alright. That’s how it’ll be then. I hold your hand, you don’t punch anyone.”

“Deal.” Richie smiled, “Now should we seal it with passionate love making or what?”

Will giggled, “No. We don’t have time.”

“Don’t have time? I’m the fucking one minute wonder over here, it won’t take me long at all.” Richie joked, tickling Will’s sides, making his boyfriend laugh loudly, “I’ll even cry all over your face if that helps get you in the mood.”

“Richie!” Will giggled, struggling under Richie’s grasp as he was laid back further on the bed.

“Come on baby, you look like you want a shower of tears.” Richie blew a raspberry on Will’s neck, listing to him screech a bit as he fought off Richie’s tickling hands.

“No! Help!” Will called out, “Oh shit, they’re not here!” Will laughed as Richie hovered over him.

“That’s right, you’re my victim now.” Richie kissed his lips, “Maybe just this one time though, I’ll let you go, just because you’re so cute.”

Will smiled up at Richie, “Can we make out? Just until they come back?” Will asked.

Richie let himself rest more over top of Will, “Of course. I promise not to wrinkle your clean shirt.” Richie closed his eyes, leaning in to press their lips together.

Will wrapped his arms around Richie’s neck, not worried about Wrinkles so much. The two were lip locked for several minutes, their tongues moving slowly together; it had been a while since they last just made out. It felt good to kiss Richie, especially after the stressful day he’d had.

Richie ran his fingers through Will's hair, his lips slowly running along Will's jawline. "Mm…" Will ran his fingers up Richie's back, "Hey… you're going to get me going…" Will warned him.

Richie chuckled a bit, "Don't worry, I'll save that for after we come back here. Maybe our friends will be up for something fun."

"I think anything is possible… except you topping Stan." Will smiled widely.

"You little fucker..." Richie shook his head with an amused expression.

The front door opened and without giving any warning, Will slid out from under Richie and headed out to the main open area. Richie followed Will, the two of them looking very much like they'd just made out with their messy hair. "Hey guys. You up for any drinks before we head out?" Bev asked them as she pulled out various bottles of alcohol.

"Sure." Will smiled a little, sitting on the couch with Richie.

"Don't get too drunk, it's a nice restaurant." Stan reminded everyone, "We'll be able to drink after dinner anyhow."

"That's a good point. Will," Richie pointed at his boyfriend, "no becoming a slut until AFTER dinner."

Will rolled his eyes with a smile, "Of course not." Will laughed as Beverly handed him a cooler to start with.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thoughts? Feelings?

45. New Years in NYC

Summary for the Chapter:

> The group of eight head to a fancy restaurant before heading to the ball drop. Surprises ensue.

Chapter 45

The restaurant was beautiful. That was one of the first things Will considered as he walked into the very white candle lit building. The restaurant also looked too expensive for them. “Are you sure we can afford to eat here?” Will asked his friends nervously.

“Don’t worry, Stan’s stalker has us covered.” Beverly assured Will.

“What?” Will looked at her confused before looking at Stan who was dodging a suspicious look from Mike.

“What does she mean exactly?” Mike asked, not angrily, but with a hint of jealousy in his voice.

Stan smiled a little, looking at Mike without moving his head, “Don’t worry. You’ll see…”

The hostess looked up at them as Stan approached, “Table for eight. Stanley Uris.” Stan said as if he’d done this several times before.

The hostess placed a manicured nail on her reservation book as she looked for his name. “Ah yes, you’re in Sebastian’s section as per usual. Come with me.” She said leading the group up a set of white stairs, with a white wooden hand railing along the side.

They were led to a more private area. The large table was clothed in white silky fabric, a large vase of red roses in the very middle. The group sat down at the table, many of the boyfriends pulling out chairs for each other. Ben seemed to be most interested in the construct of the building as he pushed Bev’s chair in, taking a moment to appreciate his surroundings. “This place is nice…”

“Sebastian will be by shortly, enjoy.” The woman smiled sweetly

before heading back to her hostess podium on the first level.

After a few minutes a man with jet black hair, and very strong Greek features approached the table, adjusting his glasses he spotted Stan, his eyes going a bit wide, “Oh! Stanley, it’s nice to see you.” He stuttered a little as he spoke.

Stan looked like the cat who ate the canary. “Hi Sebastian. Nice to see you too.”

Sebastian noticeably blushed before grabbing his pen and notepad from the black apron draped around his slender hips, “What can I get everyone started with?” He asked.

Everyone ordered their drinks before Sebastian headed off. Nearly everyone shot a glance at Stan. “Seriously? This guy is your scary stalker?” Richie asked quietly.

“He follows me around campus. He’s like a lost little puppy. I kind of like it.” Stan said with an amused expression.

“So, you torture this guy on a regular basis then?” Mike asked not sounding overly impressed.

Stan looked at him, wiping the amused look off his face, “It’s not torture…”

“This guy likes you a lot, I can tell. He’s really nervous, and you’ve known him for a while. He probably thinks something will happen.” Mike looked at him seriously, “Have you told him you’re dating me?”

“Of course, I have. He knows that.” Stan rolled his eyes.

Mike eyed Stan for a moment before Sebastian returned with their drinks, “Do you guys need more time with the menus?” Sebastian asked looking around at them.

“Yes please.” Mike nodded to him.

Sebastian nodded before heading off again. Mike turned to Stan, “So, how is this guy going to help cut the dinner cost exactly?” Mike asked looking from Stan to Beverly who seemed to know what was

going on.

Bev spoke up before Stan could get a word out, “He gets a discount he can use once a week, and it’s a huge discount, so Stan sometimes bring Ben and I to dinner.” She said not giving Stan a chance to lie.

Mike eyed Stan, “Wow…”

“Don’t be pissed.” Stan took a drink of his water.

“Do you have his number?” Mike asked.

“What? Why would I have his number?” Stan made a face as if it was insane to think.

“Just wondering. You should really take him on a nice date after all the discounts you’ve been getting… and I mean a NICE DATE.” Mike said to him pointedly.

“You said that I’m only allowed to do that with people in the loser’s club…” Stan glared.

“That was before I realized you were taking advantage of someone with a crush on you.” Mike said pointedly.

“Ho ho ho, Stan’s getting the third degree.” Richie smirked.

“Shut it, Richie.” Stan said calmly as he looked over the menu.

“Also, you two shouldn’t be going along with this, the poor guy is going to be pining forever if Stan has his way.” Mike said to Ben and Bev, “He seems like a nice guy.”

“We know, but he literally invites us when we’re on campus together.” Beverly piped in, “He’s pretty hopeless.”

“It’s his own fault, he knows I’m taken.” Stan argued.

Mike pointed to Bev and Ben. “You guys should really be declining his offers, or at least following up with inviting Sebastian out somewhere together.”

“You’re right.” Ben nodded looking a little ashamed.

“Whose side are you on?” Stan asked Mike with annoyance.

“I’ll deal with you later.” Mike said sternly making Stan blush darkly.

“This is the best night ever.” Richie muttered.

“Beep, beep, Richie.” Stan said as Richie grinned at Stan’s utter turmoil.

Will rubbed his foot against Richie’s under the table, only for Richie to capture his foot between both of his size fourteen shoes. Will smiled a little at Richie, enjoying being around him. He couldn’t have asked for a nicer evening, even if Mike and Stan were bickering around them.

Richie and Will decided to order a platter with crab legs, lobster tail, shrimp and scallops. Will was about to crack a crab leg when Richie leaned in, pressing his lips to Will’s neck, sending shivers down his spine. “Richie…” Will blushed looking at him with a small smile, “You know what that does to me…”

“I know, but you’re so fucking cute…” Richie grinned, “I can’t wait ravage you tonight.”

Will smiled a little, “I’m topping.”

Richie grinned, “Anything you want, babe.”

“Now that I h-have to see.” Bill said looking over at them as he and Eddie had been sitting quietly for most of the evening aside from ordering shrimp and fish.

Will giggled a bit, “Why watch when you two can join in?” Will winked at them confidently.

“He’s got a point.” Richie said taking a bite of his lobster.

“Oh, don’t worry, the futon is going to get destroyed tonight.” Eddie smiled with amusement.

“Hey, people sit there.” Stan glared at Eddie after his comment.

“Oh yeah? I have a feeling sitting will be too much of a problem for you after tonight to worry about it.” Eddie shot back watching Stan avoid eye contact immediately after.

Will couldn’t help but giggle as Eddie finished speaking. Richie and Bill both exchanged glances with amusement as Stan was out of sorts over the entire situation. He ate his salmon, he and Mike exchanging challenging expressions. Richie leaned in to Will after a few minutes, his lips lightly pressing into Will’s neck, making him stiffen and shrink away, “Stop that…” Will whined cutely.

“No way, I enjoy the reactions I get far too much.” Richie smirked.

Wrapping an arm around the back of Will’s chair, Richie rubbed his back gently as they ate. It was the most public contact he’d received in a long time and he felt comfortable with it just because they were in private at a fancy restaurant with a gay waiter. Will leaned closer to Richie’s ear, “I can’t wait to be inside of you again…”

Richie looked over at Will, a surprised expression on his face. He loved it when Will talked dirty to him, but it wasn’t a common thing. He always told Will how much he wished it would happen more, so it seemed Will was working on it.

“Will, you’re going to make me blush.” Richie smirked looking at him fondly, “You’re so hot when you talk like that…”

“You wanna t-top me tonight, Eddie?” Bill grinned a little looking at his boyfriend.

“Bill, no. I’m a bottom.” Eddie said making Richie laugh a bit.

“Yeah Bill, he’s a bottom. If you want the D you get it from me.” Richie winked.

“Or me.” Will grinned deviously.

“I love this man.” Richie said before leaning in to press his lips to Will’s sweetly.

Will giggled kissing him back, “I love you too. Now calm down and eat your shrimp.” Will pointed to Richie’s half eaten shrimp on the plate.

“Yes, mom.” Richie said before picking up his fork again.

The group ate together, enjoying their food. “This is like way better than any other seafood places I’ve been.” Eddie spoke fondly.

“Yeah, we’ll have to c-come back sometime.” Bill nodded.

When Sebastian came by the final time, he picked up the empty plates, “Did you guys want dessert or just the bill?” He asked.

“The bill would be great.” Mike said looking at him softly.

Sebastian looked at Mike of a moment, “Are you his boyfriend?” He nodded to Stan.

Mike nodded, “Yeah, I am.”

Sebastian’s eyes lit up unexpectedly, and he set the plates down long enough to hold out a hand to Mike, “Oh, I wasn’t sure. It’s great to meet you. Stan tells me all the time how good of a boyfriend you are.” Sebastian smiled at Mike fondly.

Stan watched, waiting to see what Mike would say to that. “Oh, thank you.” Mike nodded to Sebastian, “I’ve heard good things about you too, Sebastian.” Mike replied.

“Oh, I doubt that, but thanks.” Sebastian laughed a little before picking up the plates, “I’ll be right back.”

Mike looked around the table at everyone else noticing everyone else seemed just as confused as Mike was, “He… seemed so happy to meet me… that’s kind of weird…”

“Yeah… it really is.” Stan nodded in agreement, “I kind of thought he’d be…”

“Jealous? Yeah, I would be.” Ben looked over to where Sebastian left to.

The group remained wondering what was going on when Sebastian handed them their bill. He'd cut about 60% off their entire bill for them, making it ridiculously cheap. "So um… I've been a little nervous to ask, but… Stanley?" Sebastian asked.

Everyone was silent, waiting to hear what Sebastian would say, "I know this might sound really weird but… I… ever since I met you… I've been really inspired to paint you for one of my big art projects for class… would you be ok with that? You can say no if you want I just… your hair is literally perfect…" He rubbed the back of his neck nervously looking over at Stan.

"That's… what you wanted from me?" Stan asked a little wide eyed.

"Well, yeah… what do you think?" Sebastian looked a bit self conscious.

"He'd love to." Mike smiled at Sebastian whose eyes lit up.

"Oh, thank God. I was wanting to ask, but not without your boyfriend's permission, because I didn't want him thinking I was after you or something. I mean, it's been a long time since I had a crush on you, so I was hoping you wouldn't think that." Sebastian sighed with relief, "I can't wait to tell Isaac."

"Isaac?" Stan questioned, "Your best friend? Is he part of this painting?"

Sebastian laughed, "Isaac is my boyfriend."

Stan went pink, "Oh, I… good, I'm glad." Stan swallowed feeling stupid.

"I'm so relieved, thank you so much, this will get me a really good grade!" Sebastian smiled before clearing off the rest of the table, "I'll be back in a bit. Take your time with the bill."

Everyone watched Sebastian walk off, and Mike couldn't help but grin from ear to ear. "He doesn't have a crush on you… that's so funny."

"It's not funny! He really seemed like it." Stan crossed his arms. "He

did admit that he once did have a crush so there."

Mike laughed, as everyone pulled out some money, leaving Sebastian with a generous tip. "You're still going to be learning your lesson tonight." Mike promised Stan before Sebastian came around.

"I'll get you guys some change." He said looking happy.

"No, you've been great. Keep the change." Mike smiled at him.

"Thank you guys! Have a great night, I'll see you on campus, Stanley." Sebastian looked happy as he headed off.

"Why was he blushing if he wasn't into me?" Stan asked as they headed out of the restaurant.

"Stan, people blush for plenty of reasons." Beverly assured him, "He was obviously very nervous to tell you his true intentions."

"Don't worry baby, I still want that fine ass." Richie wrapped an arm around Stan's shoulders only for Stan to push him away, "Oooh, feisty. I like it." Richie grinned.

Will laced his fingers with Richie's as they walked. He decided to not let anyone's comments bother him. The group headed together towards time square. It was early, but if they didn't get there soon, they'd be fighting a crowd to even see the ball dropping. They found their place together, huddling together to stay warm despite their heavy coats. Ben wrapped his arms around Beverly, holding her from behind to keep her warm.

"Is everyone going to be ok out here?" Bev asked as she could see her own breath.

"We'll be good." Richie nodded, holding Will to him while Bill did the same to Eddie.

"We'll be fine." Stan nodded as Mike was busy warming Stan's hands with his warm breath.

The group talked together happily to pass the time, Will pressing his face in Richie's warm chest as his tall slender boyfriend seemed to

radiate heat at all times. Richie had opened his leather jacket purposely so Will could cling to him and it felt nice. “Mm…” Will was happy, happier than he had felt all day as he snuggled into his boyfriend, carefree from what anyone else might say.

“Hey, you warm down there?” Richie asked amused as Will was latched completely onto him as Richie held him under his coat.

Will smiled, “Yes. I love your body.”

Richie laughed, “If I had a dime for every time I heard that…”

“You’d have sixty cents.” Bill piped up with a smirk.

“What? I have seven friends, that wouldn’t be sixty cents.” Richie thought Bill had done math wrong.

“There’s no way S-Stan’s ever said he loves your b-buh-body.” Bill laughed making Eddie laugh as he realized his train of thought.

Richie smirked a bit, “Then yes, I’d have sixty cents.” Richie laughed looking at Will, “Are you sure you’re ok? You look really cold.”

Eddie came over to Will, hugging him from behind, “Here, my heat will help too.”

“I’ll keep his f-face warm.” Bill leaned in pressing his lips to Will’s gently.

“Hey, back off.” Richie laughed kicking Bill’s leg a little bit as Bill pulled away with a grin.

Will smiled, pressing his face back into Richie’s chest, “I like this…” he muttered against Richie’s buttoned up shirt.

It was definitely an improvement from the previous year in which he and Eddie weren’t getting along at all. It was also one year ago exactly they became close. He felt a definite sense of love for Eddie as well as the rest of the loses club. He felt close to them, like he’d known them all his life; they just made him that comfortable. Eddie in particular he felt close to, they had a lot of similarities, one of the biggest being that they were rather small statured men. Will could

understand why Richie had previously fallen for Eddie, but in Will's opinion the eight of them were currently with their proper soulmates.

As the night continued on, Will was able to fight off the chill of the winter air by clinging to his boyfriend. Everyone enjoyed the show at Time Square, the loud concert music playing to their delight as the top artists of the year took the stage. Richie was especially excited, yelling loudly and cheering everyone on. It made Will happy to see him in such a state.

As the ball began to drop, the countdown began. Richie looked into Will's eyes, cupping his face in both hands. They smiled at each other warmly, a romantic flame in both of their eyes. Leaning into each other, Richie and Will pressed their lips together. Kissing each other on three, the two opened their lips, kissing deeper as the crowd cheered with the coming of the new year upon them.

When Will and Richie finally did pull back, they continued to look over each other lovingly. Somehow it was like looking at Richie for the first time. It felt nice to know they still felt a warm spark around each other; Will was sure they always would.

Looking around, they smiled as their friends seemed to be in the same state they were, holding each other warmly. "Hey guys, you wanna go home instead of sticking around here?" Richie asked Ben and Beverly.

They shrugged, "Yeah, we could do that. I take it you wanna get the night started early?" Bev winked.

Richie grinned, "That would be nice…"

Everyone seemed to agree it was time for them to go back to the apartment. None of them were tired, but they were ready for some drinks, and some affection to say the least. Leaving Time Square a little early proved to be a good idea as they missed out on the congestion of leaving with everyone else.

On the way home, they picked up snacks. When they arrived at the apartment, they could hear music coming from some of the neighbour's apartments as everyone was celebrating the evening.

“Who wants what for drinks?” Mike asked once they were all inside together, shoes off, coats away.

“Make me my favourite?” Stan asked with a smile.

“I’ll have to make you a double shot, because you’re bad and I have to teach you a lesson still.” Mike smirked at him, “You’re going to need the alcohol once I’m done with you.”

Stan couldn’t help but smile a little at Mike’s playful words, “If that’s what you feel is best.”

Richie sat on the couch, pulling Will into his lap. Giggling, Will pulled Richie close, their lips pressing together repeatedly. “Mm…”

“T-These two are already starting the f-fun.” Bill commented as he and Eddie sat beside them.

Richie reached between Will’s legs, rubbing his hand against Will’s forming erection. The sounds Will made were music to Richie’s ears, “Ready for a long night of passion?” Richie teased.

Will kissed him before feeling lips on his neck. Will gasped, shivering a bit as he looked to see a freckled arm wrapping around his middle. “Eddie?” Will asked as Eddie continued to kiss his neck.

“Mhmm… we want you nice and aroused before we start anything…” Eddie whispered before dragging his tongue along Will’s neck, listening to him moan with desperation.

Richie grinned, watching Will as he was getting more and more worked up. Beverly looked over at them as she began drinking one of her coolers, “Are you guys just going to fuck right here in front of us? Blasphemy!” She winked, standing between Ben and Mike as Stan leaned into Mike.

“No, we’re just… mmm….” Will started, but Eddie’s hands were fondling at Will’s groin and chest.

“Don’t worry babe, you’re in good hands.” Richie smirked as Will

leaned back into Eddie who was sucking on his neck, leaving hickies in his wake.

“You’re getting very hard, Will. You gonna make it?” Richie asked amused as Eddie began undoing his pants.

Will blushed a bit, as Richie helped Eddie pull off his pants while Eddie undid Will’s shirt next, trying to get him totally naked. Bill stood up, removing his shirt before helping lift Will off Richie long enough to get his pants off. Bill held Will against his torso, “I’m taking this one f-from both of you.” Bill teased as Eddie and Richie both looked wide eyed.

“No way, that hard dick is meant for me, so you can fuck off Bill.” Eddie smirked as he gripped Will’s hips while Bill held him up.

Will let out a soft moan as Eddie wrapped his mouth around Will’s erection. Will held onto Bill’s arms for some stability. Richie watched, undoing his pants to grab hold of his erection. “You’re really just going to let them steal your boyfriend like that?” Stan asked from the kitchen as he and the other three losers stood around drinking together.

“Believe me, Stan, I love seeing my boy enjoying himself.” Richie smiled as Eddie relentlessly sucked Will off.

“You’re right, I’d have more fun with Bill and Eddie than you also.” Stan jabbed as he finished his drink.

“Quit being a bitch to Richie.” Mike scolded, “You’re on my shit list tonight.”

Stan smirked, opening a cooler Beverly handed him next. “Not my fault Richie’s too incompetent to please his own boyfriend.”

“Hey! Fuck you! Will loves my cock.” Richie glared at Stan as he grabbed lubricant that was kept in the drawer in the living room, knowing the blonde was just trying to piss him off as per usual.

“Oh… I do… I love your cock, Richie…” Will moaned before feeling Eddie pull off with a loud audible pop.

Eddie turned around bracing himself on the back of the couch as Will approached him, letting go of Bill's arms so he could use the lubrication Richie grabbed for him. Will rubbed his erection with lube before rubbing it into Eddie's opening carefully before he pressed his erection inside. Eddie moaned, taking him in easily.

Though they had talked about Will topping Richie, it always excited them both when things went differently than originally planned. Richie didn't mind at all, he loved it when Bill and Eddie made Will feel good.

Richie moved closer, pressing his lips to Will's. They kissed lovingly while Bill took the lubricant, preparing his own erection to go inside of Will. Bill prepared his opening carefully before sliding his erection inside. Will whimpered a little at the initial shock of being filled before Richie cupped his face with one hand, gently. "Are you ok, babe?" Richie smiled softly at him.

Will nodded, pressing his lips back to Richie's as Bill led the motions, fucking into Will as Will fucked into Eddie. Richie continued kissing him, the sweetness of the kisses becoming a bit overwhelming to Will as he kept his focus on his hip motions.

Richie sat back against the arm of the couch, rubbing lube on his cock as he watched Will moaning softly between his two closest friends. Beverly muttered something to Ben and Mike before coming in from the kitchen. She made her way over to the couch before stopping behind Richie, rubbing his shoulders gently. Richie looked up at her and smiled a bit, "Hey."

"Hey." She smiled before pulling a condom from the table drawer nearby, unwrapping it. "Put this on your dick."

Richie stared at her for a moment, "Huh?"

"Fine, I'll do it." Beverly put the condom in her mouth before leaning down to push it on with her mouth, making Richie grip the back of the couch with shock.

"Oh, oh shit… ok." Richie smiled a little before he watched her lubricate his erection quickly before she straddled his hips, sliding

him inside.

Richie's head fell back a bit as she rode him. Beverly leaned in, pressing her mouth to his throat, kissing him softly as she moved. "Mm.. Bev, you feel so fucking good…" He looked into her eyes.

"You're such a good boyfriend, letting your friends fuck him at the same time. I thought I'd come over and help you get off…" Bev smiled, kissing his lips gently.

"Mm…" Richie broke the kiss, "You're the best." He grinned as she giggled, bouncing up and down at a faster pace.

A series of smacks and moaning from the kitchen made Richie glance over to see Stan bent over the table, as Ben held him down, Mike slapping his ass repeatedly, "Mike!" Stan moaned desperately.

"Fuck, he's really getting it…" Richie commented amused.

"He's been a bad boy, so of course he is." Bev winked.

Richie gripped her hips, biting his bottom lip, "Mm… this still feels so fucking different than a guy." He laughed a little.

Beverly slid off him, confusing him before he felt her slide back onto him, only much tighter. It felt a little more familiar to him and suddenly he stared at her wide eyed, "Oh my fucking God, am I in your ass right now?" Richie asked shocked.

Beverly grinned, "Maybe…"

"Oh fuck, that's so fucking hot…" Richie leaned in kissing her deeper.

Will's loud moaning only stimulated Richie's senses as he moved with Beverly, getting closer and closer to his breaking point. "Oh fuck! Oh my God… Beverly… you're so fucking good at this…" Richie moaned loudly, gripping her hips as he moved up into her.

"Richie! Oh my God!" Will reached out for him as he started to climax.

Richie reached out, grabbing his hand, “Go ahead baby, come!” Richie encouraged as Will started wailing loudly, his body climaxing hard from the double stimulation.

Eddie groaned, releasing into his hand as he felt Will filling him up. Richie bit his lip, unaware that he and Bill were both coming at the exact same time. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” Richie shouted loudly, shooting into the condom.

Bev smiled, leaning in to kiss him, “You good?”

“Yeah, your turn is next.” Richie said before picking Bev up while she was still attached to him.

Lying her back on the empty surface on the strong wooden coffee table Ben had built in high school, Richie pulled out carefully, tossing the used condom in the trash before he spread her legs, kneeling on the floor. Beverly let her head fall back as Richie began eating her out, using his tongue on her clit, “Mmm…” She moaned gripping the table.

Eddie, Will and Bill all sat down on the couch, watching as Richie ate Beverly out before them. Will huddled under a blanket he was sharing with Eddie, watching Richie as he continued to make Beverly moan and squirm below him. “Richie! Oh yes! Fuck!” Beverly moaned loudly, her legs starting to squeeze around his shoulders.

Richie felt the liquid on his chin as Beverly came from him experimentally sucking on her clit. Richie was pretty pleased he could get her off that way with such little experience with it. “Better?” Richie smiled, wiping his mouth with a tissue from the box next to the couch.

Beverly smiled, “Yes, much better.”

The group of five could hear the table in the kitchen creaking. When they looked over, Mike was fucking Stan while Stan’s mouth was on Ben’s cock. It wasn’t something Richie expected to see, but he couldn’t look away. “Huh… Stan’s more of a slut than I thought.”

Beverly giggled, “I’m going to go wash up, and then head to bed.”

She booped Richie's nose, "You boys have fun."

Sneaking past the three-way in the kitchen, Richie washed his mouth out and his face before returning to the couch. Bill, Will, and Eddie had gotten the pullout ready for them. Richie slid into the bed behind Will, spooning him lovingly while Will held onto Eddie. "Welcome back." Will smiled back at him.

"It's good to be back." Richie kissed his cheek.

Bill spooned Eddie, kissing his neck gently. The four of them were spent, but very happy as they laid together. Will considered time with the losers club a unique experience as they all loved one another enough to do things most people considered taboo. It made Will feel good to experience sexual relations with other men knowing Richie was enjoying it also. Though some people might think it made their relationship weaker, Will felt it made the relationship stronger on some strange level. It made him want Richie even more.

Will rolled over, pressing his lips to Richie's freshly cleaned mouth. The two kissed lovingly as Will threw a leg over his hip. Richie grabbed it in response, holding Will there. "You're so beautiful…" Richie muttered, kissing Will's lips again, "How did I get so fucking lucky?"

Kissing Richie again, Will smiled, "I'm the lucky one. I love you so much. I'll never find someone as incredible as you as long as I live, I'm sure of it." Will ran his fingers through Richie's hair, "You make me feel whole."

Richie pressed his forehead to Will's, both of them closing their eyes as they cuddled together. "You make me feel happier than I thought possible. I love you so much." Richie whispered, his arms wrapped around the blonde warmly.

"I love you too." Will and Richie didn't move their heads away from each other as they held their eyes closed. "Goodnight, Richie."

Richie smiled, "Goodnight, Will." They spent several minutes awake before finally succumbing to the pull of sleep.

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave me some love!

46. Jealous

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie and Will decide to get high together for the first time. Richie also has some jealousy issues to work out in the storage closet.

Chapter 46

“Now, I don’t want you to do this if you really don’t want to, but I will say, it’s perfectly safe.” Richie told Will as they sat together on their couch that Valentines Day with the intent of trying something new.

“Famous last words, Richie.” Will smiled at Richie as laid out a bunch of different snacks on the coffee table.

“Are you sure we’re going to want to eat all of this?” Will asked a bit amused.

“Hey, this is your first time, I want it to be perfect.” Richie grinned before pulling his new green glass bong over between them.

“You said you’ve done this before though? Why haven’t you done it in the two years I’ve known you?” Will asked a bit confused.

“I didn’t know if you were against it… I also would rather quit weed than you, so I just quit cold turkey.” Richie explained as he opened a plastic bag containing the weed he’d recently bought and put through his grinder.

Will smiled at him, “You should have just talked to me. My mom told me a lot about weed in high school. I guess she used to do it, so she always told me it was safe to try, but to be careful because my judgement would be off.”

“Your mom is forever one of the coolest people ever.” Richie smiled as he packed the bowl of the bong with the weed grindings.

Will watched as Richie finished packing the bong. “So, from here…”

Will looked a bit confused as to how it all worked.

“From here I’ll demonstrate. I used to do this like once a day at least when I was in high school.” Richie pointed to the bowl, “So I’m going to light the bowl, and suck a bunch of smoke into the chamber. The water is going to make a weird bubbling sound while that’s happening, so don’t worry. Then once I feel I have enough smoke, I’ll pull out the choke, and inhale as much of the smoke as I can.” Richie explained, pointing to the different parts of the bong as he spoke.

Will nodded, “Alright, show me how it’s done.” Will watched as Richie put his lips to the bong, lighting the bowl as he sucked smoke into the chamber.

The sound of the water bubbling was finally cut short when Richie pulled out the choke, taking in all the smoke he could before leaning back, blowing it into the air. “See?” Richie smiled before handing the bong and the lighter to Will.

“Alright, I’ll try it.” Will decided, placing his lips to the bong’s opening.

Richie watched, rather impressed as Will went through the motions seamlessly, pulling the choke out so he could breathe in the smoke. Richie took back the bong as Will began to cough out the smoke, “Take a drink.” Richie handed him some water to which Will gratefully accepted.

Drinking it down, Will coughed a few more times before looking to Richie with watery eyes, “I didn’t realize how much that would hurt my throat…”

“Sorry, I should have warned you.” Richie looked at him sheepishly.

“It’s ok.” Will cleared his throat, “I don’t feel any different…”

“It sneaks up on you.” Richie assured him as he prepared his bong for taking another hit.

By the third hit, Will had stopped coughing, but still didn’t seem to feel any different. “I don’t think this is real weed…” Will laughed a bit.

Richie smiled, “It is, just give it more time.”

Will started to get hungry first when it finally kicked in. They stared at the TV screen, eating chips together when Will finally broke out into a fit of laughter, “I feel it…”

Richie laughed at him, feeding Will a chip, “You like it?” Will nodded, still smiling despite the fact he was trying to chew.

“I love you.” Will smiled leaning in to kiss Richie, the chip still in his mouth.

Richie laughed, pulling back, “Finish your chip.”

“It takes so long though…” Will said before finally swallowing. “Ok, now kiss me.” Will pulled Richie back, so their lips could lock again.

Richie wrapped his arms around Will, kissing him lovingly, “Mm… you taste like dill pickle chips…”

Will giggled licking Richie’s face playfully. “You taste like pure sexiness.” Will giggled making Richie chuckle in response.

“Will, you’re so silly when you’re high.” Richie commented as Will grabbed an oreo from the the coffee table, twisting it apart before licking the white center.

The two watched TV as they ate together, “I like this, Richie… I really like this…” Will nodded over to him, “I feel so good… like a kite.”

“You’re high as one so I can see how that is possible.” Richie smiled at him.

“Richie, I really want to blow you.” Will said suddenly before he started giggling at how bold he sounded.

Richie’s brows ascended on his forehead, “I mean, I would never say no to that…”

Will climbed onto the floor, shoving the coffee table away a bit so he could sit between Richie’s legs. Richie watched as Will undid his

pants before pulling out Richie's growing erection, "There it is… its so nice…" Will muttered, running his tongue up the underside slowly, "I love your big beautiful cock…" Will muttered wrapping his mouth around the head of it.

Richie twitched a bit, biting his lower lip. "Fuck, I am getting you high more often if this is the shit that's going to happen…"

Will bobbed his head, sucking hard on Richie's erection. Although it was common knowledge to Richie that Will gave some of the best head he'd ever had, high Will was taking a lot more time to wiggle his tongue against the most sensitive parts of his erection. "Oh! Fuck! You're good at this…" Richie shivered a bit, "Damn it… your mouth feels so fucking good… I don't think I'm going to last, Will."

Will rubbed Richie's thighs as he continued to suck his boyfriend off, "Mmm…" Will hummed around him, making Richie jolt a few times before finally coming hard into Will's mouth.

"Will! Oh fuck!" Riche moaned out loudly.

Swallowing down Richie's seed, Will licked gently at Richie's erection until Richie seemed to have calmed down.

Will smiled up at him, "Feel good?"

Richie smiled, "Your turn." Richie said pulling Will up so he was standing before him.

Pulling down Will's pants, he slid down Will's boxers to his ankles along with his pants. Richie gripped Will by his hips, wrapping his mouth around Will's stiff erection. Will gripped Richie's hair in both hands, moaning loudly as Richie moved his head fluidly.

"Oh yes! Richie!" Will moaned loudly.

Richie's hands moved around to grab at Will's ass as he continued to bob his head fluidly around Will's hard cock. "Oh God… oh yes…" Will's head fell back as he gripped Richie's hair with soft moans.

The feeling of Richie swallowing around his cock made Will moan much louder, his body tensing as he began building up to his own

climax. Richie gripped Will's ass tighter, forcing Will into the back of his throat repeatedly. "Richie! I'm gonna come…" Will whimpered before finally releasing into the back of his throat.

Swallowing, Richie licked the head of Will's erection repeatedly as Will caught his breath. "Oh my God… that was so intense…" Will ran his fingers through his bangs.

Richie smiled up at him, "I'm glad. Come down here." Richie tugged Will closer, letting Will straddle his lap as they calmed down. "Do you feel better?" Richie asked holding Will close.

Will nodded, "Yeah… I'm sleepy now." Will wrapped his arms around Richie's neck, hugging him warmly.

Richie rubbed his back, "Did you want to go to bed?"

"No… I want to sleep here…" Will buried his face in Richie's neck, breathing in the scent of Richie's shampoo.

They were only dressed from the waist up, but Richie didn't see the need to dress or undress any further as they cuddled together. Within fifteen minute of stroking Will's back, Richie could tell by the blonde's breathing he was out like a light.

Smiling softly Richie enjoyed the rest of his afternoon, not daring to move in case it disrupted Will's sleep any.

***

After winter break was over, a new student straight from Spain had joined Will's art class. He was a tall handsome man, that was for sure, but Will didn't think much of it. The new student's name was Javier Hernandez and he stuck close to Will all during classes. Richie didn't like him the moment he met Javier.

"Goodbye hermoso." Javier winked as he headed off down the hallways.

Richie glared after the exchange student as he watched him go. Will looked at Richie confused, "What? That's Javier. He's new."

“Why the fuck is he calling you ‘hermoso’ exactly?” Richie asked him.

“I don’t know, he just calls me that.” Will shrugged, “I have no idea what it means.”

Richie decided to drop it, but he kept a close eye on the exchange student, opting to meet Will after his art class every single day from that point on. Wrapping his arms around Will, Richie pressed him into the wall, kissing Will passionately, “My love! How was your day?” Richie asked dramatically, making Will giggle as Javier stared on a bit confused by Richie’s possessive nature.

“It was good… why are you acting so weird?” Will giggled.

“Celos…” Javier muttered looking a bit smug.

“Oh, believe me, I’m not the jealous one.” Richie looked over at Javier who froze, looking a bit surprised.

Will furrowed his brows, “What?”

Richie smiled at Will sweetly before turning to Javier, “You wanna speak some Spanish? I’m down.” Richie said before changing his dialect to Spanish, “You keep calling my boyfriend ‘hermoso’ as if it’s some innocent thing. While my boyfriend is very beautiful, I don’t think it’s your place to call him that. He’s ‘my’ boyfriend.” Will stared wide eyed, completely unaware of what was being said in front of him.

Javier looked from Will to Richie, his eyes narrowed in a suspicious way as he responded to Richie in Spanish, “Your boyfriend could do better. Perhaps he’d like to try out a real man for once?”

Richie walked over, looking down at Javier as he was several inches taller, “Oh yeah? I suppose you think that’s you, with your little Spanish accent and those bedroom eyes.” Richie poked his chest, “Let me tell you something, bro, in class, you two can be friends and talk, but outside of class, I will rip you a new one if you try to hit on him. Believe me, he’d tell me if you tried, because he’s loyal, and so am I.” Richie pointed from Will to himself.

Will didn’t know what was being said, but he could tell it was a

hostile environment based off their tones and body language. Stepping between them both, Will pushed them apart with each hand, “Ok, time out.” Will said looking between them, “I’ll see you in class, Javier. Richie let’s go.” Will said pulling Richie by his arm down the hallway.

Richie and Javier glared at one another as they parted ways. “What the fuck was that about?” Will asked with annoyance in his voice, “I didn’t know you spoke Spanish first off! Second of all, why are you fighting with him?”

Richie adjusted his glasses as the two stopped walking when they made it a far enough stretch away from Javier. “He called me jealous. He said ‘celos’ which means jealousy in Spanish. I called him out on it, because not only did he say that, but he calls you beautiful every day and you have no idea he’s doing it.” Richie crossed his arms, looking a bit annoyed as he thought about it more.

Will looked at him, “What? How does he-”

“Hermoso.” Richie answered before Will could ask the question.

Will paused, looking at Richie for a moment, “So what did you two argue about exactly?”

“He told me you could do better, and I told him I’d rip his fucking face off if I caught him trying to mess with you outside of class. I made it clear in class time together it’s fine if you talk, but outside of class, he isn’t to pursue you.” Richie explained seriously.

Will couldn’t help but smile a little, “You are jealous.”

“I am not! You’re my boyfriend, he needs to respect that.” Richie rolled his eyes.

Will bit his lip with a smile, “Baby, you’re so cute when you’re jealous…” Will rubbed Richie’s chest, forcing Richie to break into a small smile.

“I’m not jealous.” Richie responded only for Will to lean up and kiss him.

“You’re so jealous…” Will giggled before leaning close to his ear, whispering, “Want to fuck out that jealousy in the supply closet?”

Richie grinned, looking Will in the eyes as he pulled back with a smile, “Yes indeed.” Richie pulled the condom out of his wallet as he headed over to the door, opening the supply closet door before pulling Will inside with him.

Pressing Will against the shelf of arm supplies, Richie worked at undoing Will’s pants. “Mm… Maybe next time I’ll fuck you on your desk right before that asshole walks into class with you.”

Will kissed Richie, pulling Richie’s pants off as he lifted a leg to wrap it around Richie’s waist, “He’d probably ask to join…” Will teased, listening to Richie growl before he rolled on the condom, pressing himself to Will’s opening.

Moaning into Richie’s neck, he felt the hard erection slide inside. “He’d never get some of this… I’d fucking beat his ass…” Richie gripped the sides of the shelf to brace himself as he thrust violently into Will who moaned with pure pleasure.

“Richie! Oh God!” Will moaned desperately as Richie thrust hard up into his prostate.

“That’s right scream it.” Richie grinned, at him, “Who gets you off, baby?” Richie growled pumping hard into him.

“Richie! You do!” Will purred, his tongue sliding up Richie’s neck accompanied by sweet gentle kisses.

“Fucking right…” Richie groaned as the entire shelf was shaking behind Will.

“Oh! I’m all yours! Fuck!” Will screamed into Richie’s shoulder as Richie pounded intensely into him.

Richie cupped Will’s ass as he moved hard into him, “That’s right, all this is mine…” Richie smacked Will’s ass, only firing Will up more.

“Oh! You’re a God! You’re so fucking good!” Will moaned before he clenched hard around Richie, milking him with each thrust.

Richie bit his lip, “Mm….” He released hard into Will, only to feel Will grab his erection to stop from coming on Richie’s shirt.

The two of them kissing, panting hard before Richie finally pulled out. “Oh Jesus… that was one of the best fucks we’ve ever had in a public place…” Richie smiled kissing Will again.

Will pulled up his pants, “Second best for me.”

Richie furrowed his brows, pulling up his own pants, “When do you consider to be the best time?”

“That time about a week ago when Javier brought me into this storage room.” Will teased, making Richie wrap both arms around Will’s middle before he could open the door.

Will squealed as Richie kissed his neck repeatedly, “You’re a fucking tease.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave me some love :D

47. Cuffed

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will did a little research prior to Richie's birthday. His findings are a complete success.

Chapter 47

For Richie's birthday, Will had taken a lot of time and planning to ensure it was absolutely perfect. He'd worked up the courage to go into a sex shop himself, buying a few items they would need for the occasion.

They started their day by Will pulling out a bunch of gifts for Richie before going out for breakfast, but Richie had no idea what else was in store for him as they headed back home. Will led Richie to their bedroom, pulling out a small box, handing it to him, "More presents? Will, you've gotten me so much already." Richie kissed his boyfriend's lips gently.

"This is something a little more special…" Will smiled as Richie began undoing the red ties around it before opening the white box to see two pairs of fuzzy black handcuffs, a vibrating plug, new lubricant and a cock ring.

Looking at Will immediately, Richie's face looked at him questioningly, "Wait… what…?"

Will giggled, "This is your real present. Did you want to get started?"

Richie grinned, lifting the hand cuffs out of the box. "Are you sure you're going to be comfortable being tied to the bedrail?"

"Oh, those aren't for me to wear… Not this time at least." Will said making Richie give him a look.

"Oh… well then I suppose you should show me what you have planned." Richie looked excited much to Will's delight.

Undressing, the two of them got completely naked before Will

lubricated the plug, looking to Richie, “Lean over?”

Richie wasn’t used to being the one Will used toys on, but he put his hands on the bed, leaning enough so Will could carefully insert the plug inside of him. It wasn’t very big, but it did press right against Richie’s prostate. “Go sit at the top of the bed, get the pillows comfortable behind you, and I’ll get you ready…” Will said, making Richie eager to see what domination Will had planned for him.

Following Will’s lead, Richie sat at the top of the bed, adjusting their pillows against his back so he had something soft to lean on, “What are you going to do to me, exactly?” Richie questioned, “Also… where did you learn this from?”

Will smiled at him, locking each wrist securely. “I may have read a few things…” Will straddled Richie’s lap, locking the other wrist in place, making sure it was tight but not too tight.

Richie closed his eyes as Will leaned in to kiss him, “Now you’re mine and you can’t escape.” Will spoke softly, his lips kissing along Richie’s jawline, feeling Richie’s hard erection pressing into his pelvis.

Reaching between Richie’s legs, Will turned the vibrator on, making the plug vibrate at a low speed. Richie groaned softly, watching mesmerized as Will climbed down his body slowly, wrapping his warm wet lips around just the head of Richie’s erection. Balling his fists, Richie bit his lip watching Will tease just the head of his cock with his tongue.

Will put on a show of rubbing his lips and tongue around just the head, making Richie groan with frustration. “You’re going to drive me nuts if you just lick the tip and nothing else like that…” Richie warned.

Will giggled, his eyes staring up at Richie as he wrapped his hand securely around the base, “Shh… you’re my sex toy now… I do what I want with you… understand?” Will spoke in a soft, sweet voice making Richie shiver.

“I’m your sex toy huh? Fuck, I’ll take it.” Richie said as his cock was

slowly pushed deeper into Will's mouth. "Oh Jesus…" Richie was extremely turned on and they just started.

Will sucked on Richie's cock until he was painfully hard. Pulling his mouth away, Will reached into the box he'd given Richie, wrapping the cock ring secure around the base. Richie bit his bottom lip watching Will lick just the underside of his penis, "Nice and hard just for me…" Will grinned deviously before kissing the tip of his erection, "Now I hope you're ready… I'm going to take my time with you today…" Will spoke, and Richie nodded compliantly.

"Yes, sir." Richie smirked a bit.

"Don't come unless I say you can come, ok?" Will smiled before grabbing the lubricant, rubbing it smoothly over Richie's rock-solid erection.

"You're really fucking me up here… what's gotten into you? I love it…" Richie smirked watching as Will straddled his hips, sliding Richie's erection inside of his tight opening.

Richie groaned, enjoying the feeling of Will wrapped tight around him. "Shh… sex toys don't talk…" Will pressed a finger to his lips, making Richie silent before he started riding him slowly and deliberately.

Moving his hips up into Will, he watched his cute blonde boyfriend look at him sternly, "Sex toys don't move…" Will said before leaning in, tugging Richie's lip with his teeth. "Mm… you taste so good…" Richie felt like he was fucking a porn star.

Will gripped Richie's shoulders before he started moving at a quick speed, up and down, mercilessly. "Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Richie cried out moaning loudly as Will fucked him with the leg strength to ride that Richie had no idea Will possessed

"Mm! Richie! Oh yes!" Will moaned loudly, leaning in to suck a hickey onto Richie's neck.

"Will! Fucking Hell! You're gonna make me come!" Richie moaned, feeling himself building up.

Without warning, Will suddenly stopped, sitting on his cock, panting heavily with a grin, “No coming… you’re not allowed.” Will smirked.

Richie looked a bit horrified, “What? Will… there’s no way I’m going to last with you riding me like a fucking stallion.”

“If you can’t handle it, I guess I’ll have to just keep building you up, and then stopping…” Will threatened, Richie’s eyes going wide.

“What are you doing to me? You’re torturing me!” Richie looked at him wide eyed, “Fucking right! Don’t stop.” Richie looked excited.

“I won’t stop, because I’m in charge this time…” Will knew Richie would use the safe word if things were really dire, but thus far he looked excited.

Richie watched as Will started riding him hard, his eyes rolled back repeatedly as he tried his hardest not to come. “Oh… fuck…” Richie groaned, his cock pulsating as he desperately watched Will ride him, “Baby… I’m so fucking close…” Richie looked a bit dreamy, “Please let me come?”

Will moaned loudly, his body convulsing around Richie’s erection, “Oh God! Not yet!”

Richie gritted his teeth, the cock ring doing a great job of keeping him from coming too soon. The feeling of Will biting his lower lip made his cock twitch inside of Will. He was rather amazed at how well his boyfriend was taking his stiffness. “Oh! Oh! Richie!” Will moaned loudly before his semen shot out of the end of his erection, coating Richie’s abdomen. “Oh that feels so much better…” Will sighed, stopping his motions.

“Will? Wait… you just came…” Richie looked at him horrified.

“I guess it’ll be a while before you get to come.” Will smiled, nuzzling Richie’s face gently.

“W-Wait… can’t I come too?” Richie asked as Will began pouring kisses all over Richie’s neck and shoulders.

“Nope, you still have to make me come two more times before I can

let you do that." Will muttered in his ear before sucking Richie's earlobe into his mouth.

Richie swallowed, groaning softly, "Will, I really need to come."

"Shh…" Will placed a finger to Richie's lips, "Toys don't talk."

A desperate groan escaped Richie as Will rubbed his shoulders with a smile, "How about I turn up the speed of that plug?" Will suggested watching Richie look close to losing his mind.

"N-No, don't do that or I'll come in you." Richie tried.

"No? Why? Don't you like how this feels?" Will reached back, pushing the plug against Richie's prostate.

"Ahh! Fuck!" Richie jumped before feeling Will turn the speed up a little more with a sweet and innocent smile on his face.

"Richie, you're so handsome." Will cupped his face, kissing Richie lovingly.

Richie felt like he was melting as Will slid his tongue into his mouth, kissing him deeply. The two kissed slowly, not parting lips as Will began slowly moving again. Richie couldn't help but lose his focus on kissing as Will rode him slowly at first, sending him deep inside the blonde.

"I love you so much, Richie… you're doing so good…" Will praised him, "You're not going to come until I say, right?" Will questioned.

Richie nodded, "I'll stop myself."

Will smiled before he began riding Richie harder, feeling a burning in his legs as he moved at the quickest pace possible. "Oh! Fuck me! Will!" Richie cried out loudly.

"I love your big fat cock inside of me…" Will moaned out, making Richie struggle to hang on.

“Fuck, I can’t handle it when you talk so dirty…” Richie whimpered, feeling Will cup his face to kiss him again.

Will kissed him lovingly, enjoying how Richie felt inside of him. “Oh God… I think I’m going to go again…” Will said tauntingly, “Oh God, I love how you feel… so big… Oh Richie!” Will squealed, slamming his hips down harder on Richie’s lap, sending Richie’s erection deep inside of him.

Feeling Will come again on his abdomen Richie whimpered, “Please… I can’t take it anymore… please let me come…”

“Alright… I’ll let you come, but only with the toy…” Will slid back off Richie, gripping the base of the plug, moving it in and out to Richie’s dismay.

“N-No! I don’t want to come that way…” Richie begged, “Please… I want to come in you.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Richie… you can’t.” Will said with mock sympathy, “I really wish I could let you, but you promised me you wouldn’t come.” Will pushed the switch, making the toy vibrate to the highest power inside of him.

Gritting his teeth, Richie groaned, his erection painfully hard as it sat between Will and Richie. “Will… I don’t think I can hang on.,.” Richie moaned desperately, “Please put me back inside, I’m gonna come.”

Will pouted, “If you can’t handle it, I guess I’ll have to call over Javier to satisfy me.”

Richie’s eyes sparkled with determination as he looked at Will, “Fuck that!”

“Oh I would… I’d fuck him so hard…” Will moaned, “Would you like to watch from your spot on the bed? I can call him over.”

Richie gritted his teeth, enjoying the game they were playing, “Let me fuck you, I’ll last, I swear.” Richie told Will dripping with determination as well as a thin layer of sweat.

“Are you sure?” Will teased, enjoying the look on Richie’s face.

“Oh, fuck yes, I’ll last.” Richie promised.

Will smiled cutely pulling off the cock ring, Richie’s only defense against coming too soon, “Alright.” Sliding himself down on Richie’s erection, Will let out a soft moan. “Oh… so hard…”

Richie bit his lower lip. Will looked at him with a smile, “All you have to do is make me come one last time.”

Nodding, Richie panted heavily as Will rode him hard, “Oh! Fuck! I’ll fucking make it! Jesus fuck!” Richie groaned as Will was relentless and merciless as he bounced, moaning loudly.

“Richie! You’re so good! Oh yes!” Will cried out, slamming him self up and down hard, ignoring the pain in his legs.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Will!” Richie groaned, shuttering as he willed himself not to climax.

Will leaned in, licking Richie’s lower lip sensually, “Fuck up into me… I want it hard…” Will begged, nipping at Richie’s lower lip.

Richie’s hips moved upwards, thrusting hard into Will’s prostate, “You fucking like that?” Richie asked watching Will arch his back blissfully.

“Oh God! Richie, you’re so good… oh yes! Fuck me!” Will cried as Richie slammed into his prostate, causing Will’s penis to start drooling in response as he was so over stimulated.

“Fuck! Oh Shit, you’re coming…” Richie groaned with a smile, “Looks like I’m better than I thought…”

“Come in me! Please, come in me!” Will moaned in a high pitched voice as he was still coming hard from overstimulation.

Richie was enjoying that state Will was in. When ever Will was over stimulated he became slightly dopey, but in an adorable way. Thrusting up hard into him, Richie released hard into Will, his climax much more satisfying than any other time he’d come, “Oh fuck! OH

yes! Will! Fuck!" Richie groaned, feeling his toes curling as he pushed the last bit of semen out of his erection.

Will smiled at Richie, leaning in to kiss him, "How was that for a birthday present?" Will reached up to click the button on the cuffs, setting Richie free.

Richie wrapped both hands around Will, hugging him close as Richie rolled onto his side to snuggle him, "That was amazing… fucking Hell, I love you." Richie smiled, pressing their lips together, "That was the best…"

Will giggled, clinging onto Richie looking very spent, "Mm… That felt so good for me too… I almost forgot it was your birthday." Will giggled.

Richie kissed along Will's neck, listening to him made soft happy sounds. "So… do I get to eat my birthday cake off your body?" Richie grinned at him.

Smiling, Will ran his fingers through Richie's hair. "You know I wouldn't say no to that."

Chuckling, Richie held onto Will warmly, "Seriously, where did you learn to do that to me?"

"I actually did a little research in the library. You'd be surprised the kinds of books you can find there." Will smiled at him, "I wanted to make sure you had an intense orgasm, so I took every step that seemed to fit what you needed to last."

"You're a little shit you know that? Telling me you wanted Javier?" Richie grinned, "I'm going to make you pay for that." Richie bit Will's neck gently.

Will moaned softly, "Its your birthday, I guess you're allowed to punish me… master." Will purred in his ear making Richie smile.

"The best birthday present I can think of is having you as a boyfriend. You're such a little cutie…" Richie smiled kissing Will's lips lovingly.

Will smiled at him, “I think I could use a rest…”

“Yeah, me too.” Richie fixed the pillows, so they could rest properly. “See you when we wake up.” Richie kissed him, “I love you.

“I love you too, so much.” Will closed his eyes, feeling safe in Richie’s embrace.

Notes for the Chapter:

Did you like it? Let me know!

48. Layla

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie goes all out for Will's birthday. Will is very happy with Richie's gift.

Chapter 48

Will was pleasantly surprised on his birthday as Richie woke him up with a kiss and a very relaxing back massage. “Good morning handsome.” Richie smiled, rubbing Will’s back soothingly as he laid on his stomach.

Smiling gently, Will made a few tired noises of appreciation. “Mmm… this feels so good…”

Richie leaned down, kissing along Will’s shoulder, trailing kisses up to his sensitive neck. Will mewled a bit, rolling over to face Richie. Their lips pressed together lovingly. “Happy Birthday Will.” Richie smiled at him as he ran his fingers through Will’s soft light hair.

“You always remember.” Will looked at him appreciatively.

“That’s because I really fucking love you, so I pay attention to the details.” Richie smiled kissing Will again, “Did you want me to take you out somewhere nice for breakfast?”

“You don’t have to do that, Richie.” Will rubbed his eyes with a smile, “I’m just happy spending the day together.”

“You’re so cute.” Riche smiled before looking at him seriously, “I’m taking you to breakfast. I won’t take no for an answer.” Richie winked.

Will giggled, “Alright, I guess I should probably put some clothes on in that case.” Will pulled the sheets off himself, climbing out of bed naked.

Richie grinned, equally as naked, “I mean, you don’t have to. I don’t mind at all if you prance around in your birthday suit on your

birthday."

"I think the police will mind." Will laughed as he dug into his dresser to pull on fresh clothes.

Smiling, Richie got himself dressed. They headed out to the café near their apartment, Will and Richie both ordered some strawberry chocolate chip pancakes. They shared their stack, drinking a milkshake with breakfast. Richie and Will pressed their feet together, holding each other discreetly out of sight as they ate.

"So, did you want to do anything for your birthday this year? I left my calander open and I can definitely accommodate you with anything you want." Richie smiled at him.

"I wish we could go to the beach. I want to swim so bad." Will said, knowing it wasn't an option with the layer of snow on the ground.

"As beautiful as you would be as an ice sculpture, I think we better skip it." Richie chuckled.

Will smiled at him, "Other than that, I think I'd just like to go home and cuddle with you, or even sketch you."

"Naked?" Richie asked.

"To which option?" Will raised a brow with an amused look.

"Either or." Richie grinned.

When they were back on the road, Richie passed the street that would take them home, making Will look at him questioningly. "Richie… that was the way home."

"I know." Richie smiled at him.

Will looked at him for a moment, "Where are you taking us?"

"To get your present. Something I know you've been wanting for a while." Richie told him seriously, "Something, I've also been wanting for a while." Richie smiled giving him a few clues.

Will's eyes lit up as he realized they were going to the animal shelter. "Richie! You're getting me a pet?" Will smiled brightly, "Our first pet?" Will watched as Richie smiled at him saying nothing, "I love you so much!"

The moment Richie parked, Will wrapped his arms around Richie's shoulders. "Richie this is the best gift…"

Richie held him close, "Anything for you, babe." Richie kissed his forehead gently.

Will leaned up, pressing their lips together. "You're so perfect… Thank you." Will smiled at him, his eyes misting a bit.

Richie looked at him happily, "Come on, let's go pick out our furbaby."

The two got out of the truck, heading inside the building. The workers there seemed happy to see people going to the shelter for a pet rather than a pet store. Richie had called days in advance, making sure someone would be around for their visit, so they could take a tour of the animals in the shelter.

Will held Richie's arm as they passed by a few of the cages where many of the dogs were being held. A white lab seemed to be what caught Will's attention initially.

"That's Layla. She's been in the pound for about a year now. She's two years old." The shelter worker told them with a sad tone in her voice.

"She's really beautiful." Will said rubbing her face gently.

"It would be really great if you adopted Layla. She really needs a home. She's only got about another month before we have to euthanize her." The worker said with a hopeful tone.

Will looked up at Richie immediately, a desperation in his eyes, "Richie…"

Richie nodded, "We'll take her."

The worker looked pleased, “I’ll get her set up, you two head to the counter.”

Richie paid for Layla and finally Will was presented with a red leash, Layla happily trotting over to him to sniff at his legs. Will couldn’t stop stroking her as Richie led them to the truck together. “Richie, she’s so beautiful! Thank you so much! I love her!” Will smiled brightly, tearing up.

“You’re welcome, Will. I thought it might be nice for us to have our own pet. I checked with the apartment and they’re ok with us having a dog so long as we clean up after her.” Richie explained.

Layla was already very attached to Will as she snuggled into his lap on the drive. She whined a few times, unsure of where she was going. “It’s ok baby, you’re going home. You’re going to have a happy long life with Richie and I.” Will spoke to her like she was a baby, exciting her enough to start licking his face.

Richie laughed glancing over at Will, “I’ve never seen you like this before. You’re already a parent and you’ve had her for about ten minutes.”

Will smiled warmly, “I love dogs. I didn’t get to have one again after our first dog went missing in the woods back in Hawkins.”

Layla nudged her nose against Richie’s arm, sniffing him with her big brown eyes on him. Richie stroked her head, “You’re so cute, I’m glad we got her.”

“We have to stop at the pet store. We have to get her toys and food, a bowl and everything else!” Will said, his eyes wide with excitement.

Richie smiled, pulling up to the pet store, “Should we take her inside or should one of us go in while the other stays with her?”

“Let’s take her in, she can pick out her own toys.” Will decided as he got out of the car, holding Layla’s leash close to him.

They wandered through the aisles, Richie pushing the cart they picked up. Richie picked up food and Will found a nice red bowl for her. It was decided based on how good the leash looked on her that

her colour was red.

Layla's tail began to wag excitedly once they stopped in front of a bin of toys. Will let her sniff around until she found a stuffed duck plushie. She picked it up with her mouth and carried it around the store as Richie and Will put some rubber balls, and chew toys in the cart. Richie was happy to see the white lab looking so pleased, it had to have been her first time exploring the real world outside of the shelter.

"I can't believe she would have been put down… that's so sad…" Will said looking at Richie with his sad hazel eyes.

"I know. We saved her though." Richie smiled, rubbing Will's back gently, "This is something I think we've been wanting for a while… its sort of a big step in our relationship I think." Richie said fondly.

"It is, because I already know I'm going to be with you forever." Will smiled at him.

Richie didn't care about onlookers as he leaned in, pressing his lips to Will's lips. "Mm… I love you." Will smiled as they continued walking.

"I love you too, baby." Richie smiled as they grabbed a few more things, including a dog bed before going straight to check-out together.

They paid for their items, Richie having saved up plenty of money for the day. Putting everything in the back of the truck, Richie and Will climbed into the truck with Layla cuddling into Wills lap, her duck in her mouth. "You like your ducky? Can I have your ducky?" Will tugged on it only for her to whine and tug it back, "Is this your ducky? Can I see it?" Will laughed tugging at it again to watch her resist playfully.

"She's going to bite you if you keep trying to steal the toy on her." Richie warned.

"No, she won't. She knows I'm playing." Will smiled going back to his baby voice as he played with Layla, "Your other daddy just doesn't understand… No he doesn't. You're such a pretty girl." Will stroked

her fur, hugging her close.

Richie rolled his eyes with a smile, “You’re hopeless.” Will giggled cutely.

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After hours of playing together, Layla was out cold on her red plaid dog pillow in the corner of the living room. “This is the best gift ever, Richie.” Will said to him from the couch as they cuddled together.

Richie held him with a smile, “You deserve a baby of your own. She loves you already.”

Will kissed his lips sweetly. Richie could tell by the way Will was kissing him it was a sign Will wanted something more from him. “Richie… can we go to bed now?” Will asked softly.

“Yeah, I take it you’re ready for some birthday sex.” Richie teased, kissing his lips, “I’ll be sure to fuck you good tonight. You can just lie down and let me do take care of you.” Richie smirked.

“Nope.” Will tugged Richie to their room, leaving the door open for Layla.

“Nope? You don’t want anything?” Richie asked confused as Will was already pulling Richie’s shirt off, “You seem like you want to fuck to me, baby.”

Will smiled, “I do, but you’re not taking care of me. I’m taking care of you.” Richie watched as Will sunk to his knees, undoing Richie’s pants, sliding them down all the way.

“It’s your birthday, I want to make it special for you.” Richie said before Will’s mouth wrapped around him, sliding him in to the base, “Oh... Ok…” Richie gave in as Will swallowed around his cock, gripping Richie’s hips like it was all he wanted to focus on.

Richie braced on the wall next to the bed with one arm as Will was sucking his cock with fluid motions, taking him deeply into his mouth with each head bob. “Will… fuck, you’re amazing… Why are you doing this, though? Is this because I got you a dog?” Richie

asked, his legs shaking a bit.

Will popped off, looking up at Richie with a look of admiration in his eyes, “Yes, you’re the best boyfriend ever and I love you! I want to make you feel so good…” Will purred, his tongue licking at the underside of his cock immediately after.

Richie groaned, “Fuck… you’re hands down the best boyfriend… you suck cock like a fucking God… holy shit…”

Will giggled, wrapping his mouth around Richie’s erection again, enjoying the feel of it against his tongue. “Mmm... I will get you a new pet every month if you give me head like this… fuck…” Richie joked, his eyes on Will’s mouth wrapped around his erection.

Pulling off slowly, Will looked up at Richie, “Did you want me to do anything tonight? I could ride you or anything else you want.”

Richie looked to Will, “Fuck, babe… I just want to lie you down and fuck you.” Richie said honestly, “I want to hear you moaning my name over and over again…”

Will smiled, “Let’s do that.”

Richie grinned, pulling Will to his feet, undressing him carefully before gripping his hips, bringing him close. Will moaned softly, feeling Richie’s mouth latch onto his soft pale neck. Will didn’t mind the hickies, and ever since Richie told off Javier, he’d had a lot more to show off in art class.

Will wrapped both arms around Richie’s middle. “Mm… I love when you do this…” Will purred, leaning into Richie as a large red hicky was being made on his neck.

“I have to make sure Javier knows who owns this ass.” Richie smacked Will’s ass, making him jump slightly.

“Definitely you…” Will smiled as Richie pulled off his neck before lying him down in the bed.

Richie reached for the lube as they both got into position, Will on his back as Richie knelt between his legs. Richie poured the lube on his

fingers, and his cock, coating both before he pressed a finger into Will's opening. "Mm… Richie…"

"So…" Richie looked at him for a moment, "Have you been fucking Javier in the storage closet recently?" Richie asked keeping a straight face.

"How can you tell?" Will asked with a grin on his face.

"Well I heard from a little birdie you two were fucking all last Friday in the storage closet, so I figured I'd better confront you about it." Richie inserted a second finger, pressing into Will's prostate.

Biting his lip, Will groaned softly, "Oh yes… I've been really bad Richie… I can't stop taking his dick, its just so good…"

Richie grinned a bit before trying to hide it, "Yeah? Is it better than mine?" Richie asked inserting a third finger.

"Yeah, I think it is. Its just so long, and girthy… It hits all the right places…" Will purred, teasing Richie with the imagery, "He just bends me over the shelf, and has his way with me."

"I guess I'll just have to take what I want now that I know I can't please you anymore…" Richie smirked as he pressed his way inside of Will with his rock-solid erection.

Will moaned softly, enjoying the feeling of being filled. Richie leaned over him, "How do you like the sounds of that?"

"I suppose you'll have to just take what you want, because we both know you can't get me off." Will taunted as Richie began thrusting in and out shallowly.

Richie pinned Will's wrists to the bed, driving his erection deep inside. Will groaned, his legs wrapping around Richie's waist. "Oh fuck… you like that?" Richie smirked, dragging his tongue up Will's neck, "I thought you didn't like my cock?"

Will shivered, gripping Richie's shoulders as he moved hard into him, "Richie… give it to me hard…" Will whispered in his ear, making Richie buck his hips harder into him.

Richie braced one hand on the wall above the bed, the other beside Will's head as he moved his hips so hard the bed was shaking. Will arched his back, wailing loudly as Richie slammed into his prostate with all his might. "Richie! Oh my God! Richie!" Will cried out, his toes going numb.

"We've only just started Will, don't come on me yet." Richie smirked, enjoying the sounds Will was making below him.

"Richie! Please! Keep going!" Will moaned, his body trembling as Richie was relentlessly slamming into him.

Richie kissed along Will's jawline, enjoying the sounds he was pulling from his boyfriend. "Just keep moaning baby. Between that and your tight squeezing around my cock, I'm not going to stop until we both come." Richie assured him as Will's body convulsed around him, "Fuck! Yes, like that!"

"Oh! Richie! Fuck, I'm going to come! I can't hold it in!" Will shouted alarmed.

"Nope, you hold it in." Richie smirked, "I'm not done yet."

Will moaned, digging his nails into Richie as the slamming of Richie's cock into his prostate continued. "Richie!"

Richie bit his lip, his body ready to release, "Oh fuck… ok… you can come, Will." Richie groaned out as he slammed repeated into Will without a means of stopping himself.

"Richie! Oh yes!" Will screamed, dragging his nails down Richie's back as the two of them came in unison.

The feeling of Richie's semen filling him up only pleased Will further as he released hard onto Richie's abdomen. He coated them both in his white fluids, panting heavily as he caught his breath.

Richie grinned, "You sound so pretty when you come…" Richie kissed Wills lips, the two of them making out lovingly. "Mmm…"

Will smiled when they finally pulled apart, Richie lying next to him. "I didn't think you could beat me this year at amazing birthdays but

you did it. My birthday was amazing, and all I did was fuck you for two hours." Will looked at him sheepishly.

Richie raised his brows as he cleaned the come off himself and Will, "Believe me, that was an amazing birthday. I would even like it if we could do a repeat."

Will giggled, "I'll put that on my to-do list." They snuggled into each other, embraced warmly.

Notes for the Chapter:

Leave love for Layla and the boys!

49. Dog Park

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie head to the dog park then they have a shower... together.

Chapter 49

Both Will and Richie decided by late April it was time to start packing up. They applied for not only Richie's transfer to the same record store he was working in, but also a new apartment for July. They hadn't seen it, but they both knew they'd just have to take it at the apartment value per month. What ever it looked like, their one bedroom would be something they would make work. The best part was it was dog friendly, so bringing Layla along was going to be no problem at all.

Will walked Layla around the neighbourhood twice a day, giving her plenty of exercise. Richie was pleased to see how involved Will was as a pet owner. Richie quite literally had to do nothing most days. Will spent most of his free time tending to her needs. Layla definitely favoured Will as she ran over to him when both of them tested her by standing on opposite sides of the room, calling her over.

"Damn it! I'm the reason you live here you little jerk!" Richie joked as Layla ran over to Will, jumping onto his chest excitedly.

"Good girl! You know who the best parent ever is." Will smiled, rubbing her fur as she whined, licking his face.

"Looks like you are mommy dearest." Richie teased.

Will laughed as Layla got down onto the floor, tail wagging as she stared up at him panting. "Oh, stop that." Will smiled at Richie, "You're just jealous."

Richie approached Will swiftly, reaching around to smack his ass, "I sure am. You've got the best ass out of the two of us." Richie curled his arms around Will, pressing their lips together.

Will kissed him, both arms wrapping around Richie's shoulders as they kissed deeper. Layla nudged her way between them, breaking them apart. "She's a cock blocker too." Richie smirked at Will who laughed.

"She's just a baby, don't be so mean." Will rubbed behind her ears a bit, "Richie, did you want to take her to the park with me? I'm about ready to head over."

"Sure… Wait. Does this mean I'm on poop duty?" Richie asked.

Will giggled, handing him the poop baggies, "You are now."

Richie sighed, "Damn it. I should have known better than to open my big mouth." Richie pushed up his glasses as he took the baggies in hand.

"If you're a good boy, maybe you'll get a treat later." Will teased, kissing him again before he slipped into his shoes.

"What are we talking here? A chocolate bar, or something better?" Richie joked as they headed out of the apartment.

Will laced his fingers with Richie's the moment they got Layla onto her leash. "I was thinking of putting my collar on and showing you a really good time." Will grinned as Richie looked thoughtful.

"Well who am I to say no to a good time?" Richie kissed the back of Will's hand before they made it out of the building and onto the streets of Orono.

Layla walked excitedly down the street, her tongue out, and drooling as she walked ahead of them. Will felt happiest when he was with Richie and his dog. It made him feel like everything in the past was just an illusion of madness that never actually happened. He could pretend like that, at least for a little while.

Will stopped at the mailbox as Layla started her daily ritual of smelling all the scents she could sniff out. "Why does she like this mail box so much? I don't get it." Richie laughed a bit.

"It's all the people she can smell on it. It's something new for her

every day." Will smiled as Layla finally lost her curiosity and headed off.

Richie grimaced as they made it to the park, and Layla did her business on the grass. "This is why you brought me…"

"This is entirely why I brought you." Will joked as Richie got out the baggies for cleanup.

Will let Layla off her leash, and tossed her tennis ball to watch her chase it eagerly. Richie returned to Will's side once he finished, "That reward better be fucking amazing after this." Richie joked making Will laugh.

"So… only a few months left here." Will said after tossing the ball again for Layla to fetch.

"Yeah, I guess time's really flown, huh?" Richie looked to Will for a moment, "Are you nervous about the move?"

"Yes, but also no. I have faith it'll be a good thing for us." Will said taking the ball from Layla, tossing it again, "I know it'll be closer to the careers we want."

"I think it'll be good once we're there." Richie smiled confidently, "We'll be able to do anything we want together. There's so much to do in L.A." Richie assured his boyfriend.

"I've got one more year… same with you." Will told Richie thoughtfully, "I just hope everything pans out and we become as successful as we need to in order to survive."

"If not, we can always move back to Hawkins." Richie suggested.

Will looked at him seriously, "You'd do that?"

"Yeah, both our moms are there. If things really didn't work out, we always have a place to go." Richie nodded.

"That's a good point." Will nodded, "I just… I do want it to work in L.A. with you. It's just going to be hard at first."

Richie could understand that, he nodded, “Yeah. I’m in the same boat. Even still, I think we’ll enjoy it.”

Will kissed his cheek, “I do too.”

Layla played around for about an hour before she seemed ready to head back to their apartment. Will watched as she carried her ball in her mouth the entire way home. Richie was relieved that he didn’t have to pick anything more up as they arrived at the apartment fairly fast.

Layla went to her dog bowl immediately, lapping up some water as Will pulled Richie in for a kiss. Richie opened his mouth, sliding his tongue against Wills sensually as it was apparent Will was in the mood. “Want to wash your slave boy before we play?” Will purred with a devious smile.

“We’ve never played slave/master in there before… let’s do it.” Richie smacked Will’s ass with a grin on his face.

Will headed to the bathroom, pulling his clothing off as Richie started the water. The two of them were naked in under a minute. Kissing Richie lovingly, Will pressed a kiss to his lips, “Wanna get started?”

Richie smirked, “Of course I do. Get in slave boy.” Richie helped Will into the tub, the water from the shower blasting through his dark blonde hair.

Climbing in after Will, Richie decided the game had started, “Time to wash your hair. Now no touching your cock this time, or I’ll have to punish you.” Richie said grabbing the shampoo, rubbing some of it into Will’s hair.

“Yes, master.” Will held his arms at his sides, enjoying the feeling of Richie’s fingers in his hair, “I like your fingers, master. They feel so nice…”

“You like my fingers in other places too, don’t you?” Richie asked with a grin before rinsing the soap from Will’s hair.

“I do… would you put them in me?” Will asked, staring up at him pleadingly.

Richie leaned in, pressing his lips to Wills, “I just might, but you’ll have to be a good boy. Let me clean you up first.”

Will enjoyed the feeling of Richie’s fingers curling through his short hair, rinsing the soap from his scalp. Their mouths connected as Richie kissed Will deeply, their tongues mingling as their bodies pressed together. Richie reached for the soap, pouring plenty on his hand as they broke apart before rubbing his fingers along Will’s back soothingly, reconnecting their lips.

Richie could tell by how Will turned to jelly he was enjoying being massaged. Kissing Richie with a gentleness in his lip motions seemed to be doing similar for Richie. He nearly forgot they were playing a game. Reaching down to grope Will’s ass with his soapy hands, Richie began washing his ass and hips before running his hands over Will’s erection, eliciting soft moans from him. “More… please master.”

Richie grinned, “I thought we talked about this? You’re getting washed, that’s it, not tugged for fun.”

Will whined a bit, before Richie began washing his abdomen and chest. “You’re so beautiful… I’m such a lucky master to have such a cute slave boy.” Richie smiled, kissing Will’s nose gently before washing Wills shoulders.

Smiling, Will closed his eyes as Richie rubbed out the tension in his shoulders carefully. Will was having trouble standing still as Richie continued massaging him, “You like it when your master touches you, baby?” Richie asked excitedly.

“Yes master, you feel so good…” Will moaned softly.

Richie turned Will by his hips, letting the water wash over his soapy body. Will let Richie rub him clean under the faucet, enjoying the warm water that graced his pale peach skin.

Will felt Richie pull him tight to his torso. Richie’s erection was sticking into his tailbone, but he didn’t mind in the least. Kissing down Will’s neck, Richie kept a hand around Will’s stiff erection, enjoying the soft moaning that escaped him, “You’re so hard… is it

for me, slave?" Richie whispered tauntingly.

Whimpering, Will groaned at the feeling of his erection being held in Richie's tight grip. "Yes…"

"Yes what?" Richie coaxed.

"Yes Master!" Will quickly replied as he rested his leg up on the side of the tub as he felt Richie's cock being pressed against his opening.

"Good boy. Now relax for master, I'm coming in instead of my fingers… you'll like that won't you?" Richie grinned as he spoke, not applying much pressure yet.

"Yes Master." Will relaxed himself, allowing Richie to slowly press inside of him.

"Oh fuck…" Richie groaned as Will held him in a vice-like grip, "Such a tight boy… loosen up a little more, baby. Let me all the way in." Richie kissed Will's neck, feeling him loosen a little more.

Will felt Richie slide the rest of the way inside. Will turned his head, feeling Richie catch Will's lips with his. Their tongues slid together as Richie began rutting slowly in and out of Will, a solid grip still on Will's cock. The two made out as they fucked in the warm shower.

It wasn't often the two had sex in the bathroom together, but it always seemed to feel right to Will. Richie groaned, breaking the kiss with Will, "Fuck you feel so amazing…" Richie kissed Will's earlobe gently, "If you're a good boy, I'll let you come both ways…" Richie purred in Will's ear.

Will moaned, moving with Richie carefully, trying not to slip with his one leg up. Richie panted heavily, getting closer and closer to his climax as he pumped into Will. "Do you want that baby?"

"Yes! Please, Master!" Will begged, holding onto Richie's arms for support.

Richie smiled, running his tongue up Will's neck, "Good, because you're going to get it real good just like you deserve."

Will moaned, “I need it, Master… I’ll be good…”

Richie pumped into him repeatedly, the water beating down on both of them pleasurably. The heat of the shower made both Will and Richie much more excited. Richie always loved having showers with Will but adding their favourite game to the mix made it that much better.

Richie chuckled, “You’ve been good this whole time… let’s finish you off.” Richie kissed his jawline before rutting harder into Will, slamming into his prostate with abandon as he listened ot Will moan desperately for him to continue.

Jerking Will off, he moaned as he felt Will clenching around him tightly in response, “Oh fuck! Yes! You keep doing that baby!” Richie groaned, his body shivering with excitement as he was getting closer to his climax, no matter how fast he had managed to reach it.

Will moaned loudly, his body building up quickly. “Richie! Oh God! Richie!” Will forgot about the game they were playing as he began to bliss out, his body orgasming heavily with the double pleasure Richie provided him.

Richie moaned into Will’s shoulder as he released inside of his boyfriend, gently rubbing Will’s cock as a few final ropes of pleasure shot out. “Jesus, you feel amazing when I fuck you and jerk you off at the same time.” Richie praised, kissing Will’s shoulder gently.

Sliding out, Richie watched Will carefully stand on both legs before turning to face Richie, their lips connecting together. “I love you.” Will smiled.

Richie pressed their foreheads together smiling, “I love you more.”

“Don’t start that argument.” Will giggled a bit.

“Wanna finish up in here and order a pizza? We could have a movie night in if you want?” Richie suggested.

“That sounds amazing.” Will smiled, pressing his lips to Richie’s. “Let’s go.”

The two washed off and got out of the shower, turning it off in the process. Once they were both wrapped in towels, they headed out to the living room to prepare for their date night in.

Notes for the Chapter:

> It's coming close to the end guys! Stay tuned for the sequel to this story!

50. Summer Time Bonds

Summary for the Chapter:

> Will and Richie spend time in both Hawkins and Derry before they prepare to move. Their next adventure awaits.

Chapter 50

The loser's club had reunited in Derry for the start of the summer. Will and Richie made a point to visit them for the last time before they were to move into their California apartment by the start of August.

The group headed to the quarry together. It was a place that meant a great deal to the loser's club, and Will certainly enjoyed when they went. Standing over the cliff, Stan sighed looking into the quarry, "Do we always have to jump in?" He questioned as it always gave him some anxiety to do so.

"Nope." Richie said quickly, making Stan look at him surprised, "You don't have to jump in at all." Richie said.

Stan was about to speak when Richie pushed him off the edge of the cliff, watching him fall with a terrified yell the entire way down. Mike couldn't help but chuckle, "You're well aware he's going to find a way to get you back for this, right?"

"You asshole!" Stan shouted from the water below.

Richie smiled at him with a nod, "I'm well aware."

Eddie jumped into the water next followed by Bill. Mike jumped in next, deciding it was a good idea to check on Stan.

"I can't believe you did that to Stan." Beverly giggled, "He's going to rip you a new asshole."

"Please, he's already tried to do that with his dick." Richie responded with a grin as Ben jumped into the water next.

“Just you wait, he’s going to do something worse.” Bev winked before following Ben into the water.

Richie looked at Will, “You ready to jump, baby?”

Will smiled, taking his hand, “Let’s go.”

Richie and Will both stepped off the cliff, allowing the adrenaline to rush through them blissfully. When they hit the water below, Will wrapped his arms around Richie, pressing their lips together. When they surfaced, the two of them kissed lovingly. “Hey! Fuck you, Richard!” Stan shouted splashing at him and Will angrily, “I could have broken my neck! You don’t push your friends off a cliff, Richie!”

Mike wrapped his arms around Stan’s middle, holding him back as he pressed his lips to Stan’s neck, “Calm down, baby. He wouldn’t have done anything to intentionally hurt you. He just wanted to ruffle your feathers a bit.”

Stan huffed, but allowed Mike to hold him warmly. Richie shot Stan a shit eating grin, “You scream like a little bitch, Stanley.”

Stan glared and splashed him with more water. Will held his legs around Richie’s waist, hugging him close despite the water being splashed at them from Stan. “You’re going to regret fucking with me… I’ll get revenge when you least expect it.” Stan threatened as Mike attempted to calm him down again, wrapping his lips around Stan’s slender neck.

“Yeah? What are you going to do? Fuck me in the ass again?” Richie asked amused.

“With my entire foot this time.” Stan responded before Mike turned him around, pressing their mouths together to distract Stanley from further speaking.

Eddie swam up behind Richie, unhooking Will’s legs from his waist before Bill grabbed Will from behind, pulling him away. “Hey! That’s my boyfriend you’re stealing!” Richie looked at them amused as Eddie swam over, holding Will between them.

“You’re being bad, so no Will.” Eddie smirked as Bill leaned down,

licking up the side of Will's neck to watch him shiver.

"Hey, that's no fair! You're getting him worked up!" Richie pointed at them as Eddie reached down, rubbing Will's groin to hear him moan some more.

"We don't th-think you're giving him what he nuh-needs if he's this easy to excite." Bill grinned a little.

Richie narrowed his eyes, "You dicks, quit taking Stan's side in this war."

"We're not, we're just opportunistic." Eddie giggled.

Will suddenly let out a surprised moan, making Richie look between them, "Ok, what are you two doing to him exactly?" Richie asked swimming closer.

"Nothing he won't like." Bill smirked a bit as Will bit his lower lip.

Richie looked at them, "Alright, carry on then."

Richie listened to Will moan again before Eddie handed something made of cloth to Richie. "Hold these?" Richie realized they were Will's boxers.

Bill moved so he was pressed against Will from behind. Despite the fact Bill and Eddie were about to jump Will right in front of everyone, Stan, Ben, Mike and Bev were having a chicken fight several meters away from them deeper in the quarry. Richie could hear them laughing, but he couldn't look away from the three before him as Eddie climbed onto Will's front, eliciting another moan from him.

Richie watched, enjoying the pornographic sight before him as Will went to mush between them. Eddie's mouth was on Will's the two kissing sensually as Eddie gripped Will's shoulders, riding him eagerly with his major abundance of energy.

"Fuck, I should be pissed, but I'm honestly loving this…" Richie grinned watching as Will gazed over at him, an arm outstretched to him.

Grabbing Will's hand, Richie moved closer, leaning in to kiss him after Eddie had stopped. Will moaned into his mouth, and Richie felt his erection reach full mast. "Mm… Richie…" Will moaned as Bill and Eddie continued to fuck him simultaneously.

"Richie h-has nothing to do with wuh-what we're doing to you." Bill kissed the other side of Will's neck, eliciting another moan.

"Oh yeah? I'm joining the party…" Richie swam behind Bill, pulling his boxers down further before carefully inserting himself inside.

Bill groaned, biting Will's shoulder gently. "Fucking Hell…" Richie groaned moving at a quick pace to match what was happening to Will.

"Oh God! Oh my God!" Will cried out as he felt himself getting closer and close to his climax.

The other four watched them, "You guys are horn dogs!" Bev called over.

"Fucking right!" Richie called back as he fucked hard into Bill.

"Shit… oh sh-sh-shit…" Bill groaned as he got closer.

Will arched his back, moaning loudly in time with Eddie who was also about to come, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" Eddie cried out before releasing hard.

"Just what we need, more tadpoles in the water we're swimming in…" Stan rolled his eyes as Mike held him close.

Richie gritted his teeth, the sound of Eddie coming followed by Will moaning out during his orgasm was getting to him. "Jesus! Fuck!" Richie groaned as he released into Bill, triggering Bill to release into Will. "Holy fuck…"

"Jesus had nothing to do with that…" Ben sighed as the four broke apart, "Do you four have to have sex in every loser's club meetup?"

"Yes." Bill responded as they swam over, all looking very pleased.

“You guys are worse than dolphins.” Mike laughed.

“Dolphins don’t fucking enjoy it nearly half as much as we do.” Richie grinned as Will pulled his boxers back on.

The group swam around for a bit before taking some time to dry in the warm sunshine on the rocks. “I can’t believe you’re really going to California.” Beverly said to Richie and Will.

“Yeah… it’s definitely the direction I wanted to go, but it’s still so weird to me. I don’t think it’s fully sunk in that we’re going.” Richie admitted.

Will nodded, “It really doesn’t seem real yet.”

“I’m going to miss you guys.” Mike said to them, “You two were the closet people to Derry for a long time. Now we won’t be able to make quick visits on weekends anymore.”

“Even though we might see each other less… it’s not a forever thing. I mean, especially with Beverly being in fashion design. There’s lots of opportunities in L.A. for that stuff.” Will reminded them.

“Yeah, I could really do my work anywhere.” Ben nodded, “Maybe one day Bev and I will join you guys.”

“Same h-here with me and Eddie.” Bill smiled.

Stan and Mike looked at one another before Mike nodded, “Yeah, I guess we’re sort of in the same boat. We could one day move to L.A. if we both decide that’s what we want.”

“I’d like that.” Stan nodded.

“Well, then I guess it’s settled, we’ll think about the future possibilities.” Beverly smiled at them.

It felt good to know the losers might come to California one day. Will would certainly feel happier if they were around. Sure, his friends had their own dreams to do other things, but his new friends had the desire to remain together. He wanted that too more than anything.

“You’ll come visit us won’t you?” Richie asked them.

The loser’s all spoke in unison, “Of course we will!”

Will giggled, “Good! We’ll come down to New York for a visit at some point too.” Richie smiled.

“Come see us for New Years, we’ll come see you for March Break. How about that?” Beverly suggested.

“Works for me.” Richie smiled, “We’d be going to Hawkins for Christmas, so we could just make the journey from there to New York easily.”

“You better come visit for New Years, or you’ll get beaten.” Stan said dryly.

“Oh Stan! You do care!” Richie grinned from ear to ear.

“Don’t get him riled up again.” Mike shook his head a little.

“Oh, he started it by threatening to get kinky!” Richie pointed at Stan.

“No, you started it by pushing me off a cliff!” Stan glared daggers at Richie as he spoke.

“I’ll end it by shoving my feet up both your asses if you don’t quit.” Mike joked.

Will giggled a bit, enjoying the bantering surrounding him as he sat comfortably cuddled into Richie.

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Heading to Hawkins for the second part of July, Richie and Will got to enjoy some family time with both of their moms. Joyce and Maggie had become rather close, often going out together, and spending time with Karen Wheeler as well.

“Come on, let’s go to the movies, it’ll be fun.” Joyce said looking at Richie, Will and Mike who didn’t look at all impressed with the idea

of hanging out with their mothers together.

“I don’t want to go on a date with my mom, that would be so weird…” Mike made a face.

“Yeah, I’m trying to maintain an image and you’re going to ruin it by making me take my mom on a date to the movies.” Richie stuck his tongue out.

Mike turned to him, “What image?”

“The image of the perfect badass lady’s man.” Richie clicked his tongue and did finger guns at Mike.

Mike scoffed, “More like the perfect asshole.”

“Mike!” Karen scolded.

“Why thank you, I bleached it just for you.” Richie winked at him making Mike grimace.

“Oh, did you go to the same salon as me?” Maggie asked making Richie gag a little before she began laughing maniacally.

“I don’t really think people are going to care if we all go to a movie together; the biggest issue is I can’t see us agreeing on a movie together.” Will decided.

“The Frighteners looks good.” Mike suggested.

“No, Michael. That would scare me too much.” Karen shook her head, “I hate horror movies.”

“I think Independence Day looks pretty good.” Maggie said looking around.

The boys couldn’t really argue with that, they were interested in the movie to some degree. “Yeah.” Joyce nodded before everyone looked at Karen who shrugged.

“Phenomenon looked better, but I don’t see why not. It looks stressful, but I suppose it might be nice to see something outside of

my usually genre." Karen decided.

"Well… I guess we could all go then." Will said looking around, noticing that Mike and Richie had an identical expression of annoyance on their faces.

"Fine… we'll go." Mike sighed.

"Will, this is your fault." Richie looked at Will who smiled sheepishly.

"Oh, come on… its our moms. It isn't that bad." Will laughed.

"Yeah, you guys have the coolest moms ever." Joyce smiled watching them roll their eyes.

"The movie starts in an hour. We should get ready." Maggie said looking at the showtimes in the paper.

"If my moms getting ready it'll take longer than that." Mike teased Karen as she lightly whacked his arm.

The group of mothers and their sons spent the afternoon together, and Will was fairly certain both Mike and Richie somewhat enjoyed themselves. Though the movie was a bit stressful, they all enjoyed it. Will had enjoyed seeing movies with his mother ever since he was young.

Richie and Will held hands during the movie, their fingers intertwined from the start of the movie. It reminded Will heavily of his first date with Richie. Will smiled, remembering fondly how they kissed all the way from the middle of the movie until the credits rolled. It had felt so good to kiss someone, Will didn't want to stop. Richie had always been an amazing kisser in Will's opinion, but their first kiss was by far his favourite.

Eating their popcorn together, Richie insisted on feeding some to Will every now and then. It made Will realize how much he might actually miss Hawkins when they left for California.

By the time the movie ended everyone seemed fairly content. They group disbanded after the movie, agreeing they had a good time. Hopper greeted Will and Richie as they headed inside. "Good

evening." Hopper nodded to them as he and Eleven sat in front of the TV together.

"Hey Hopper." Richie smiled as he and Will sat down together on the other couch with Layla resting on the floor next to Eleven.

"What did you guys do all afternoon?" Joyce asked them as she sat down beside Hopper and Eleven

"Our usual. This time with the dog." Hopper said casually, meaning they watched TV and played games most of the afternoon.

Although to the average person that might have seemed like a boring way to spend time together, that was always how Hopper and Eleven were. Growing up with Eleven through all of high school, he was amazed at how close of a bond Hopper had with Eleven considering they weren't blood relate at all. It had never occurred to him before how two people could create such a strong familial bond until he saw how close Hopper and Eleven became after he adopted her.

It made Will really think about the fact that his own flesh and blood was less of a father to him than Hopper was to Eleven. Will never wanted to see that man again, that much was true.

Richie rested his head on Will's shoulder as they watched TV. He could tell Richie was close to falling asleep but having Richie's arms wrapped around him so tight made him feel so loved and relaxed.

It wasn't long before he heard Richie's breathing change, indicating he was sleeping already. Will leaned into Richie, closing his eyes.

The final days in Hawkins went by rather quickly. Will and Richie hugged both their mother's goodbye, promising to visit them at Christmas before they headed back to Orono to pack up a truck for their move.

Will looked around the empty apartment once they took out the final box. It was their first apartment. The first big stage in their relationship. They'd spent so much time there, happy. It was oddly emotional looking around at the white walls, knowing it was going to be gone forever.

Richie came up behind Will, wrapping both arms around his waist, resting a chin on his shoulder as Layla circled them. “Hey baby… are you ok?” Richie asked concerned.

“I’m ok… I just… I’ll really miss it here.” Will swallowed, his eyes tearing up.

Richie kissed his cheek, turning Will around to face him. Richie putting his hands on Will’s hips somehow made Will feel more grounded. “I’m going to miss it too.” Richie pressed their foreheads together, closing his eyes as Will sniffled, a few tears rolling down his cheeks.

“We’re going to be together forever, but this was our first place…” Will whispered. “It’s my first time living with someone I love. I never thought I’d get that chance before I met you.”

Richie cupped Will’s face in both hands, pressing their lips together, “It’s special. I get it.” Richie smiled warmly, looking into Will’s watery eyes, “I feel that way too. We’re going to make our new place special too. We’ll never forget this place though… it was the first.”

Will sniffled with a small smile, “I’m sorry I’m so emotional…”

Richie shook his head with a gentle expression, “I’m not upset. I love that you’re so sentimental. It’s really sweet.”

They hugged for a while longer before finally taking each others’ hands, heading out of the apartment together with Layla. Will watched the door close on them for the final time before Richie locked it up, sliding the keys under the door for the superintendent.

“Well… ready for the next adventure?” Richie asked Will.

“I am.” Will smiled before Richie kissed his hand, walking Will and Layla to the trucks outside.

It would be a long journey to California, but it would all be well worth it. They could feel it somehow.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for following this story to the end! It means a lot! It's not over yet though, the next part of this series is coming out in three days from this upload date, so stay tuned! I hope you see you there!